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VOL. XVII.—NO. 11. BOSTON, WEDNESDAY MORNING, MARCH 13, 1889. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## EXPIRING MOMENTS.

### Last Days' Proceedings of the Fiftieth Congress.

### The Riddleberger Incident Expunged from the Senate Records.

### Graceful Tributes to the Speaker and Other Officers.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—While the Senate was sitting with closed doors early this morning, the conference report on the sundry civil bill was presented and discussed at some length. Inquiry was made whether the bill as agreed to in conference prohibits the use of steam presses in the bureau of engraving and printing, and Mr. Allison replied: "It does not; on the contrary, it provides for their use. It only regulates the price."

Mr. Cockrell—The presses will be used, and the next Congress, I believe, will do justice and make the necessary appropriation to pay for their use.

Mr. Harris characterized the position of the House on the subject as pandering to a small faction, and said that he would rather the deficiency bill and the sundry civil bill would fail than for the Senate to yield. He therefore demanded the yeas and nays. As a vote by yeas and nays would have shown the absence of a quorum and stopped business, the demand was not seconded by the necessary one-fifth, Mr. Harris declaring that it was the first time in his knowledge that the Senate refused to allow the yeas and nays at the request of a senator.

The conference report was then adopted without division.

The sad incident of last night, when Senator Riddleberger was ejected from the Senate chamber by the sergeant-at-arms, had a pathetic sequel later. When the Senate went into executive session at 1 o'clock this morning, on motion of Mr. Edmunds, it was for the purpose of taking action on a request of Mr. Daniel of Virginia, that the record of the arrest of Mr. Riddleberger be expunged from the journal of the Senate, and in support of his request Mr. Daniel made one of the most pathetic speeches that has ever been heard on the Senate floor. The muscles of his face quivered as he spoke, and tears rolled down his cheeks unchecked. He said that while Mr. Riddleberger was his opponent politically, personally they were friends. He spoke of the besetting sin of his colleague, and of the wife and the seven children, two of whom had witnessed from the gallery the painful incident of the night. He said he did not blame the presiding officer, because he had done only what he had to. The story had been published far and wide in the newspapers, but he asked that the Senate would not make it a matter of official record for future generations to point to.

Mr. Ingalls said that he was willing to allow his reputation to rest with those who were in the galleries and on the floor at the time the incident occurred. He had no objection to granting the request of Senator Daniel. Accordingly the request was granted, and the record was expunged. This released Mr. Riddleberger from arrest. He did not take advantage of this action to appear on the floor of the Senate today, however.

**Hurting the Feelings of the House.**

Few spectators were in the galleries when Speaker Carlisle called the House to order at 10 a. m. On motion of Mr. Holman of Indiana, the conference report was agreed to on the bill forfeiting the lands granted to the State of Michigan to aid in the construction of a railroad from Marquette to Ontonagon.

Mr. Blanchard of Louisiana, rising to a question of privilege affecting the dignity of the House, called attention to the fact that the corridors of the Capitol, on some one's order, were closed even to the officers of the House. Members were allowed to pass through, but their wives and families were not allowed to accompany them. He offered the following resolution:

That the sergeant-at-arms of the House take the necessary steps to secure forthwith, to the members of the House and to the families of members of the House free access through the corridors of the Capitol.

Mr. Lodge of Massachusetts wished to find out whether the House members had any rights in the other wing of the Capitol that any employes of the Senate were bound to respect. He had gone to the Senate gallery this morning to seek some information, and he had been treated with the grossest insolence and impertinence by the Senate employes. He claimed nothing more than ordinary courtesy due to every American citizen; but that he did claim. (Applause.) No Senate employe had a right to say to him: "I don't care whether you are a member or not; you stand out of the way." He thought that something should be done to vindicate the rights of the House. (Applause.)

Mr. Cox of New York said this was an old question, and it ought to be settled by some protest now. He thought the House ought to teach this man Ingalls and others that it was a co-ordinate branch of the national legislature. He was glad to see the members rally to their families somewhat. (Laughter.) He subsequently withdrew the remark, "This man Ingalls."

**Wants to Use Force.**

Mr. Anderson of Kansas moved to amend the resolution by adding the words: "And because of the arrogant assumption of the Senate and the insolence of its employes the sergeant-at-arms is directed to remove all obstructions in and open the passageway between the two chambers. Mr. Anderson declared that the Capitol was under the control of Congress, and yet the Senate, in the exuberance of its insolence, undertook to deprive members of the House of the right of way through the Capitol. He did not propose to temper one solitary word in his amendment, which was to direct the sergeant-at-arms to take a posse and remove the obstructions. It was a matter of right, a matter of liberty, a matter of rebuke to the unlimited arrogance and cheek of the Senate. The speaker ruled that the amendment was not in order. The resolution was adopted, after having been so modified as to apply only to officers and members of the House, and not to their families. The clerk was directed to communicate the resolution to the Senate.

The House then proceeded leisurely to vote upon filibustering motions avowedly entered for the purpose of killing time. While the tellers were at their posts a message from the Senate announced the adoption by that body of a resolution acceding to the request of the House (as contained in the Blanchard resolution) under such regulations as the presiding officer of the Senate might prescribe. This resolution did not serve as much of a balm for the wounded feelings of the House, and it was unceremoniously laid upon the table.

Mr. Hatch of Missouri being in the chair, Mr. Reed of Maine offered the following resolution: That the thanks of Congress are tendered to Hon. John G. Carlisle, the speaker, for the courtesy, ability and fairness with which he has presided over the deliberations of the Fiftieth Congress. (Applause.) Mr. Hatch, in submitting the motion, said:

"For three successive congresses the present occupant of the chair has had the privilege and pleasure of submitting a similar motion to the House of Representatives for adoption. I am sure that, with the knowledge that the present speaker of the House will retire from the high position he has occupied for three successive terms, the resolution will be adopted, not only with unanimity, but with the cordial feeling of every member on both sides as to its propriety and justice." (Applause.)

The resolution was adopted unanimously by a rising vote.

A resolution thanking the officers of the House for the faithful and efficient performance of their duties was presented by Mr. Bland and unanimously adopted.

**Speaker Carlisle's Farewell.**

The committee appointed (jointly with a Senate committee) to wait upon the President and inform him that Congress was ready to adjourn, not having returned, Speaker Carlisle assumed the chair and said:

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—Under the circumstances, I will detain you but a moment, to return my thanks for the resolution you have just adopted, and to express my grateful acknowledgment of the kindness and courtesy which have characterized all your intercourse with me as presiding officer of the House. After a continuous service for three terms, I will leave this chair today with sentiments of the warmest friendship and the most profound respect, not only for the gentlemen who compose the present House, but for all that have preceded them. And, while the termination of my official labors and responsibilities affords of itself no occasion for regret, I cannot, without reluctance, sever the relations which have existed so long between us.

Looking back upon the scenes of excitement and confusion, which necessarily occur from time to time in a body like this, it is impossible not to remember with regret many unpleasant incidents and hasty words; but it is gratifying to know that no feeling of resentment survives to disturb our friendly personal relations hereafter.

And now, gentlemen, in declaring an adjournment, which closes the first century of our legislative history under the Constitution, I may be permitted to express the earnest hope that when another hundred years shall have rolled around, the union of these States under which the capacity of the people for self-government has already been demonstrated, may still endure (applause), and that the representatives of the people assembled in this or some greater hall may have a constituency as intelligent as patriotic and as free as those which sent us here. [Renewed and long-continued applause.] The House now stands adjourned sine die.

As the Speaker's gavel emphasized his declaration the members burst into hearty cheers, and immediately formed in line to proceed to the Senate. The floor was soon deserted, and the lights, which had been burning brightly all day, were extinguished.

## BROTHERS FIGHT BROTHERS.

### Two Deaths and a Wounded Arm Result from the Sale of a Railroad Ticket.

TEMPLE, Tex., March 6.—An awful tragedy was enacted on the streets here yesterday. Alfred and Herbert Rother engaged in a gun fight with Tom and Hugh Mattock. The latter was killed outright and Tom is dying. Alfred Rother was shot in the arm.

The trouble grew out of the sale of a railroad ticket by Tom Mattock to Alfred Rother. The latter sued the railroad company, and Mattock's testimony angered him so that he demanded an apology. Mattock refused, and was assaulted by Rother. The brothers then opened fire with the above result.

## CALIFORNIA GOLD FEVER.

### Thousands Flock to the Mexican Border in Search of the Rich Treasure Reported to be Found There, and Trouble Follows with Mexicans.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 6.—The gold excitement in lower California, near Ensenada, is increasing, and many people are flocking to the gold fields. Work on the Cuyamaca, San Diego & Eastern railroad is stopped, and the workmen are leaving in a body for the mines. Steamers between San Diego and Ensenada have doubled their rates, but the rush continues, and stages are now running overland, carrying many persons direct to the mines. The San Diego papers declare that the development covers 100 square miles, and that placer miners are making a great deal of money.

The Examiner, special from San Diego says: The Mexican border at Lia Junana has had the appearance of war for the past two days. Nearly 100 teams and trains and 500 prospectors gathered there to enter the gold fields. They wanted to evade the customs officers and the red tape, and attempted to force their way into Mexico. Mexican troops were called out, and the trespassers were forced back. The Union publishes statements from Professor Anthony, Charles Bennett, John R. Berry and others of undoubted veracity saying that the fields are phenomenally rich. Fully 1000 people are in camp. All the peninsula towns are deserted.

## MILLIONS IN SILVER.

### Wonderful Discovery Made by a Prospector at Maroon.

ASPEN, Col., March 6.—A marvellous discovery of mineral is reported from Maroon in this district. Harry Adams, a prospector, was opening a trail to Florence Belle mine when his attention was attracted to a heavy outcrop of spar a few feet distant. He found this to be a well defined vein exposed at the surface and impregnated with brittle and rubby silver equal in metallic richness to that recently developed in Mollie Gibson, the ore from which runs from $5000 to $12,000 a ton, and is considered the wonder of the camp.

## TONS OF IRON FALL.

### Swollen Sewer Wrecks a Worcester Warehouse.

WORCESTER, March 6.—A very peculiar accident happened at the works of the Richardson Manufacturing Company in this city this afternoon, when a section of the floor of their largest storehouse collapsed and fell into the cellar, carrying with it between 300 and 400 Buckeye mowing machines, weighing 110 tons. The recent rains have so swollen the waters of the sewer that they have completely saturated the stone and copings which support the building, which extends for half its width over the sewer. Over 2000 machines are stored on the first floor, and the immense weight of 1,100,000 pounds was too much for two of the brick pins, which were crushed, allowing that section of the floor over them to drop with a tremendous crash. The machines were piled up in a tangled mass with the boards and beams. The amount of damage is not known. Each machine is valued at from $55 to $60. No one was injured.

## NORTH CAROLINA NEGROES

### Urged to Emigrate to the Border States and New England.

RALEIGH, N. C., March 6.—What looks like the beginning of an extensive exodus of colored people is noted here. Monday night addresses by two colored preachers and a lawyer were made, in which the negroes were urged to go to Kansas and Arkansas, but not to go to Louisiana and Mississippi. This advice was listened to attentively by about 2000 persons, all colored, and it made a great impression, particularly upon the women. It was stated by the speakers that meetings like this would be held all over the State, and that announcements had been made from the pulpits of many churches, and would be made from all. It was further stated that 40,000 negroes were wanted in Kansas, and that negroes would also be given work and made welcome in Maine, Vermont and Massachusetts.

## THOUGH RELIEF IS COMING

### Thousands Will Perish Before Its Arrival—Awful Sufferings in North China from Last Season's Flood.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 5.—The steamer City of New York, from China and Japan, brings advices that relief is now coming in from all quarters for the great distress in North China, caused by last season's flood, but, nevertheless, it is feared that many thousands of people will perish from the cold of the severe winter.

In consequence of the arrest at Shanghai of a Chinaman by the police, 6000 rioters assembled, Feb. 5, burned down the English consulate, and attacked the American consulate, doing great damage.

Among the passengers arriving at this port by the steamer City of New York were Count Sawe, Marquis Maeda, and three under officials, who comprise the party sent to this country by the Emperor of Japan to examine the military and naval systems of the United States.

## A "WILD WEST" ROMANCE.

### All the Dramatic Elements Represented—Cowboys, Pistols and Elopement.

DOUGLAS, Wy., March 8.—The widow McCool, only 18 years old, has been station agent at Dry Cheyenne, on the stage route between here and Buffalo. She is pretty, and commanded the admiration of all the cattle men for miles around. After refusing a dozen offers she accepted Martin Hunton, a wealthy ranchman, and they were to be married in May. Last week a young Englishman named Kidd, who is travelling for an Omaha provision house, produced an impression. He went to Buffalo, transacted his business in a hurry, returned to Dry Cheyenne last Saturday, and that night took the widow to a dance 20 miles away, at Sheriff Williams' ranche.

Hunton was insanely jealous, and his cowboys were ordered to pick a quarrel with the Briton and shoot him if possible. The programme was carried out, but Kidd pulled two six-shooters and backed up against a closed door leading to a bedroom. When the shooting began the lights were extinguished. Ed Cook, Hunton's foreman, dropped dead from one of Kidd's bullets, and three or four others were fatally wounded. Kidd was shot in the arm and the gang were closing in on him when the door behind him suddenly opened and he was dragged into the bedroom and the door as quickly bolted again. The widow, instead of fainting, had got into the bedroom from the rear, and Kidd owed his life to her coolness. His escape in the darkness was not discovered.

Kidd secured a saddle horse, and placing the widow in front of him galloped off. The couple were badly exhausted when they reached here Sunday night. After refreshments they hired a team and driver, and pushed over the line to Chadron, Neb., where they were married. Sheriff Williams, Hunton and a dozen cowboys got here 10 hours behind them, having first gone to Dry Cheyenne. They have not returned this way, and it is believed that the elopers reached a railway station, and are now in safety.

## JUDGE GODDARD DEAD.

### Maine Loses an Honored Citizen—Senator, Consul, Postmaster, Jurist and Orator.

PORTLAND, Me., March 9.—Hon. C. W. Goddard died at the Maine General Hospital this morning. Judge Goddard was one of the most distinguished men of the State.

He was born 63 years ago, and graduated at Bowdoin College, class of '44. He held many official positions. His first office was that of attorney for Androscoggin county. While filling that office he conducted the celebrated case of George Knight, the murderer. Knight was defended by the late Judge Clifford and the late Hon. Charles Walton. Knight was convicted, and the trial made the name of Mr. Goddard famous all over the State. He was then elected to the Maine House of Representatives and to the Senate, and served as president of the latter body. He was appointed by President Lincoln consul-general at Constantinople, and after his return home was selected as judge of the Superior Court for Cumberland county. He was for 12 years postmaster of Portland.

Judge Goddard was one of the most brilliant men of this State. As a speaker he was remarkably telling and eloquent, as a lawyer at the head of his profession, while in private life he was a model.

His life was crowded with hard work. He revised the laws of the State, and added much of permanent value in the way of recommendations afterwards adopted by the Legislature. He was a frequent contributor to the press, and a favorite lecturer on many subjects. He was one of the prominent figures in social and political life, and will be greatly missed.

The funeral will take place Tuesday afternoon at the First Parish Church. Rev. Dr. Hill will conduct the services. The bar will attend in a body.

## MASSACRED BY INDIANS.

### Five Tourists in Yellowstone Park Shot and Disfigured Under the Eyes of Their Guide.

CHEYENNE, Wy. T., March 10.—A half-breed hunter and trapper, who arrived here from the extreme northwestern quarter of the Territory today, brings tidings of the atrocious massacre of a party of five French tourists in Yellowstone National Park. The bearer of the news heard the story at Canyon City, a new mining town near the park, where Hank Ferry, the guide and sole survivor, reported the slaughter.

Ferry says his charges included M. Le Clair and wife, J. Vincent and wife and Paul Gerot, father of Mme. Vincent. He entered the service of the sight-seers at Virginia City, Nev., contracting to show them through the park in violation of United States statutes. The strangers were very wealthy, and said they had journeyed from San Francisco for the express purpose of going through the park during the absence of summer excursionists.

The party enjoyed themselves hugely in the park, affiliating with the poachers, who were slaughtering game for hides. Their camp was always the headquarters for professional hunters, whom they supplied with luxuries. The guide's story of the murder, which he says was committed by Indians, is most graphic.

Just before dawn on the day of the murder, blood-curdling yells and a fusilade of shots aroused Ferry. He realized the situation and crawling through the brush to take refuge in the mouth of a sloping geyser. Here he heard the piteous groans and begging of the foreigners, mingled with the yelling of the redskins. The latter proceeded with the murders and killed old Gerot just as the sun was rising. Wound after wound was inflicted before the death shot was given. No body contained less than 10 bullets, and the remains of Vincent, who made a desperate struggle for life, were completely riddled.

The savages passed the morning in further mutilating the bodies and pillaging their outfit. The women were neatly scalped and their long tresses, matted with blood, dangled from the belt of the chief of the Indians. The heads of the men were hacked and their bodies frightfully disfigured. The Indians drank the store of liquors carried by the Frenchmen. The clothing of the victims was then donned by the fiends, who, as they ran from wagon to wagon, would halt an instant to give one of the bodies a kick or a gash with a knife. Finally the marauders wearied of their bloody feast, and packing the effects of the dead people on their ponies, set fire to the wagons and left.

Ferry, who was nearly dead with fright, emerged from his hiding place when the Indians had departed, and at once started for Canyon City, the nearest settlement. He avoided the hunters in the park, and must have suffered from hunger and exposure, as he was weak and emaciated, and seemed slightly demented when relating the terrible story. The guide was placed in the care of a physician, but he disappeared the second night after his arrival, and has not been seen since. It is presumed that he is crazy, as he started for the scene of the massacre.

Officers at Canyon City have organized a posse to secure the bodies of the murdered people and if possible avenge their deaths. Ferry is a tough character, but his story is believed, although some of the miners think that the hide hunters, who are mostly outlaws, may have murdered the tourists for the purpose of robbery.

## PAGE AND CLERK

### Dispute Over Some Extra Pay—The Clerk Draws His Revolver and Fires—No One Hurt.

WASHINGTON, March 11.—A difficulty which came near being serious in its consequences, took place today between S. B. Cunningham, disbursing clerk of the House of Representatives, and Turner Hackman, a page in the employ of the House, over some extra pay. This morning Hackman went to inquire about his pay, and Cunningham is said to have made some insulting remark. Hackman thereupon hit at Cunningham, and the latter drawing a revolver fired at Hackman. The ball missed its mark, and no damage was done. Cunningham was arrested on a warrant sworn out by Hackman.

## NICE MORNING WRAPPERS.

### Described in the Technical Language That Only Woman Can Understand.

[New York Sun.]

Morning wrappers, whether of silk or of fine wool or striped flannel, are fitted smoothly in straight redingoat style, with the fulness gathered below the two middle forms in the back. On more elaborate models the fronts are turned back in revers, disclosing an accordion pleat of silk, which reaches from neck to foot. A wrapper of red and black striped flannel is lined throughout with vivid red surah. It has black velvet revers, a long black silk girdle, an accordion pleated front of red silk and a colla of the velvet, very deep on the shoulders and edged with scarlet silk cord. The cuffs are made to match. Princess wrappers in pink and gray stripes, cardinal and dark olive, dark brown and poppy red are shown, simply constructed and extremely reasonable in price. Expensive wrappers of armure silk have closely shirred yokes, deep and pointed, with box-pleated shirt waist showing beneath the partly open fronts. These are feather-stitched and furnished with jewelled studs. There are also luxurious wrappers of ribbon-striped corded silks; these made up with plain silk fronts, trimmed with ribbons matching the shades of the alternating stripes. Plain "lay gowns," double-breasted in effect, are lined with quilted satin and fastened with silk cords and tassels. Cashmere wrappers are in princess style and are variously decorated with wide feather bands, silk galloons, embroidered bands, ribbon trimmings, coquilles of corded silk lace, surah or plain velvet.

## OVER 30 DIE EACH DAY.

### "Black Death's" Havoc in a Kentucky Town.

### An Epidemic of Mysterious Origin, but of Extraordinary Fatality.

### Webster County Inhabitants Said to be in a State of Terror.

NEW YORK, March 15.—A Herald Dixon, Ky., special says Webster county is in a state of terror from the ravages of a mysterious and extraordinarily fatal epidemic called "black death," which is now prevailing. Some 35 cases are now known to exist, and reports from the interior state that 30 or 40 deaths are occurring daily. It is known that 60 deaths from the mysterious disease have occurred since it first broke out, early in February.

## THE PARNELL COMMISSION.

### An Adjournment for a Few Days—Mr. Parnell Banquetted by English Liberal Leaders.

The Parnell commission resumed its sitting March 5. Attorney General Webster narrated the facts in relation to Pigott's communication from Madrid to Mr. Soames, the Times' solicitor. He stated that another letter from Pigott had been received Tuesday. It had been posted on March 2. This letter was sent to Mr. Soames' office for "Mr. Ponsonby." It was not read in court.

Presiding Judge Hannen decided that the fact that the Irish World had raised money for the Irish cause did not make the recipient of the money responsible for the articles in the paper, but it was an important link in the evidence, referring to the distribution of newspapers inciting to outrage. He said that the evidence proved that during 1880 and 1881 copies of the Irish World were sent, either directly or indirectly, from the Dublin league offices, and were found in possession of league officials. Evidence on this point was admissible. The court assented to Mr. Dillon going to Australia for his health.

Attorney General Webster resumed the reading of articles from the Irish World, referring to Mr. Davitt's action in connection with the home-rule movement. He also read a speech made by Mr. Dillon urging the destruction of the police who were engaged in protecting landlords.

At the sitting of the Parnell commission, Thursday, an ex-American Fenian named Coleman, now residing in Ontario and employed by the Canadian Pacific railroad, detailed the outrages in which he took part while he was in Ireland. He stated that Macauley told him the league had paid him (Macauley) £200 for shooting Burke. On cross-examination Coleman testified that he came from America on his own accord to give evidence before the commission. Nobody has promised him money. He had received £1000 from the government for acting as a spy in America. With this money he had bought property in Winnipeg.

Mr. Soames, the Times solicitor, testified that Walsh said he could produce documents to prove that Messrs. Parnell and O'Kelly were connected with the importation of arms into Ireland, but he did not know Walsh's whereabouts.

Attorney General Webster applied for an adjournment until Tuesday, on the ground that two important witnesses for the Times were ill. The court granted the application and adjourned to the 12th inst.

### PARNELL BANQUETED.

**He Says that Ireland is "Indissolubly Linked" with the British Empire.**

A banquet was given by the Eighty Club in London, Friday evening, in honor of Lord Spencer. Lord Rosebery, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Mr. Parnell, Mr. Morley, Sir Charles Russell and other prominent gentlemen were present. Mr. Parnell received an ovation. Lord Spencer, in responding to the toast to his health, congratulated Mr. Parnell upon the vindication of his character against attacks which, in vehemence and wickedness, surpassed any that had ever been made against a living man. They admired Mr. Parnell's forbearance, dignity and patience, qualities so worthy in a great leader, and they wanted to see full reparation done. He thought the government would have difficulty in clearing themselves of the charge of complicity with the Times. He dealt at length on Irish affairs, and expressed confidence that Mr. Gladstone would live to carry an improved home rule bill.

In response to loud calls for a speech, Mr. Parnell rose to his feet and was greeted with enthusiastic cheers. He referred to Lord Spencer as the herald of Mr. Gladstone's policy of conciliation, and said that his opinion was worth more than the judgment of a hundred mushrooms like Balfour, a man who was here today and who would be gone tomorrow, who brought to the task of governing Ireland not a single characteristic of statesmanship or genius, and whose only object was to remain in office as long as possible. Lord Spencer, after all his experience, had acknowledged the truth of what he himself had maintained, that the only way to govern Ireland within the constitution is to allow her to govern herself in all matters that do not interfere with the well-being of the rest of the empire, with which Ireland is indissolubly linked. "I admit," Mr. Parnell continued, "that another way exists—a way which is untried as yet, and probably never will be tried—in which some present success might be gained, not by Balfour's bastard, semi-constitutional, semi-coercive method, but by a method of pure despotism. You might find among yourselves some great Englishman or Scotchman who would go to Ireland (her parliamentary representation having been taken from her) and do justice to her people, despite the complaint of Irish landlordism. Such a method must, however, be outside of the constitution altogether, and your Irish governor must have full power to impartially deal with lord and peasant alike. That, in my judgment, has always been the only alternative concession to our reasonable demands."

Lord Rosebery, in proposing a vote of thanks, also congratulated Mr. Parnell.

### Notes.

A fearful storm raged in the south of Russia for three days of last week. Vessels in the Black sea were unable to proceed.

The schooner Electric Light, from Portland, Me., was abandoned in a sinking condition on Feb. 8, in latitude 39° north, longitude 56° west.

Germany has made overtures to Switzerland with the object of inducing that government to demand passports of all persons entering Switzerland.

The British man-of-war Sultan is ashore on the island of Comino, in the Mediterranean sea. The possibility of floating her depends upon the weather.

The crew of the schooner Georgia B. McFarland, from Fernandina for San Fernandino Trinidad, has been landed at Bristol by the ship Canute, from Pensacola.

Advices from Berne say that the damage done by the recent snowstorm is enormous. Thousands of splendid firs were destroyed, and several old inns and bridges were ruined.

A deputation from Boulogne has visited General Boulanger and presented him with a sword of honor. The French government has forbidden any similar demonstration in the future.

The French Court of Appeals has declared that the Panama Canal Company is a civil association, thus reversing the decision of the Tribunal of Commerce that the company was a commercial society.

The Swiss Federal Council has forbidden public meetings, owing to the fact that a number of armed peasants had assembled with the object of preventing Liberal members of the Ticino Council proceeding to Bellinzona.

A despatch from Roumania says that an ex-president of the Chamber of Deputies at Bucharest has received a letter, in which it is threatened to blow up the chamber with dynamite. The police are reported as being vigilant to thwart any such attempt.

In the event of the Parnell commission presenting no interim report on the forged letters, the opposition contemplate a motion to adjourn, in order to call attention to the action of the government in aiding the prosecution to collect evidence, or an address to the crown, regarding the expenses of the commission.

Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Charles Beresford have sent letters to the Times explaining their position in regard to the naval scheme. Neither desires to be considered as hostile to the government programme, disagreeing with the government only on its method. Lord Randolph says that the government and public must be prepared for a heavy fight in the House of Commons.

The Czar declares that he will not meddle forcibly with Bulgaria.

The new Servian cabinet has taken the oath of allegiance to King Alexander.

The Czar has ordered an inquiry into the Atchinoff expedition and the Sagallo incident.

Several Berlin papers announce that the Samoan conference will open about the 13th inst.

While a party of students were at work in Zurich making bombs, Friday, an explosion occurred, killing one and wounding several others.

A strike has occurred among the weavers at Armentieres France. The strikers have attacked the factories. Soldiers patrolled the streets to preserve order.

The British House of Commons, by a vote of 112 to 7[illegible], has rejected Mr. Bradlaugh's motion to expunge from the records the particulars of his expulsion from the House in 1880.

If the Parnell commission does not report on the forged letters, the opposition in the British House of Commons will raise a discussion on Monday on the attorney general's action.

In the British House of Commons, Wednesday, Right Hon. W. H. Smith, government leader, moved cloture on the debate on the address in reply to the Queen's speech. The motion was carried by a vote of 247 to 66.

The Duke of Cambridge, commander-in-chief of the British army, after a careful inspection of the fortifications at Gibraltar, has declared that they are utterly inadequate for defence against modern artillery.

The Enterprise has been ordered to Zanzibar to protect American interests there, and leaves Villefranche harbor tonight. The Lancaster, flagship, will remain until the arrival of the Quinnebaug, which is in the Adriatic.

The Capitan Fricassa of Rome says: "President Harrison's references, in his inaugural address, to immigration, are a departure from the American traditions of boundless hospitality." The paper admits, however, that President Harrison's policy will tend to restrict excessive Italian agricultural immigration.

A Berlin despatch says that Herr Stuebel goes as a special commissioner to restore order in Samoa, and that he will have control of the German squadron in Samoan waters. He is reputed to be an able diplomat. The American accounts of the terms of the armistice arranged by Herr Knappe and Mataafa are not believed in Berlin.

The Paris Temps states that the magistrates who are conducting the inquiry into the affairs of the Patriotic League have found documents proving that the league was engaged in a scheme to mobilize its members. The government, the Temps says, intends to criminally prosecute the chiefs of the league for conspiracy against the state.

In the lower house of the Danish Rigsdag, Wednesday, the minister of foreign affairs stated that the British minister at Athens had consented to act as arbitrator in the dispute between the United States and Denmark regarding the claim of Mr. Butterfield against Denmark for the loss of a number of vessels near St. Thomas many years ago.

A deputation of gentlemen interested in the British shipping trade visited Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, president of the board of trade, today, and pointed out to him that under the regulations at present in force at the Irish ports steamers pay smaller dues than those imposed on sailing vessels. Sir Michael promised to modify the regulations in the interests of sailing vessels.

The new bishop of St. Asaph, Alfred George Edwards, will be the youngest English bishop, being only 40 years of age. He belongs to the "forward" school in church policy. St. Asaph is his native diocese, his father having been the well-known vicar of Langollen. His brother, the late dean of Bangor, was one of the foremost men in the Welsh church.

The Boersen Zeitung of Berlin says that the United States has proposed to refer that portion of the Samoan question concerning Germany and the United States alone to arbitration. Germany is not averse to this, but adheres to the opinion that the conference to be continued in Berlin should settle the questions involving Germany, Great Britain and the United States.

An Arab dhow, which has arrived at Zanzibar, reports that she was boarded by an officer of a German gunboat, who granted her a pass. Afterwards she was fired upon by other German gunboats, and her captain was killed. This news created great excitement among the people of Zanzibar, and crowds surrounded the Sultan's palace clamoring for revenge. The Sultan referred them to the German consul.

Rev. Bartholomew Edwards, who has just died in England, held a single incumbency longer than any living clergyman in Great Britain. Presented to the rectory of Ashill, Norfolk, a year or two before the battle of Waterloo, he retained this valuable benefice until his death, and he further discharged the duties of a rural dean for 67 years. At Cambridge he was a contemporary of Baron Alderson, Mr. Justice Maule and Lord Cranworth.

The management of the Paris Exposition have set apart space free of charge for the proposed American exhibit of Indian corn. The intention is to build a handsome corn palace, in which the different kinds of corn will be exhibited. American cooks in attenance will prepare corn for food in all the various ways known to the American housewife, and samples will be freely distributed to all who visit the exhibition.

The steamer City of New York, from China and Japan, brings advices that relief is now coming in from all quarters for the great distress in North China caused by last seasons flood, but nevertheless it is feared that many thousands of people will perish from the cold of the severe winter. In consequence of the arrest at Shanghai of a Chinaman by the police, six thousand rioters assembled February 5th, burned down the English consulate, and attacked the American consulate, doing great damage.

Signor Crispi on Wednesday presented to King Humbert a cabinet list comprised of members of the Left, but he expressed a doubt as to his ability to secure a majority in the Chamber of Deputies, and therefore proposed that the King intrust Signor Biancheri with the formation of a transition cabinet. King Humbert has the matter under consideration, but it is probable that Signor Biancheri, in the event of his being summoned, will decline to undertake the task, and that Signor Crispi's ministry will be given a trial.

Mr. Parnell, finding it impossible to respond to the many letters he has received from both Europe and America, congratulating him upon the collapse of the Time's case against him, desires through the press to heartily thank the writers of the letters. The communications received by Mr. Parnell comprise letters from unexpected quarters and from persons in the highest ranks of art, literature and science. Many of the writers say that the revelations of the trial have converted them from Balfourism to Parnellism.

The North German Gazette accuses the American papers of hostility to the Germans, and says it is due to the hatred and envy of a section of the American population, especially the Irish portion. "These Irish-Americans," it says, "are doubtless animated by envy and hatred at seeing how well the Germans can earn their bread. The German is more industrious and more contented than the Irishman, and this is the reason for his unpopularity in America. The Germans in America might gain their good-will if they cared to be less industrious and less contented; but this they consider too dear a price to pay for the good-will of the Irish."

### A Blighted Romance.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The young man had accepted a seat an hour or two before in a crowded train by the side of a young lady who had graciously made room for him.

"You will pardon me," he was saying, "for being bold enough, Miss—"

"Hopper," she prompted, softly.

"Miss Whopper. Thank you. My name is Cahokia. You will pardon me," he went on, in a slightly tremulous voice, "for being bold enough to say on such short acquaintance that I sincerely hope this may not be the last time we shall meet. I have never seen a young lady for whom I felt I could entertain so deep a—"

"Dinner all ready in the dining-car!" announced a dark-complexioned official, thrusting his head in at the door of the car.

The young man from St. Louis sprang convulsively to his feet, seized his hat and overcoat with frantic energy, and by the most desperate and reckless exertions succeeded in being the first man in the car to respond to the invitation, and a budding romance in the life of the susceptible maiden from southern Illinois came to a melancholy and untimely end.

### Even Job Would Say Something Tart.

[Somerville Journal.]

It is possible, of course, for a man to plough up an acre of ground without swearing, but few men would care to attempt the feat in an ordinary New England field.

### All the Pall-Bearers in Deep Mourning.

[New York Tribune.]

Ten colored men acted as the pall-bearers at the funeral of a prominent white Episcopal clergyman the other day in Columbia, S. C.

## TORPEDOED.

### Reported Destruction of the U. S. Gunboat Nipsic.

### She Fires on the German Man-of-War Olga, and is Sunk.

### The Story, from German Sources, Not Wholly Credited.

BRESLAU, March 8.—The Schlesische Zeitung prints the following sensational private telegram from Samoa: "The German corvette Olga has bombarded Mataafa's camp. The captain of the American man-of-war protested, but, seeing his protest disregarded, he opened fire on the Olga. The shell burst between decks, doing much damage. The Olga then directed a torpedo at the American ship, blowing her up with all hands."

Secretary Blaine stated that the State Department had received no advices from Samoa of the blowing up of an American man-of-war by the German gunboat Olga, as reported from Breslau. Mr. Blaine doubted the authenticity of the report.

Naval officers have, without exception, also discredited the story, although they admit that the Nipsic would have been overmatched by the Olga in a sea fight. They are rather inclined to accept the view taken by certain of the English papers, that the publication in the German newspaper was thrown out as a feeler to learn how an attempt to chastise the Mataafa forces for the killing of German seamen would be received in Germany and America.

### VARYING OPINIONS.

**Many Doubt the Story, but All Express Anxiety.**

WASHINGTON, March 10.—During the past week there has been talk of an early convening of the Fifty-first Congress. It is not unlikely that President Harrison would call Congress together should the reports from Samoa prove to be correct.

The executive departments have not yet received anything to change their opinions of yesterday respecting the reported engagement between the German steamer Olga and the United States steamer Nipsic, at Apia, Samoa.

It is known at the Navy Department that four German ironclads sailed from Genoa, Italy, for Samoa some eight or 10 days ago. It is expected that these vessels will require at least 60 days to make the voyage.

Speaking on Samoan affairs, Agent Leman, familiar with the country and its customs, said that if the commander of the Olga fired on the Samoan troops from the harbor of Apia, it could only be done by firing directly over the neutral territory, where the Americans live and have property; that the commander of the Nipsic would naturally feel justified under these circumstances in protesting and in following the protest, if disregarded, by action; and that his protest would say that a shot from the Olga over the neutral territory, endangering the lives and property of the Americans, would be regarded as an act of hostility toward this country. Another reason for making the protest and following it up would be that he had received news from this country and knew what public sentiment here was. He would also know of the approach of Admiral Kimberly with reinforcements. The American naval officers at Apia have been subject to many humiliations and are likely to welcome an opportunity to revenge themselves. They are men of spirit, and the fact that the Olga was twice as big as the Nipsic would, in the opinion of the gentleman, be rather an argument for than against the probability of the report.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 10.—Naval Constructor Fernald, who is superintending the construction of the United States steamer Charleston, said he had received no orders from the secretary of the navy, but had received a telegram from the chief of construction of the naval bureau, asking when the Charleston would be ready for trial. Mr. Fernald said this would be in five weeks, or in case of necessity in two weeks, and her armament could be mounted in 10 days additional. Regardless of expense she could be made ready for service in 25 days. The rumor that the steamer City of Pueblo one of the fastest on the coast, had been chartered by the government as a despatch boat between Samoa and Auckland is denied by the officials of the steamship company.

WASHINGTON, March 10.—One of the first things the State Department will dispose of is the appointment of delegates to the Samoan conference at Berlin. It is said tonight that Benjamin F. Butler, John A. Kasson and William Walter Phelps will probably be sent to represent this government, and that they will be accompanied by ex-Consul General Sewall and Augustus Cowherd of Illinois, who negotiated the treaty between the United States and Samoa.

LONDON, March 10.—The novelist, Robert L. Stevenson, writes from Hawaii commenting strongly on the high-handed action of the Germans in Samoa. He asks:

Who is Knappe? By what process has he become the Bismarck of the Polynesian islands? What spell has been cast over the cabinets at Washington and London that Blacklock has been so long unsupported and Coetlogogne has been compelled to bow his head under a public buffet?

Mr. Stevenson testifies to Klein's innocence. He says that Klein only hailed the approaching German boats in the darkness and warned them of the Samoan ambush.

He also says that an English artist who was sketching Malietoa's camp was forcibly carried on board the German gunboat Adler, and that he was released only when the British man-of-war in the harbor cleared for action.

The United States steamship Nipsic, reported shattered and sunk in Samoan waters, is a wooden vessel of 1375 tons' displacement; horse-power, 790. Her dimensions are: Length, 185 feet; breadth, 35; draught, 14.3. She carries 18 officers and 164 men. Her battery consists of four smooth bore nine-inch broadside guns, one eight-inch muzzle loading rifle gun, forward, one 60 pound breech-loading rifle gun aft and several Gatling guns. She is commanded by Dennis W. Mullan. Confirmation or denial of the report of the engagement between the Nipsic and the Olga is anxiously awaited all over the country, especially at the State Department in Washington.

## A NIHILIST IN CHAINS

### On the Way to the National Insane Asylum at Washington.

CHICAGO, March 11.—United States Secret Service Officers Wilkins and Arnold arrived in Chicago yesterday direct from Sitka, Alaska, with a prisoner who was shackled around the knees, ankles and wrists, and then shackled to Officer Arnold. He was being taken to the National Insane Asylum at Washington. The prisoner's name is George Dienstrovitch. Last summer he set fire to the government powder magazine at Sitka for the avowed purpose of blowing up the entire town.

The flames were extinguished before any damage was done. The incendiary was adjudged insane and ordered to Washington. He declares that he is a Nihilist from Russia, and that he will yet free the downtrodden people of the civilized world.

### Hannibal Hamlin's Lone Hand.

[Address to the Lincoln Club in Chicago.]

Allow me to state that the first intimation that I had that I was to be placed upon the ticket with Abraham Lincoln came to me through the lips of Schuyler Colfax. I was playing a pleasant game of euchre in my room. My colleague, Senator Fessenden, Senator Grimes of the State of Iowa, and a member of the House from Maine constitute the party, and we were smoking our cigars as I was just now when you deprived me of smoking mine quietly, when there was a tramping of feet in the corridors of the Washington Hotel, where I was tarrying, a loud rap at the door, and the abrupt entrance of Schuyler Colfax at the head of the procession, which approached and addressed me as the vice president of the United States. Well, now, my friends, I held in my hands at that instant the most magnificent lone hand that you ever saw, (Applause.) I held the best cards—both bowers and an ace and another ace. (Great laughter.) And don't you think that barbarous crowd burst in upon me, and I lost my lone hand. (Laughter.) Well, I seized upon my chair in an uplifted position and said to Schuyler Colfax, "Clear out of this room! You have despoiled a lone hand in euchre, and you have brought me no fitting return." Why, I had no more idea of having the nomination to that office than I had of being struck by lightning.

## SEVEN CENTURIES OF LIFE

### Represented in the Combined Ages of the Bolles Family of Mattapoisett.

MATTAPOISETT, Mass., March 6.—The Bolles family of this town has a remarkably great aggregate age. Samuel Bolles, born Sept. 16, 1765, married in 1797 to Maria Ellis, aged 20. To them were born six sons and six daughters. Samuel Bolles died, aged 58 years; Maria, his wife, died in the ninetieth year of her age. Of their children, Lois Randall, the eldest, died aged 72.

Ellis Bolles was lost at sea, aged 25; Eunice Hiller [illegible] aged 68 years. There are at present living nine whose united ages equal 6[illegible]8 years [illegible] months and 15 days viz., Joshua Bolles, aged 87 years; Prince Bolles, aged 85 years; Sylvia Bolles Purrington, 83; Joseph Bolles, 81; Joanna Aiken, 79; Mary Atsatt, 74; Richard Bolles, 72; Sarah A. Randall 68; Solomon E. Bolles, 67.

Eight of the family are now living within two and one-half miles of the place where they were born.

## JOHN ERICSSON.

### The Designer of the Monitor Passes Away at a Very Advanced Age—Sketch of His Career.

John Ericsson, the great engineer and inventor, died at his residence, 36 Beach street, New York city, late Thursday night, of cystitis, in his eighty-sixth year. He was born in Wermland, Sweden, July 31, 1803, and at the age of 10 began, by the construction of a windmill and pumping engine, the creative work that at the age of 86 he was actively continuing. His father was a mine proprietor, and the boy's earliest experience was with machinery. At 12 he was made a cadet of mechanical engineers, and at 17 he entered the Swedish army as an ensign. He rapidly reached a lieutenancy in consequence of the beauty of his military maps, which attracted the attention of King Charles John (Bernadotte). In 1826, while in London on a leave of absence to introduce a flame engine, he sent his resignation home. It was accepted, after he had first been promoted to the rank of captain. He never returned to Sweden, but his native country has sent him many honors and decorations, and in 186[illegible] a great granite monument was erected in front of his father's house by the miners, bearing the simple inscription, "John Ericsson was born here in 1803."

The versatility of his genius is sometimes lost sight of in the importance given to his great improvements in the enginery of warfare. His rapid and energetic construction of his long-planned Monitor and the important work of destroying the Merrimac in that critical period of the war, is the point of principal popular interest in this country. But his Destroyer, with her submarine gun and many other improvements in war vessels, and offensive and defensive details in great variety, are of far greater importance today. "The undivided honors of having built the first practical screw steamer, the first screw war vessel and the first turret vessel," according to Captain Ericsson, are undeniably great.

Among the many other inventions he has given to the world are a file-cutting machine, an instrument for taking soundings, the artificial draught for steam boilers, a hydrostatic weighing machine, a salt-making apparatus, a rotary steam engine, the device for condensing steam and returning the water to the boiler, the link motion for reversing steam engines, the use of superheated steam, a locomotive engine (among the first offered), a caloric engine and alarm barometer. His contributions to the centennial exposition require a volume of 600 quarto pages in their description. His scientific investigations include many valuable astronomical discoveries. A few years ago, after a series of experiments extending over 20 years, Captain Ericsson perfected his famous sun motor, and determined the mechanical energy that the great luminary has in store for mankind when the coal fields become exhausted. The motor furnishes a steady and reliable power under ordinary sunshine.

He attributed his enjoyment of such remarkable vigor at his age, in his own words, "to the understanding of the machinery of his being, its care and its needs." The constitution he inherited from his sturdy Swedish ancestors was the first important factor in the question, and regular habits and daily physical exercise the others. Newspapers and periodicals, many of them being scientific publications and his mail then took up his attention for awhile. He drew most of his own plans, and was one of the quickest and most finished draughtsmen living. In mechanical work of almost any kind in connection with models and experiments he showed a steadiness of hand, a strength and skill that would be wonderful at any age of life, and were almost miraculous at his. He used no tobacco and never drank wine, beer nor liquor. He was not fanatical on the point, but went without them because he thought they were not good for him. Captain Ericsson had been ill only about a week. A physician was summoned when he was first taken down, but owing to the advanced age of the patient medical skill failed to rally him.

## UNBROKEN SLATES.

### President's Eight Counsellors Named and Confirmed.

President Harrison sent to the Senate on Tuesday, March 5, the following nominations:

Secretary of state, James G. Blaine of Maine.

Secretary of the treasury, William Windom of Minnesota.

Secretary of war, Redfield Proctor of Vermont.

Secretary of the navy, Benjamin F. Tracy of New York.

Secretary of the interior, John W. Noble of Missouri.

Postmaster general, John Wanamaker of Pennsylvania.

Attorney general, W. H. H. Miller of Indiana.

Secretary of agriculture, Jeremiah Rusk of Wisconsin.

The nominations were confirmed in a 10-minute session of the Senate.

## HERE'S HARRISON'S CHANCE.

### He May Have to Proclaim Raiders Into Oklahoma.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., March 11.—Advices from southern Kansas are that the intending settlers in the Oklahoma country are making preparations for a grand raid into that section April 10, unless President Harrison issues his proclamation opening the country before that time. Oklahoma Harry Hill, Captain Paine's old scout, is expected to be in supreme command, with Colonel Sam Crocker in charge of the [illegible]00 men about Purcell, I. T.; ex-Sheriff Brown of Pottawattomie county, Kansas, in command of the men at Caldwell, Kan., and Colonel Cole of the Kiowa contingent. Soldiers stationed along the Indian Territory line now demand a pass from all entering the country. If the proposed raid is made Hill declares that he will tear down all the fences of the cattle men, and burn all the grass in the Cherokee strip.

### Washington's Notch in the Stick of Time.

[Washington Post.]

"After the 4th of March" is to Washington what "befo' de wah" is to the South. It is the notch in the stick of time by which all things now are counted. Boarding-house keepers will reduce their rates after the 4th of March; men will swear off all sorts of things after the 4th of March; the ladies will rest and catch up with their correspondence after the 4th of March, and so on.

Yesterday a gentleman living on Twelfth street called by telephone one of the fashionable physicians of the city.

"I should like to have you hold yourself in readiness to come on short notice," said the gentleman.

"When do you think you will need me?" asked the doctor.

"I can't tell, but it will probably be some time within a week."

"Dear me," replied the physician, "I'm dreadfully busy these days. Can't you put it off till after the 4th of March?"

### Have You Had Experience?

[Savannah News.]

The Washington Post has invited its unmarried female readers to answer the question, "What kind of a husband do you want?" The answers will depend a good deal on the ages of the writers. For instance, the girl of 16 will want a handsome, wealthy, aristocratic and witty husband, and she will announce that no other kind need apply; the young lady of 20 will want one of the same kind, but she will not limit the applicants to that class; the young lady of 25 will be satisfied with a sensible, provident husband, whether he is handsome, wealthy, aristocratic and witty or not; and the women of 30 to 35 will very likely indicate a partiality for widowers, with or without children.

## WASTE THAT IS WOOL

### Should be Scheduled as Such.

### Plea of the Philadelphia Wool Merchants' Association

### Addressed to Secretary of Treasury Windom.

PHILADELPHIA, March 9.—At a meeting of the executive committee of the Philadelphia Woollen Merchants' Association yesterday the tariff on wool and woollen goods was discussed, and it was unanimously agreed to send the following letter to Secretary Windom:

The Philadelphia Wool Merchants' Association beg to call your early attention to the large and increasing importations of goods and wool, under schedule K of the tariff act of 1883, at such classifications as defeat the intentions of the act, and they respectfully ask for your rulings thereon.

First—Scoured wool is dutiable at 30 cents per pound, but is admitted at the duty of "waste," 10 cents per ponds, under the names of "ring waste," "slubbing waste," "thread waste," "garnetted waste," etc. All these articles are highly purified scoured wool, are sold in England, France and elsewhere at the value of scoured wool, and are used here as such. It is evident that they are being manufactured abroad in large quantities for the purpose of evading the legitimate duty.

Second, wool tops, by treasury ruling of Feb. 17, 1881, were held to be scoured wool in other than ordinary condition, and hence they were rated at 60 cents duty. This was not questioned until after Jan. 21, 1887, when the attorney general sent an opinion to the secretary of the treasury, which, if carried into effect, would have reduced the duty on tops to 50 cents. A late verdict in the United States Court in New York sustained the rate of 60 cents.

Third—The improvements in machinery and the changes in goods are such that so-called worsted cloths are not now made out of worsted or combing wool, as described in class 11, but are made of such clothing wools as are described in class 1. These goods are not what was intended by goods "composed wholly or in part of worsted," but should be classed in manufactures of wool, as made wholly or in part of wool.

We therefore respectfully ask that you make such rulings as will prevent scoured wool from being imported under the name of "waste," that will confirm the 60 cent duty on wool tops, and that will classify so-called worsted cloths as woollens.

We beg to state that we are ready to furnish proof and argument on these question, should you wish to appoint a time for a hearing.

## FLOUR $50 A SACK,

### And Canned Goods Worth Their Weight in Gold.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., March 9.—Teams are paid $50 a day to haul provisions into the Ensenada camp, and if the influx continues a famine will follow. Flour sold yesterday at $50 a sack, and canned goods are worth their weight in gold.

A company of Mexican rural guards has arrived, and the commandant put the camp under martial law, and disarmed every one, the arms to be returned when they leave the camp.

## SECRETARY NOBLE ACTS

### And Orders the Transfer of Minnesota Land Officers.

CHICAGO, March 11.—A Tribune special from St. Paul says: "Secretary of the Interior Noble has already begun undoing the work of his predecessor in Minnesota. Yesterday he telegraphed the land officers at Redwood Falls to transfer the effects to Marshall. One of the last acts of the Democratic administration was the abolition of the land offices at Fergus Falls, Tracy and Redwood Falls. A howl of indignation went up from the people of these places, and it is supposed that, by the action of Secretary Noble, these offices will be restored.

## HOW VERNARD MADE MONEY.

### Insured for Less Than the Regular Premium and Skipped.

MT. ETNA, Ind., March 11.—S. W. Vernard, a prominent man of this place, has disappeared from home, and evidences of his crooked business methods are numerous. Vernard was agent for several fire insurance companies, and collected premiums which he failed to remit to the companies. His method was to write insurance for less than the regular premium, collect the money, and send in the report, which, of course, was always rejected. Recently the facts began to come to light, and Vernard resorted to forgery to raise money to pay his dupes. He was about to be arrested when he disappeared.

## DR. GEORGE F. ROOT FETED.

### The Composer of the Most Famous War Songs Meets His Friends.

CHICAGO, March 9.—Dr. George F. Root, the venerable author of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," "The Battle-Cry of Freedom" and other songs that stirred the patriotic heart a quarter of a century ago, was yesterday the recipient of all the honors his friends and admirers could bestow.

The rostrum of the Hyde Park High School, was fitted up as a camp scene, with a mess fire, stacked muskets and camp belongings. The suggestion of war times was neutralized by the sight of the birds'-nests in the clefts of the stacks. The canteen was empty and one side of the drum was knocked in. Dr. Root was among these, while the pupils of the school sang his famous songs.

Congratulatory letters were read from James Russell Lowell, Governor Fifer, Colonel Fred Grant, General Sherman, Governor Alger and Rev. S. F. Smith, author of "America," and others. Among the reminiscences it was stated that when Lincoln issued his second call, Dr. Root heard the news in his brother's music store in this city. At once the words and music of "The Battle-Cry of Freedom" came to him, and were written in that store. In a few moments the Lombard brothers, war singers, came in for a new song, and seized upon that one. That night it was sung first from the court-house steps.

### How He Broke the News.

[Lincoln Journal.]

You say that I'm pale and flustered, and shivering in my shoes; I'll be hanged if you wouldn't shiver if you had to "break the news." I suppose you have heard how Quimby is stretched on a bunk down there, with a pint or more of his own blue blood mixed up with his auburn hair? Well, they made me a joint committee to go to his house and tell his wife all about the scrimmage, and what to her man befell. I went to the house up yonder, not mashed on the job, you bet, and my classic and blue-veined forehead was bathed in a quart of sweat. The woman was in the kitching, a-singing a plaintive song, but she dried up when she saw me, for she knew there was something wrong. Then I coughed and I hemmed and I stammered, and "Madam," said I, "be brave! Your husband is now a-lying—" Oh, Lord! what a shriek she gave! And she walked up and down a-moaning and wringing her furrowed hands, and her hair fell down like seaweed adrift by the ocean sands. "Oh, heaven," she cried, "my husband! They've taken my love from me," and the way that she reeled and staggered was a sight for a man to see; "so brave, so kind and so noble! So loving, so grand and strong, and now must I wait his coming in vain all the dark day long? And his children will wail in sorrow, and never again in glee, troop down in the misty twilight and cluster about his knee." And so she went on a-raving; her screams for a block were heard; and I like a graven image stood there without saying a word. It seemed like my tongue was frozen or glued to my early teeth, and hardly a breath came upward from the paralyzed lungs beneath. But I braced up all of a sudden, and "Madam," said I again, "I'm sorry—I'm denced sorry—to have caused you this needless pain; let up on your frenzied screaming; you don't need to weep and wail; your old man ain't dead by a long shot, he's only locked up in jail." She glared at me for a minute—for a minute or two and then said: "So the darned old loafer is down there in jail again?" Then she picked up a tub and smashed it all over my princely head, and I saw she was getting ready to paint the whole landscape red. So I skipped through the gate and moseyed so fast that I tore my shoes; and they don't make me a committee in the future to break the news.

# AROUND THE FARM.

## THE KNOWLEDGE OF SOILS.

**Our Agriculturists Have Experimented Blindfold—Every Farmer Should Excel Himself to Rescue Agriculture from a Mere Routine of Mechanical Drudgery.**

All intelligent agriculturists will acknowledge that the first step in the improvement of a soil consists in learning its composition, so as to be able to compare it with other soils remarkable for their fertility or for the production of peculiar crops. After obtaining such information, it is evident that we may, by proper applications of the required ingredients, bring the soil to the standard of any other variety, the only question being whether it can be done economically by means of the resources within our reach.

It will be seen that the changes which are to be effected in the composition of comparatively barren soils, in order to render them fertile, are generally attainable, and by skilful and scientific methods we may always feel sure of a favorable result.

It is too generally true that our agriculturists have experimented blindfold, and but little true scientific knowledge results from such operations. Hence we find the most contradictory accounts of nearly every mode of improvement.

If we consult the experience of others, as recorded in books and agricultural newspapers, the information is by no means to be relied upon unless all the conditions of the problem are fully stated; and, above all, it is essential that we should know the composition of the soil on which the operations were performed, so as to be able to institute a comparison with that on which the experiments are to be repeated.

In order to illustrate this remark, let us suppose that one of our farmers had read that adding copperas or sulphate of iron was an improvement to the soil. It is a substance that reacts continually on a calcareous soil, liberating carbonic acid gas and forming sulphate of lime or gypsum, both of which serve to render vegetation luxuriant, the carbonic acid gas being absorbed by the foliage, while the gypsum stimulates the plant to its rapid absorption and assimilation.

The fact being published without any chemical explanation, and the resulting crop being stated, it is perfectly natural to suppose that an enterprising farmer would be disposed to try such a promising experiment on his soil if he could obtain the substance mentioned.

Now it is absolutely certain that the very substance that will confer fertility on calcareous soils would render any New England soil utterly barren, so as to be irreclaimable without chemical skill and large expenditure.

Sulphuric acid and copperas are used in England for the purpose of decomposing vegetable fibre in composts, and such a compost is found to be very proper for calcareous soils: but it would actually destroy every vestige of vegetation on our silicious soils. We are in constant danger from such errors, unless we know the composition of the soils where the experiments were made, and also the nature of the soil where it is to be repeated. Such knowledge is not only useful by teaching us how to avoid erroneous practices, but is also a sure guide to agricultural improvements, and must be made the basis of the art.

Empiricism ought not to be the only means of improvement with an intelligent farmer.

Mere experience without scientific light is at best uncertain, and we consider the union of theory and practice as the grand desideratum in the art.

Every American farmer who prides himself on his freedom and intelligence, should exert himself to rescue agriculture from a mere routine of mechanical drudgery, and should endeavor to instruct his children in the scientific principles of the art.

Besides increasing the agricultural produce of the country, such means will surely aid in the advancement of civilization, and will afford a constant source of rational enjoyment to the intelligent, educated farmer.

## THE SPRING.

**Farm Hints for March—Early Crops—Potato Culture—Onion Growing—Early Pease—Hotbeds—Work in the Orchard and the Farmer's Garden.**

The drawing out of the manure on those fields that are to be sown or planted this season should be continued, and every preparation made for pushing work along rapidly. In some places sandy land, and that which is well underdrained, may be fit to plough before the end of the month, but it is well to "make haste slowly." The object in ploughing is not merely the turning over the soil, but the pulverizing it. If turned while it is wet and cold, it will pack more closely instead of lighting up. The process by which nature makes the various fertilizing elements in the soil soluble, or fit for the young plant roots to seize upon and take up, cannot go on when the soil is so packed together as it is when the soil lies light and porous. A soil which might be fertile if worked thoroughly when in proper condition will be almost barren if worked when unfit.

If there is any doubt whether the land is in condition for ploughing it is better to delay a few days longer. It is also a benefit to let the land remain in the furrow a day or two before going on with the harrow, and then go over it until it is worked deep and fine. Time and labor spent in working the soil before putting in the seed will be time gained in the growth of the crop, and labor well paid for at harvest.

POTATO CULTURE.

Potatoes may be planted as early as the ground can be made ready. Even if a late frost should cut the tops down to the ground after they have come up, it will only result in causing them to ripen up a little later. The yield is not apparently lessened, and some farmers even claim that it may be increased by such a cutting back, as the roots continue growing while the tops are putting out new sprouts. This is very doubtful, however. Of course if the ground freezes deep enough after planting to freeze the seed in the ground, it greatly injures the crop, and it is better to plant over to that or some other crop at once.

Seed potatoes are benefited by a few days exposure to the sun before cutting them to plant. If the field is rich enough, or manure enough is used to grow a good crop, there can be a larger yield obtained from planting in the drill than from hill planting. If the seed is cut to two or three eyes, they may be put about one foot apart in the drill. If pieces containing half a dozen eyes are put in, they should be given greater distance.

It is better to plough in the manue for potatoes deeper than the seed is to be put, and to scatter phosphate in the drill before dropping the seed. There is not any danger of the phosphate injuring the seed, even when it is used at the rate of a ton to the acre. Few farmers use one-half, and not many more than one-quarter that amount. The profitable amount to use will depend very much upon the character of the soil, and someting also depends upon the composition of the fertilizer. In land newly cleared from hard wood, or land that has been dressed with wood ashes, a little phosphate will show good results. In old pasture land, or in land that has been long in cultivation, it pays to use it liberally, and care should be taken to procure a fertilizer that is rich in potash.

ONION GROWING.

Onions should not be put in without making sure that the land is in first-rate condition for a seed-bed. Do not plough it or harrow it while wet, and make it fine and mellow before sowing any seed. Onion seed is not injured by the freezing of the ground after it is sown, nor will it do any harm if snow covers the ground even after the onions are up. Make ground rich with manure or fertilizer, or both, and sow in drills 14 inches apart, using five or six pounds of good seed to the acre. It is well to test the seed before sowing, by sprouting a little of it between two damp cloths set in the sun during the day, and kept in a warm room at night. If nine-tenths of it does not sprout, reject the seed or increase the amount used. If the ground is very dry when the seed is sown, it is well to roll it with a light roller after sowing the seed. There is a roller on the seed-sowers that covers the seed, but it is not heavy enough for a very dry soil. This is a good rule for all seeds, but especially for small seeds. Make the ground mellow beneath, that the roots may penetrate it easily, but press it firm above to prevent too much evaporation, and consequent drying of the seed.

Celery may be sown among the onions, but if the onions are sown in March, it is better to wait a week or two, or until the second week in April, before sowing the celery seed, unless an early celery is sown for fall use. Good crops of both onions and celery have been grown when sowing was delayed until May, but it is better to get them in earlier if the ground gets fit for working, as the onions ripen up better, and the celery gets larger growth. Nor does the seed germinate as well if a dry season comes on soon after it is sown.

EARLY PEASE.

Peas may be sown as early as the ground is ready. There is no fear of frost or snow hurting them. Remember that the yield is increased by sowing them quite thick in the drill, if the soil is made rich enough to carry the crops out, and the vines do not dry up as early. It used to be thought necessary to put well-rotted manure in the drill before the seed was sown, but it is less labor and but little more expense to plow the manure into the soil, and then strew phosphate in the hill. If the ground is to be used for a second crop after the pease are taken off, as it should be, this is much the better plan. Many plant squashes, or set tomato plants among the pease, so that they will begin to occupy the ground after the peae vines are pulled. There are also many other crops that may go in after early peas, and the gain is twofold. There is the profit of the second crop, and the advantage of keeping the weeds subdued in the fall. In sowing the wrinkled pease, do not calculate on more than three-quarters of the seed germinating, and put in enough to make up for that.

Pease do better if they are furnished a support for the vines to run upon. Those who cannot easily procure brush for that purpose will find a substitute in setting stakes about a rod apart, and stretching wires along, putting the first wire about one foot from the ground, and others eight inches apart above that, to such a height as the vines are expected to reach. The first cost of this is greater than the brush, but the stakes and wires may be saved and used for many years. Market gardeners who only desire to pick their vines twice and then pull them out to make room for a second crop, may not care to do this, but for the family garden, or for a small market where it is desirable to prolong the bearing season, it will be found to pay, not only in increased crop, but in greater ease of picking.

The farmer or gardener who has a variety of pease that suit him in growing well, in yielding bountiful crops of large, well-filled pods, and which is early enough for his market, will do well to sow a few rows expressly for seed, and to allow none to be picked from them.

It would not be difficult to collect a hundred different varieties of seed peas from the various seed stores. Sometimes one variety may appear under several different names. Sometimes one variety may appear under several different names. Sometimes seed bought under one name from different growers may consist of as many various kinds, but the really good pease, prolific bearers, with large pods and of good eating quality, may be counted upon one's fingers, and any one who has such should preserve the best of them for seed.

Oats may be sown whenever the ground is ready. While they will grow if sown while the soil is wet and heavy, the growth is larger if it is delayed until the ground works easily, and nothing is gained by too much haste. If they are to be cut green and made as hay, use seed liberally, as it will make the straw finer; but if the grain is to ripen do not use over three bushels of seed to the acre.

HOTBEDS.

It will pay every farmer whose duties do not call him away from home, so that he can attend to it, to have a small hotbed in which he can raise his early cabbage, tomato and pepper plants, and start some other varieties for his family garden. If he cannot be at home or have some trustworthy person there to see that the frames are opened in the morning before the heat has scorched the plants, and to close them whenever the temperature falls so as to make it advisable, or if his memory cannot be trusted to attend to such work, he will find it cheaper to buy a few plants. To grow them himself, however, so that he may have them in plenty, and early in the season, so that the bearing season will be longer, will pay, even if there is not much profit in growing early crops for market. By a free use of manure for the bottom heat, and a sheltered position, plants can be got ready for setting much earlier than they can be grown in the open ground, and the kinds above named seem to grow quite as well when transplanted as when sown where they are to grow.

WORK IN THE ORCHARD.

Manure applied now will increase the size, if it does not the quantity, of fruit this year. It is a good season for setting grafts and for cutting out dead limbs. While not the best season for cutting out superfluous branches, small ones may be taken out now, and it will not do much more harm to take out large ones than they will do by remaining. It is better however, to trim rather sparingly at this season. Slips may be cut from grapes, currants and gooseberries, and set where they are wanted as soon as the ground thaws. Not all may live, but it is easy to fill the vacant places later. All small fruits, rhubarb and asparagus will be benefited by manuring now if it was not done last fall.—[American Cultivator.

### The Farmer's Garden.

Now that spring is so near at hand, it is time for those farmers who are accustomed to having only a small garden, and that perhaps cluttered up with berry bushes and fruit trees, to consider whether or not it would be a good plan to set apart an acre near the dwelling; manure it well, and devote it to gardening purposes with horse cultivation. Borders could be left at the ends for the horse to turn on, and these could be planted in potatoes the last of June, when most of the cultivating of the season would be done. It is as easy to care for an acre with a horse as it is to cultivate an ordinary garden by hand. Farmers generally have very poor gardens, and their supply of vegetables for the table is limited. The average farmer's bill of fare is meat, potatoes, bread and butter, and usually some one kind of vegetable, but not always. By the new method he can have a daily supply of several kinds, and this would largely curtail grocers' bills, keep the meat and flour barrels from being emptied so rapidly, and what is better, increased health will save doctors' bills. With the following list to draw from it will be seen how easy it would be to make up a tri-daily bill of fare "fit for a king:" Lettuce, onions, leeks, chives, cabbage, celery, spinach, rhubarb, beets, peas, beans, cauliflower, cucumbers, tomatoes, squashes, carrots, parsnips, turnips, salsify, radishes, horseradish, melons and several other vegetables and berries, something for every day in the year. The Lord made these and gave man the skill to develop them, and this should be taken as a fair hint that their production and use is eminently desirable. —[Galen Wilson, in Ohio Farmer.

## THE FERTILIZERS.

**Apatite or Phosphate of Lime and Fluoride of Calcium—Plant Food—The Value of Wood Ashes.**

This fertilizer is one which is extensively mined in Canada, and used by its farmers to a limited extent. By far the greater portion is, however, shipped to other countries, the unground rock as well as its products, ground apatite and mineral superphosphate, finding ready sale in the foreign market. The phosphoric acid, the only fertilizing material apatite contains, is in its most insoluble form, and is therefore of only inferior value, being at the present sold for about two cents per pound, or one-quarter of the price realized for the most soluble forms. Its returns are not nearly so rapid as those from superphosphate or bone; for, its phosphoric acid being insoluble, it must decompose before it can be taken up by the plant, and it being very hard, much harder than limestone, the decomposition is naturally slow. In fact, on some soils, poor in decomposing vegetable matter, viz., cold, stiff clay or dry, loose sand, its beneficial results are so slow that they are apparently lost. The finer the apatite has been ground the more valuable it is, for the surface exposed to the action of the decomposing agents of nature being increased with its fineness, the decomposition is more rapidly effected, and therefore its value increased.

In order to obtain the most beneficial results, especially if the soil is of a cold nature, or suffers from drought, it should be mixed with the barn manure or compost, by sowing it broadcast on the heap as it accumulates; and as the barn manure is generally deficient in phosphate it is a very good plan to make it a practice to mix finely ground apatite or bone meal with the barn manure, which should then, if well taken care of, supply all the wants of a generally productive and well-managed farm, especially if it receives an occasional dressing of ashes.

The soils especially benefited by bone dust are those on which apatite will give its best returns, for it is the most insoluble member of that group in which bone dust holds an intermediate place, and in which superphosphate forms the most soluble fertilizer. As these fertilizers have various grades of solubility depending upon their fineness, they form a complete chain, and the remarks made in one will, therefore, largely apply to the others.

Apatite, which is by some scientists supposed to be the petrified remains of the excrement of sea fowl, or, in other words, guano turned to stone, is a greenish crystalline rock found in various portions of the earth's crust, but that found in Canada is by far the richest deposit of any yet discovered. It contains fully one-third more phosphoric acid than that found in the States, generally known as "Carolina rock."

The Canadian deposit contains from 75 per cent. to 80 per cent. of phosphate of lime, or 32 per cent. to 34 per cent. of phosphoric acid, and should therefore not cost more than 70 cents per hundred.

GUANO—MANURES FROM FOWL.

With the rise which our poultry industry has taken, and which it will likely continue to take, more fowl will be kept and, consequently, more of their excrements made and utilized as a fertilizer. As a commercial fertilizer the excrements of sea fowl, known as guano, have been used for a little over 50 years. It was the first commercial fertilizer used in England and was the means of opening the way for the various other organic and mineral fertilizers now in use in the more progressive agricultural countries. It is more nearly related to farmyard manure than any of the other commercial fertilizers. Its main difference from the latter being that in addition to its nitrogen it has a larger percentage of phosphoric acid but is comparatively poor in potash, while the farmyard manure is poor in phosphoric acid but has a fair supply of potash. The guano is, however, much more concentrated, and for a clay loam, on which it gives the best results, is a better-balanced fertilizer than farmyard manure. When first introduced it was much richer than it now is, for the most valuable deposits have since become exhausted, and it is likely owing to this fact that it is not more popular than it is.

It has the best effect on fall grain crops if applied a short time before they are sown; but on all other crops, save the leguminous (pease, beans, clover, etc.), it makes a marked improvement, if not applied in too large quantities—200 pounds per acre is sufficient for any crop. Owing to its great concentricity it should be very intimately mixed with the soil. The finely powdered fertilizer should be sown broadcast over the field, which should then be thoroughly cultivated or ploughed. Some experimenters claim that to cover the fertilizers eight inches deep is not too deep, but we would prefer a covering of four inches. When applied to vegetables it has given very satisfactory results when steeped in water, and the liquid applied in small quantities at short intervals. It should, however, never be used in this way during a dry season, care should be taken not to touch the leaves or stems with it, and the soil should be frequently stirred; but under ordinary circumstances the better way to apply it, to even these plants, is to sow it on broadcast as directed above. What has been said about guano applies also to the excrements of other fowl.

The following table gives the average composition of guano, as it is now sold in the market, and of the excrements of various domesticated animals and birds:

| Name of Fertilizer. | Per cent. Water | Per cent. Nitrogen | Per cent. Potash | Per cent. Phosphoric acid | Value per cwt. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Peru Guano | 15.0 | 7.0 | 3.3 | 14.0 | $2.28.0 |
| Horse Manure | 71.3 | .58 | .53 | .28 | .13.8 |
| Cattle Manure | 77.5 | .34 | .40 | .16 | .08.5 |
| Sheep Manure | 64.6 | .83 | .67 | .23 | .18.3 |
| Swine Manure | 72.4 | .45 | .60 | .19 | .11.3 |
| Hen Manure | 56.0 | 1.63 | .85 | 1.54 | .41.5 |
| Duck Manure | 56.6 | 1.00 | .62 | 1.40 | .23.0 |
| Goose Manure | 77.1 | .55 | .95 | .54 | .17.0 |
| Pigeon Manure | 51.0 | 1.76 | 1.00 | 1.78 | .45.5 |

The values of the various manures have been calculated at the present trade value of their constituents. The composition of these manures, especially those of the quadrupeds, varies materially, depending upon their management and the food consumed by the animals.

### Nitrogenous Plant Food.

S. M. Babcock of the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station, has prepared an elaborate report upon artificial fertilizers, which he sends to the Western Rural. Upon this subject of nitrogenous plant food he says: Although free nitrogen is present in nature in immense quantities, composing, as it does, nearly four-fifths of the earth's atmosphere, the results of all careful experiments indicate that in this form none of it can be appropriated by agricultural plants. Before it is available it must be combined with other elements, usually with oxygen, with which it forms nitric acid, or with hydrogen to form ammonia. Nearly all of the nitrogen which enters into the composition of plants is taken up by the roots, mostly in the form of a nitrate. A small amount of ammonia may serve directly as plant food, some of it being absorbed by the leaves from the air.

Nitric acid is formed in small quantities by the direct union of nitrogen and oxygen in the air during thunder storms, and is carried by the rain into the soil, where it unites with mineral matter, forming nitrates; but the most of the nitrates available for plants are formed by the oxidation of ammonia compounds and of organic matter in the soil. This important change takes place chiefly near the surface, the process being known as nitrification. It is brought about by the action of a microscopic organism which lives in the soil, but in what manner is as yet unknown. It is favored by warmth and moisture, no nitrification taking place when the temperature falls below 40° F., nor when the soil is excessively dry. Its maximum effect is about 100° F.; above this nitrification rapidly decreases, and at 130° F. it ceases. Nearly all these organisms are found within nine inches of the surface, none being in the subsoil.

The researches of Way and others have shown that ammonia compounds are to a considerable extent retained by soils, only traces of ammonia being found in drainage water. Nitrates, however, are not retained in this manner, and unless they are appropriated by plants, are easily washed out of the soils by rains and lost. Owing to the readiness with which plant roots absorb nitrates, there is practically no loss in soils which are covered by vegetation. On the other hand, the loss from a bare fallow is sometimes enormous. The lysimeter observations at the New York Agricultural Experiment Station showed a loss at the rate of over 200 pounds of nitrogen in the form of nitrates per acre each year, from the lysimeter kept free from vegetation, while from the lysimeters covered with grass the loss was less than one pound per acre. Although these results do not necessarily indicate what occurs in cultivated fields, they are certainly suggestive. In addition to the nitrogen removed from the soil by crops and by drainage, a little nitrogen gas escapes into the air, it being set free by the oxidation or decay of organic matter. The total amount of this loss varies with the climate, with the kind of crop, and with the method of culture. Tillage increases it, and it is comparatively small in wild land and in permanent pasture. Nature replaces these losses to the soil, in the organic matter which decays upon its surface, in the nitric acid and ammonia dissolved in rain and dew, and lastly, in some unknown way, from the free nitrogen of the air by converting it into compounds suitable for plant nutrition. Under the conditions of agriculture the losses almost invariably exceed the supply, and after a time the available nitrogen is reduced to a point where profitable crops cannot be grown without the use of notrogenous manures derived from some other source than the soils themselves. The forms in which nitrogen is usually supplied in artificial fertilizers are nitrate of soda, sulphate of ammonia, and organic matter rich in nitrogen, such as dried blood and waste from slaughter houses, fish scraps, castor pomace and other vegetable products not suitable for animal food.

Such products as linseed meal, cottonseed meal, wheat bran, and, perhaps, under some circumstances, malt sprouts may be first utilized as food for animals, when the manure obtained, if properly saved and applied to the soil, will furnish a most profitable source of nitrogen. Not only are these foods rich in nitrogen, but they also contain a considerable amount of phosphoric acid and potash, as is shown in a table giving the pounds of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash in one ton of each:

| | Nitrogen. | Phosphoric acid. | Potash. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Linseed Meal | 105.0 | 37.5 | 22.5 |
| Cotton-seed meal | 140.0 | 58.5 | 39.2 |
| Wheat bran | 45.0 | 51.0 | 16.5 |
| Malt sprouts | 89.5 | 25.0 | 41.0 |

Nearly all of these constituents are recovered in the manure, and in a form more available for plants than in the food itself. Only that portion which is required for the growth of the animal or for the production of milk is retained.

As to phosphates, Mr. Babcock says: It is quite well established that the salts of phosphoric acid, or phosphates, as they are called, are the only sources from which the phosphorus of plants is derived; other combinations of phosphorus are unsuited for plant nutrition, and mostly act as poisons when supplied. Uncombined phosphoric acid, even, is poisonous to plants. Phosphoric acid usually occurs in the soil as neutral phosphates of lime, magnesia and iron. These are all insoluble in water, so that there is practically no loss in the drainage of water. The quantity in the soil is therefore only diminished by what may be carried off in the crops; on the other hand there is no addition to the supply, except by the use of fertilizers. In this respect it differs essentially from nitrogen, the amount of which in the soil is undergoing constant change.

The phosphates of lime are by far the most common, and are of the most importance to agriculture. Of these there are three, known as tricalcic phosphate, dicalcic phosphate and monocalcic phosphate, which differ from each other not only in the proportion of lime and phosphoric acid that they contain, but in their solubilities, and in the ease with which they may be appropriated by plants.

Tricalcic phosphate is the form usually found in soils; it comprises about 95 per cent. of the mineral matter of bones, and is the chief ingredient of the phosphate rocks used in the manufacture of fertilizers. It is insoluble in water, and is the form in which the insoluble phosphoric acid of fertilizers usually occurs. It is the least valuable of the phosphates of lime for agricultural purposes, as it is only with difficulty assimilated by plants. Its composition is:

Lime....................54.2 per cent.
Phosphoric acid....................45.8 per cent.

Dicalcic phosphate is found in guanos, and to some extent in stable manures; it is quite insoluble in water, but readily soluble in water containing carbolic acid or salts of ammonia. The phosphoric acid of this compound comprises what is known in commercial fertilizers as reverted phosphoric acid. It is quite easily assimilated by plants, and the phosphoric acid which it contains is considered nearly as valuable for a fertilizer as is that of the soluble phosphate. Its composition is:

Lime....................41.2 per cent.
Phosphoric acid....................52.2 per cent.

Monocalcic phosphate is not found in nature. It is very soluble in water, but when its solutions are brought in contact with carbonate of lime it becomes insoluble, being changed into either the dicalcic phosphate or tricalcic phosphate, according to the amount of lime present. It is also termed superphosphate of lime; it contains the soluble phosphoric acid of commercial fertilizers, which, with the reverted acid mentioned above, comprises the available phosphoric acid. This phosphate is to be preferred to either of the others, as owing to its solubility it is more easily and thoroughly distributed in the soil. This appears to be its chief advantage, as in nearly all soils it soon combines with lime or iron, and is changed into the reverted or insoluble form. Its composition is:

Lime....................23.9 per cent.
Phosphoric acid....................60.7 per cent.

In the manufacture of superphosphates, bones or the mineral phosphates of lime, such as apatite or South Carolina rock, are ground and treated with sulphuric acid; this combines with a portion of the lime, forming gypsum or land plaster, and if the right quantity of acid is taken leaves most of the phosphoric acid in a soluble form. If pure materials were used in its manufacture, the amount of gypsum formed would comprise a little more than half of the product, and the amount of soluble phosphoric acid which it would contain would be about 28 per cent. As a rule, however, the phosphates which are put upon the market do not contain more than 15 per cent. of total phosphoric acid, and often as much as one-third of this is in the reverted or insoluble form. In computing the money value of superphosphates no account is made of the gypsum, nor of any other constituent of the fertilizer, except the phosphoric acid.

When too little sulphuric acid is used in its manufacture, the insoluble phosphate which is not decomposed slowly reacts upon the soluble phosphate, changing it into the intermediate or reverted form. A similar change, but more serious in its effect, occurs when the phosphate rocks which are used contain considerable quantities of iron or alumina compounds. In this case the change may be continued until all the soluble phosphate has disappeared. Bones, as ordinarily collected, contain from 50 per cent. to 60 per cent. of phosphate of lime, and from five per cent. to seven per cent. of nitrogen, and if ground, as in bone meal, are valuable fertilizers. It is a common occurrence for writers in agricultural papers to recommend the manufacture of home-made superphosphate, by treating the bones which accumulate around the farm with sulphuric acid. This is very questionable advice, for the process is not so simple as is represented; moreover, concentrated sulphuric acid is dangerous to handle, especially by persons unfamiliar with its properties. A more practical way for farmers to reduce bones to a condition in which they may be utilized as a fertilizer is by composting them for several months with unleached wood ashes. This may be accomplished by packing the bones with two or three times their weight of ashes in a barrel and keeping them moist until they become soft enough to be easily broken up.

### Fertilizers Required to Stimulate Plants Into a Healthy Growth.

Now that the time has arrived for the farmer to make a close calculation of his needs in the way of fertilizers for the year's crops, he must see what is his home supply, and what he will have to go into the market for. He must recognize the fact that it is a losing business to cultivate land which in not naturally or otherwise supplied with food for his crops. We find in our agricultural reading that there is some casuistry indulged in with respect to the maxim, "Feed the land and the land will feed you." Some selfish manufacturers of fertilizers try to "draw lines too fine" when they speak of feeding the plant rather than feeding of land. We quote from one of them: "The plant appeals to man at every stage of its growth in language more cogent than tongue can command. Consider me; soil, seed, season and cultivation are all important factors, but study me and my wants. I sustain man. Know, then, how to plant me; how to cultivate me; and above all, how to feed me; for if you feed me, I will feed you." A fair interpretation of this language will require a farmer to be a better soil chemist than he can possibly be, and that he must rely implicitly on the statement of a manufacturer of commercial fertilizer as to the special ingredients and value of his preparations for particular crops. No liberal-minded manufacturer desires this, and is willing to bring his goods squarely under State laws regulating the analysis and sale of the products of his factory. Neither does he wish to disparage or discourage the production of farm manures, but only to aid the farmer when the home supply is not sufficient for his wants. There can be no legitimate antagonism between farm and commercial fertilizers of standard quality, and both can and should be used in conjunction whenever in a farmer's judgment it is necessary.

Going back to the original question of feeding the land or feeding the plant, we may say that the surface soil of the earth is the stomach of the great material body which receives and assimilates the food for all plants which grow on it. The natural supply of plant food comes from the decay of vegetable matter, and the mineral substances which nature has provided as constituent elements of a soil on which plants are to grow. These mineral elements, when deficient by reason of bad culture, excessive cropping or other cause, are well supplied by artificial fertilizers, as the humus of the soil is kept up by the application of decaying or decayed vegetable matter, under which the bulk of all farm manures may be classed. Feed the stomach of the earth in the natural way, as the animal stomach is fed, and the same life-giving influence will be given plants as are imparted to the bones, flesh and blood of the animal body. It will no more do for men to live by the agency of patent medicines, than for crops to be wholly raised by patent manures.—[Southern Planter.

### The Value of Wood Ashes.

Among the most common and most valuable of special manures I place wood ashes. The amount of ash and its relative composition vary with the kind and part of vegetable burned, but we may safely take the ash of the body of a beech tree as representing the average composition of wood ashes. One bushel of ashes represents about 2½ tons of dry bodywood. Wood ashes contain all the required elements of plant nutrition except nitrogen. One hundred pounds of wood ashes contain 16 pounds of potash, worth 56 cents; 3½ pounds soda, worth 2 cents; 67 pounds of lime and magnesia, worth 8 cents; and 5¼ pounds phosphoric acid, worth 10 cents. If we have to buy in market, in the cheapest form the manurial materials contained in 100 pounds of ashes the cost would be 76 cents. Can you afford to throw away such valuable materials, or sell them for sixpence a bushel to the soap boiler? No argument is needed; here is the value and there is the selling price. Draw your own conclusion. Even when the ashes have been leached to the last degree, till every soluble thing has been washed away, they still have value, for the phosphate and carbonate of lime and magnesia remain, and they are worth 34 cents per 100 pounds, or $6.80 a ton.

## THE ORCHARD.

**Renovating Run-Out Orchards—Canker in Fruit Trees.**

We often meet with an orchard of apparently healthy trees which is practically fruitless. The owner may tell us that it formerly bore abundant crops, but of late years the trees have "run out." Why have they run out? They formerly gave good crops of apples. All the other land on the farm was expected to give but one good crop, but this of the orchard was made to give a crop of grain, or a crop of grass or clover, to be taken off as hay. The soil soon became tired of doing this double duty. The trees "gave out" because they were robbed of food. The first thing they need is feeding. Of course, if the soil needs draining, lay the needed tiles at once, or as soon as the soil will allow. Such orchards are usually in grass. Draw on a heavy dressing of manure and spread it, and as soon as the soil is in a proper condition turn over the sod and the manure with the plough. With the hot weather the sod will decay rapidly. When this is found to be well rotted, give another ploughing, and a deep one. If ashes can be had, spread a heavy coating and harrow. In the absence of ashes, harrow in a good dressing of lime. If the trunk and larger branches are covered with loose scales of old bark upon which lichens and mosses have a foothold, scrape off the loose bark, using a blunt, short-handled hoe as a scraper. Then in a damp or thaw wash the trees with soft soap, made thin enough to apply with a brush. Use home-made soft-soap, made with lye or potash. That sold at the stores is usually merely hard soap mixed with water, and very deficient in strength and quite inferior to the home-made. Mix the soap with enough water to work readily, go over the scraped portions with it, and leave the spring rain to finish the work. In due time the bark will be found beautifully smooth, and deprived of all foreign growth. The soap that has been washed into the soil will act as a fertilizer. Long-neglected trees usually require pruning, and this must depend upon the condition of the tree. Never cut out a branch without a good reason for it. If the top has become crowded, cut out enough branches to let light and air into the centre; if grown one side, remove the branches needed to restore balance. If large wounds are made, smooth the surface and paint them over with some dark-colored paint.—[American Agriculturist.

### Canker in Fruit Trees.

Another paper was that by E. Tonks, B. C. L., of Knowle, Warwickshire, on "Canker in Fruit Trees," which has been described as "the terror of all orchardists and the bane of most orchards." The reader ascribed the cause of the canker to innutrition, the consequence of an imperfect provision in the soil of the food required by the plant, and as the result of some recent experiments held that the remedy was the supply of food, which was deficient. He questioned the conclusions of the writer in the Herefordshire Pomona as to the cause of canker, asserting that it was never due to direct injury, and then proceeded to say that in 1886 his attention was especially directed to plant food. In that year, having noticed that a number of apple trees in his collection had become unsightly through canker, he marked about a dozen of them for destruction, but while studying the subject of plant food, which involved the consideration of the analysis of certain plants, he was very much struck with that of the fruit and wood of the apple in Wolff's "Aschem Analysen," the great authority on plant analysis. He found that the fruit contained an exceptionally large proportion of soda, and the wood of lime. This at once suggested the idea that his soil might not contain sufficient of one or both of these elements to supply the wants of the apple tree, and, therefore he resolved, instead of destroying the marked trees, to give them and all his apple trees a good dressing of a complete artificial manure which contained full proportions of soda and lime. In the following season, which was exceptionally hot and dry, either through the drought, the manure or some other cause, not a spot of active canker could be found; all the edges of the old wounds on the marked and other trees, almost as badly affected, had put out granulations and healed over, and the trees, many of which had previously ceased to extend, made healthy and vigorous growth. Last winter the trees were again dressed with the same manure; this season they had been exposed to the most unfavorable conditions; the soil to a great depth was almost dust dry when they were making first growth, while an army of caterpillars ruined what foliage was made. Then followed the most continuous cold weather and rain experienced for many years. Notwithstanding conditions so conducive to the extension of disease, there was at the present time still no appearance of active canker. Short as was the time the trees had been submitted to the treatment, he could only conclude that the arrest of the disease was due to the supply of elements of food required by the trees, of which a sufficient quantity was not previously contained in the soil.—[Country Gentleman.

## THE MELANGE.

**Experience in Butter Making—Points on Eggs—Railway Rates.**

Hiram Hopkins of Buffalo, N. Y., at the recent meeting of the New York State Agricultural Society gave the following experience in butter making:

He said you must begin with the cow—impossible to have decent butter unless you ventilate, feed good food, and keep clean. He finds ensilage indispensable. It costs him 11¼ cents per pound to make butter that sells at 35 cents on an average the year round. Take milk out of the barn the moment it is drawn, both to protect it from the foul odors, and to be able to cool it instantly and suddenly, which is necessary to avoid loss of cream. Ripen carefully, till it becomes a trifle acid, or little bubbles begin to appear. Prefers concussion rather than friction, and uses a barrel churn. When granules or butter appear, adds for each gallon of cream a gallon of water and a good tablespoonful of salt, at 60°; then revolves churn two or three times, allows to stand five minutes, and draws off, say, two-thirds of the liquid, then putting in another supply of water, and so on till buttermilk is all gone. Thinks white specks are probably sour milk, and repeated washings, while in the granular form, carry them off. Sprinkles salt on the granules (ounce to pound), turns churn a few times, allows to stand half an hour, work as little as possible to get out air bubbles, and puts up in pound prints. Gets 4½ cents per quart for milk this way, which he thinks far better than selling it, as he keeps the skimmed milk and buttermilk. Last year from 15 thoroughbred Jersey cows sold 4650 pounds of butter, 100 gallons cream, 500 quarts of milk receiving $1742, against a cost of $577 for keeping the cows—$1165 profit. Thinks trouble in getting butter to come is often due to an excess of carbonaceous food.—[Hoard's Dairyman.

### A Few Pointers on Preservation of Eggs.

There are many ways in which eggs may be kept for some time without losing their freshness. It may be of service to many to know the different preservatives used, as it is often desirable to store eggs away when hens are at their best, to be used when their production is on the wane, and it also permits the withholding of eggs from market until prices are good. One of the most common methods is that known as the "liming" process, in which the eggs are put in a pickle consisting of a mixture of slacked lime, salt and water. A barrel is half filled with cold water, into which is stirred slaked lime and salt in the proportion of about one-half pound of each for every pailful of water, or, as some recommend, three-quarters of a pound of nitre to a half barrel of water is used instead of the salt. The eggs, which must be perfectly fresh, are let down into this mixture with a dish, when they settle to the bottom. Packed in this manner, if kept in a cold place, eggs will keep fresh for several months. To obviate the limy taste of the eggs and the brittleness imparted to their shells, if kept too long in this way, they should be rubbed all over with lard before putting them in the pickle. Prepared in this manner, it is claimed that they will keep perfectly fresh for six months or more if stored in a cool cellar. Another method strongly recommended by some is to take a dozen or so at a time of new-laid eggs and immerse them for five seconds in boiling water, containing about five pounds of common brown sugar per gallon of water. The eggs should then be placed on trays to dry. The hot water is said to cause the formation of a thin skin of hard albumen next to the inner surface of the shell, while the sugar effectually closes the pores of the latter. When cold the eggs should be packed in a mixture of one part charcoal and two parts dry bran. A method adopted by the French is as follows: Melt four ounces of clear beeswax in a porcelain dish over a gentle fire, and stir in eight ounces of olive oil. Let the resulting solution of wax and oil cool somewhat, then dip the fresh eggs one by one into it, so as to coat every part of the shell. A momentary dip is sufficient, all excess of the mixture being wiped off with a cotton rag. The oil is absorbed in the shell, the wax hermetically closing all the pores. It is claimed that eggs thus treated and packed away in powdered charcoal in a cool place have been found after two years as fresh and palatable as when newly laid. Some use a paraffine which melts to a thin liquid at a temperature below the boiling of water, instead of the wax and oil, claiming for it that it is cheap, odorless and tasteless. It is used in a similar manner to the others. Coated in this way and put in lime pickle, the eggs may be kept for months; or, if put in charcoal and kept cool, they may be preserved for a much longer time. Dry salt and also dry bran are sometimes used for this purpose, but under these conditions the eggs are not protected from dampness as effectually as by other means. As a packing material for transportation, a mixture of eight parts bran with one of powdered quick lime is of great value.—[Poultry Monthly.

### Railway Rates.

The only other paper which need be referred to was one by Mr. D. Tallerman, on the railway difficulty with relation to fruit, and how to deal with it, showing how in this country our farmers are hampered by monopolies. For this paper Mr. Tallerman had prepared a map of England and Wales, showing each country with its population, its total area, and its extent of that area devoted to fruit growing, and its allied industry, market gardening. The facts thus disclosed were of a startling character, as they showed that in the major portion of the country there was little or no fruit or green foods locally grown to supply the requirements of the people. There might be different opinions as to the cause, or causes, of this alarming condition of things, but there would be a concensus of opinion upon one point, which was that the charges of their railways for the carriage of home-grown produce and the general arrangements for its transmission had been of such a nature and extent as to render the cultivation of these commodities unprofitable where it had been carried on, and deterred the extension of cultivation in other districts by reason of the want of facilities to despatch the produce when grown to centres of consumption for profitable sale, thereby failing to encourage the production of a supply of home grown food for the people. He submitted that the development of their fruit-growing industry had been retarded by the conduct of those having the control of the international traffic of the kingdom; that in addition to reasonable rates, facilities for effective collection, safe transport, and speedy delivery of all soft fruits were material elements for consideration; and that it was essential these be provided for in all fresh railway acts in parliament that might be granted, and that no further additions or extensions should be made to any existing railway until they, as a consideration for the privilege, made reasonable concession to the public requirements.—[Country Gentleman.

### He Went On, Then He Went Away.

[Judge.]

"Miss Squawker," said he, gently, as the last notes of her song died upon the air, "I hope you will not be offended at what I am about to say. It has been on my mind for some time, and—"

"Go on, Mr. Spooner," said the girl, encouragingly.

"Well—h'm! The last horse car will be down in three minutes, and I'll have to walk home if I don't catch it."

# BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL.

## Nutritious Dishes for Convalescents.

### How to Make Nourishing Beef Tea.

Oatmeal Gruel, Flax Seed Tea, Gruten Wafers, Etc.

The lesson given by Miss Ida A. Maynard before the Boston Cooking School Wednesday last was one that should meet the attention of every one, as all are liable to desire to provide dainty dishes for the sick, and those demonstrated at that time were so delicious as to make one almost long to be sick in order to be so daintily fed. The demonstration included broiled beef tea, bottled beef tea, oatmeal gruel, flaxseed tea, gluten wafers, orange sherbet, toast water, cream toast.

**Broiled Beef Tea.**

Broil 1 pound beef slightly, cut into small pieces and squeeze into a hot bowl. Season with salt.

The steak should be broiled carefully, using the best judgment. If it is very rare when done, you might as well try to squeeze raw beef as to squeeze it.

It should be red and juicy, not purple, inside.

In squeezing the beef it will become somewhat cool, so it will be well to set the bowl in a pan of hot water.

This must not be too hot, as the albumen will curdle as soon as it touches the bowl.

There is a great difference in the top of the round steak. That part should be used that has only one muscle. When you come to that part of the steak that has two muscles, then it is not so good.

The beef must be squeezed in a metal lemon squeezer, a wooden one not being strong enough.

The scraps and refuge can be used for bottled beef tea.

Beef tea, as it is ordinarily made, is worse than no food at all, as it has no nourishment whatever, and is a strain upon the digestive organs.

**Bottled Beef Tea.**

Cut 1 pound beef into small pieces, put into a bottle, cover with cold water; heat gradually and keep it at not quite the boiling point for 2 hours. Strain and season with salt.

This is excellent to have for use at any time.

Another way to make beef tea is to cut the beef into small squares and pour on cold water. Let it stand an hour, then pour off and put on more water and let it stand. In this manner the goodness of the meat is extracted. Great care must be taken in heating, or the albumen will coagulate.

**Oatmeal Gruel.**

Pound ½ cup coarse oatmeal until it is mealy. Put it into a tumbler. Fill with cold water. Stir well and pour off the water. Do this two or three times. Boil the water 20 minutes. Strain. Season with salt. Thin with milk and serve.

In making oatmeal gruel the majority of people make it out of the oatmeal left from breakfast. They thin it with water, strain it and then give it.

Another way of making this gruel is to take two or three tablespoonfuls of oatmeal, boil it in water, then strain.

Oatmeal gruel made according to the rule given is much liked.

Of course there is some oil in the grain of oatmeal. This makes it particularly indigestible. Children have to learn to eat it, and are allowed only a little at a time, otherwise they are made ill. In this way we get simply the starchy part.

The oatmeal grains should be pounded until reduced to meal.

This is very nice.

**Flaxseed Tea.**

Pour 1 quart boiling water over 4 tablespoonfuls whole flaxseed and steep 3 hours. Strain, sweeten and add lemon juice to taste.

This, as it is ordinarily made, is flat, but the lemon added gives it a nice flavor. For this quantity a lemon and a half was used.

Barley may be used in the same way. A tablespoonful of barley in 1 quart boiling water, steep, strain and set away for three hours. Lemon should be added to flavor it.

**Toast Water.**

Toast 6 slices bread until very brown. Break them into a bowl and add 1 pint cold water, or enough to cover. Let it stand 1 hour, then strain, sweeten and add milk or cream.

Bread as ordinarily toasted is perfectly indigestible. All moisture should be absorbed. Fresh bread has much moisture. This must be all absorbed. First dry it in the oven.

Stale bread may be used without drying first. Bread should be toasted slowly.

For gastric trouble toast water is better served cold, but it tastes better if served hot with milk and sugar.

It is very nice.

**Gluten Wafers.**

One-fourth cup cream, ½ teaspoonful salt and enough gluten to make a stiff dough. Knead and roll out thin. Bake until brown.

The gluten may be bought in bulk or put up in packages, 2½ pound packages sell for 25 cents. It is very nutritious.

The wafers are much like Johnson's educators in appearance and are very nice.

Cream is the most digestible part of the milk. Many think that it is so rich that it is not easily digested, but this is a great mistake.

If cream cannot be obtained for coffee, it is healthier to use it plain than with milk.

Too much scalded milk is generally used for children.

It is better to make gruel entirely of water than to use milk.

The wafers should be baked in quite a hot oven, on an ungreased tin or griddle.

If they are baked in a slow oven they will dry through and be crisp, but not rise.

**Cream Toast.**

Melt 1 tablespoonful butter, add 1 tablespoonful corn starch; pour on slowly 1 pint hot cream, add ½ teaspoonful salt. Toast 6 slices of bread and pour the cream over.

Home-made bread is best for this toast, better than baker's bread, because it has so much more nourishment in it.

If the toast is too dry for cream it is first dipped into hot water and taken directly out.

This should be served as soon as it is done.

The best cream toast for an invalid would be toast with pure cream poured over it.

This is the better way for making any starch sauce. Because raw starch is very indigestible we don't eat raw potatoes, carrots or turnips. When cornstarch is put into milk it is not hot enough to cook the starch well. When the butter is hot enough for boiling it cooks the starch. As soon as it is well mixed pour the butter into it.

**Orange Sherbet.**

Soak one tablespoonful gelatine in half cup cold water 20 minutes. Then add half cup boiling water, one pint orange juice, the juice of one lemon, one cup sugar and one pint water. Strain and freeze.

If sweet Florida oranges are used the lemon must be added to counteract the excessive sweetness, but with sour oranges the lemon may be omitted.

The water should be added according to taste rather than exact measurement. This is like strong orangeade.

Lemon sherbet is made the same way. Grape sherbet is very delicious.

If blood oranges are used, you have what is called pomegranate sherbet. It is very pretty.

If you want to make a little for a sick person, of course the large freezer cannot be used, as it would all freeze on the sides.

You can make a cupful of good lemonade. One lemon or more to a cup of water and a little sugar and set in a pan of salt and ice.

Observe the same directions as for freezing in a freezer. It takes longer to freeze, but it is the best way for freezing small quantities.

The finer the ice is pounded the quicker it will freeze.

Rock salt is best to use, but coarse fine salt may be used if necessary.

This is very nice.

Those desiring to reduce flesh should eat all the meat they want, but no vegetables, no starch.

Never skim soup stock, because you skim off all the goodness.

Raw beef may be used for sandwiches. Scrape so there is nothing left but tendons and spread the scraped meat between thin slices of bread.

Scraped beef is often made into cakes or long pieces, like a piece of beef, and broiled.

Round steak is the juiciest and choicest, but not the tenderest, so it may be scraped and served in this way.

Much depends upon the manner cookery is served to invalids.

If one is sick one wants things done well.

Many depend on the doctor to show them how to cook. Few doctors can tell, and many depend upon cook books. Both fail.

Miss Maynard well said: "When you know all about cooking for the sick, when you are sick you will want to get up and do your own cooking."

The next demonstration, to be given March 13, includes braised shoulder of veal, fillets of halibut, cream sauce, sauted beets, oysters and macaroni, coffee blanc mange.

### APOLOGY FOR WOMAN.

[Chicago News.]

We 'low that woman war made from a rib
Of Adam's, but shucks! Her brains
Air higgley-pickley, kos odds and e-ends
Fixed up from his remains;
But—the Lord made 'em.

It war by accident, though, we air thinkin';
He can't be proud of the job
With sech tongues as they have been given
Ter gossip an' scold an' sob;
But—the Lord made 'em.

It war a woman, ye know, who gossiped
In Eden with Satin hisse'f;
They're just plumb sure to spread all the news
An' make it 'fore they're lef';
But—the Lord made 'em.

'Taint safe to trest wimmin with nuthin';
Tell everythin' they know;
For they hain't got no sense ter reason
An' do change their minds so;
But—the Lord made 'em.

They sets thareselves up on principle,
Frustratin' of the men;
'Gainst jestice and enny enjyment,
Nine of 'em out o' ten;
But—the Lord made 'em.

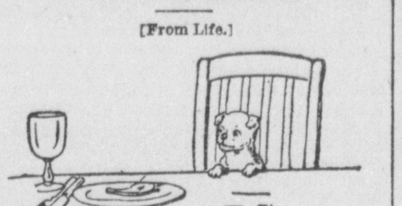
They're so onreasonable, thar answer's
"Becase 'tis" to every why.
Some acts one way, an' some another;
We 'uns can't track 'em—don't try;
But—the Lord made 'em.

They give thar advice ez confident
Ez if nuthin' here on yearth
War half as precious, an' think it's s'prisin'
That we'uns shake with mirth;
But—the Lord made 'em.

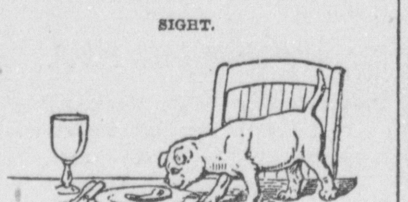
Yet—talk of foolin'—why a spindlin' snip
O' a gal will fool a man
That's six feet high an' two hundred poun'
About ennythin'. She can;
For—the Lord made 'em.

### THE FIVE SENSES.

[From Life.]



SIGHT.



SMELL.



TASTE.



HEARING.



TOUCH.

### A YANKEE'S NIGHTMARE.

**An Old Man Pays a Bill that He Owed for Thirty-one Years.**

[Providence Journal.]

The following story is about as illuminating an illustration of the contradictions of New England character as could well be given. It is the story of an old man who for 31 years was torn by a struggle between his conscience and $16.50. For 31 years he endured remorse and unhappiness before he could make up his mind to relinquish the $16.50, but finally his conscience got the better of his greed, and he did the right thing, and did it thoroughly and completely. Stern conscientiousness, combined with tenacity of thrift, are chief components in that sturdiness of character which has won for New Endland ideas a dominance over the whole country.

The Journal says that about six months ago a man 70 years old or more called at the office of the Providence & Worcester railroad in Providence, and finding the treasurer showed him an old freight bill and asked if it was correct. The treasurer looked at the bill, which was dated Dec. 3, 1857, and found that on a lot of apples no freight had been charged. After some talk the old man went out. A few days ago he returned and said to the treasurer that he had come to pay the balance on the thirty-one-year-old freight bill, which by accident on the part of the company had not been charged, and he wanted to pay it with interest at 6 per cent. He said the unpaid balance had fretted him for 31 years, that he discovered the error at the time, but being vexed because some of the goods were damaged during transportation he concluded to say nothing about it. But he soon overcame the vexation and intended to pay the bill, but never had done so, and now he could carry the load no longer.

The amount due was $16.50, and the interest at 6 per cent. amounted to $30.69, a total of $47.19. The treasurer offered to compromise, saying that if goods had been damaged the railroad company would be responsible, and made several propositions for abatement, but the repentant old man would accept none of them. Finally the treasurer offered to take $30 in full settlement. The old man accepted this, and a receipt was made out for that amount.

The man took it, read it, thought it over awhile, and then handed it back, saying he thought he should feel better if he paid the whole amount, interest and all. Accordingly a receipt was made out for the $47.19, the whole sum was paid, and the old man went away, leaving a thirty-one-year-old nightmare behind him.

### "While We Live, Let Us Live."

[Burdette.]

See the poor man, children; oh, how red his nose is! What a very bad complexion; how thin his jaws, and see, what a wild, hungry look in his eyes; his face is blue and pinched with cold; he is dyspeptic, his eyes are hollow and his beard is thin. Is he dissipated? Oh, bless you, no; quite the reverse; he is a vegetarian; never eats meat. See him shudder as he walks past the butcher's stall. Will he not die soon? Sad to say he will not; he is liable to live to the age of 98, and then spend two years in dying, and his nose will remain red a whole year after he is dead. Come, let us go in and order some luncheon; he makes me hungry. You, Eloise, may have a pound of sausage; Ida is not feeling very strong today, she may have some roast beef, rare, with dish gravy; Henry, you may have some English mutton chops, and I am going to turn myself loose on a Tartar steak with fringe trimmings. "Will we live to be 98 years old?" I hope not, dears, I hope not; we have no right to do so, and there is no warrant for it. We will all die, I trust, about 70, but we are going to live every year of it.

### The Postmaster's Ordeal.

[Chicago News.]

"This is terrible," moaned the postmaster at Chugglesville, as he mopped the perspiration from his forehead.

"When does the"—began a man at the window.

"Next mail from Indianapolis gets in at 2.30," announced the suffering postmaster, interrupting him.

"How did you know what I wanted?" gasped the man at the window.

"Havn't I answered that question 50 times today," wailed the postmaster. "Don't I know that half the Republicans in this town are trying to get my post-office away from me? It's awful to talk on this subject, so please go away."


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| Cincinnati Weekly Times | 1.00 | 1.75 |
| Century Magazine | 4.00 | 4.60 |
| Christian Union | 3.00 | 3.60 |
| Cottage Hearth | 1.50 | 2.60 |
| Cassell's Magazine of Art | 3.50 | 3.90 |
| " Family Magazine | 1.50 | 2.30 |
| " Quiver | 1.50 | 2.30 |
| Country Gentleman | 2.50 | 3.10 |
| Christian Herald | 1.50 | 2.05 |
| Courier-Journal (Weekly) | 1.00 | 2.00 |
| Chautauqua Young Folks Journal | 1.00 | 2.00 |
| Decorator and Furnisher | 4.00 | 4.10 |
| Demorest's Magazine, without prem. | 2.00 | 2.60 |
| Donahoe's Magazine | 2.00 | 2.30 |
| Domestic Monthly, with premiums | 1.50 | 2.05 |
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| Engineering and Mining Journal | 4.00 | 4.10 |
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| Forney's Progress | 2.50 | 3.10 |
| Frank Leslie's Illustrated (Weekly) | 4.00 | 4.25 |
| " " Sunday Magazine (M'y) | 2.50 | 3.10 |
| " " Popular Monthly | 3.00 | 3.50 |
| " " Pleasant Hours (M'y) | 1.75 | 2.50 |
| Forest and Stream | 4.00 | 4.10 |
| Germantown Telegraph | 2.00 | 2.30 |
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| Gardner's Monthly | 2.00 | 2.50 |
| Godey's Lady's Book | 2.00 | 2.60 |
| Golden Argosy | 4.00 | 4.60 |
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| Harper's Weekly | 4.00 | 4.30 |
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| Household | 1.10 | 1.80 |
| Home Decorator | 2.00 | 2.45 |
| Housekeeper | 1.00 | 1.65 |
| Home Journal | 2.00 | 2.55 |
| Indiana Farmer | 1.00 | 1.95 |
| Independent | 3.00 | 3.55 |
| Illustrated Companion | 1.00 | 1.55 |
| Iowa Homestead | 2.00 | 2.60 |
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# FOUL PLAY.

## A NOVEL.

By CHARLES READE and DION BOUCICAULT.

### CHAPTER LXII.

"O Miss Helen, how can you say that?" cried Nancy, in utter dismay. "I'll lay my life poor Joe never did no such wickedness."

But Helen waived her off without looking at her, and pointed at Wylie.

"Are you blind? Why does he cringe and cower at sight of me? I tell you he scuttled the Proserpine, and the great auger he did it with I have seen and handled. Yes, sir, you destroyed a ship and the lives of many innocent persons, whose blood now cries to heaven against you; and if I am alive to tell the cruel tale, it is no thanks to you; for you did your best to kill me, and, what is worse, to kill Robert Penfold, this gentleman's son; for he was on board the ship. You are no better than an assassin."

"I am a man that's down," said Wylie in a low and broken voice, hanging his head. "Don't hit me any more. I didn't mean to take anybody's life; I took my chance with the rest, lady, as I'm a man. I have lain in my bed many's the night crying like a child with thinking you were dead. And now I am glad you are alive to be revenged on me. Well, you see it is your turn now; you have lost me my sweetheart, there; she'll never speak to me again after this. Ah, the poor man gets all the blame! You don't ask who tempted me, and if I was to tell you you'd hate me worse than ever; so I'll belay. If I'm a sinner I'm a sufferer. England's too hot to hold me. I've only to go to sea and get drowned the quickest way." And with this he vented a deep sigh and slouched out of the room.

Nancy sunk into a seat and threw her apron over her head, and rocked and sobbed as if her heart would break.

As for Helen Rolleston, she stood still in the middle of the room, burning with excitement.

Then poor old Michael came to her, and said, almost in a whisper:

"It is a bad business; he is her sweetheart, and she had the highest opinion of him."

This softened Helen in a great measure. She turned and looked at Nancy and said:

"O dear, what a miserable thing! But I couldn't know that."

After awhile she drew a chair and sat down by Nancy, and said:

"I won't punish him, Nancy."

Nancy burst out sobbing afresh.

"You have punished him," said she, brusquely, "and me too, as never did you no harm. You have driven him out of the country, you have."

At this piece of feminine justice Helen's anger revived. "So, then, said she, "ships are to be destroyed and ladies and gentlemen murdered, and nobody is to complain or say an angry word, if the wretch happens to be paying his addresses to you. That makes up for all the crimes in the world. What! Can an honest woman like you lose all sense of right and wrong for a man? And such a man!"

"Why, he is as well-made a fellow as ever I saw," sobbed Nancy.

"O, is he?" said Helen, ironically—her views of manly beauty were different, and black eyes a sine qua non with her—"then it is a pity his soul is not made to correspond. I hope by my next visit you will have learned to despise him as you ought. Why, if I loved a man ever so, I'd tear him out of my heart if he committed a crime; ay, though I tore my soul out of my body to do it."

"No, you wouldn't," said Nancy, recovering some of her natural pugnacity; "for we are all tarred with the same stick, gentle or simple."

"But I assure you I would," cried Helen, "and so ought you."

"Well, miss, you begin," cried Nancy, suddenly, firing up through her tears. "If the Proserpine was scuttled, which I've your word for it, Miss Helen, and I never knew you tell a lie, why, your sweetheart is more to blame for it than mine."

Helen rose with dignity.

"You are in grief," said she. "I leave you to consider whether you have done well to affront me in your own house." And she was moving to the door with great dignity, when Nancy ran and stopped her.

"O, don't leave me so, Miss Helen," she cried; "don't you go to quarrel with me for speaking the truth too plain and rude, as is a plain-spoken body at the best, and in such grief myself I scarce know what to say. But, indeed and in truth, you mustn't go and put it abroad that the ship was scuttled; if you do you won't hurt Joe Wylie; he'll get a ship and fly the country. Who you'll hurt will be your own husband as is to be—Wardlaws."

"Shall I, Mr. Penfold?" asked Helen, disdainfully.

"Well, madam, certainly it might create some unworthy suspicion."

"Suspicion?" cried Nancy. "Don't you think to throw dust in my eyes. What had poor Joe to gain by destroying that there ship? You know very well he was bribed to do it and risk his own life. And who bribed him? Who should bribe him, but the man as owned the ship?"

"Miss Rouse," said Mr. Penfold, "I sympathize with your grief and make great allowance; but I will not sit here and hear my worthy employers blackened with such terrible insinuations. The great house of Wardlaw bribe a sailor to scuttle their own ship, with Miss Rolleston and £160,000 worth of gold on board! Monstrous! monstrous!"

"Then what did Joe Wylie mean?" replied Nancy. "Says he, 'The poor man gets all the blame. If I was to tell you who tempted me,' says he, 'you'd hate me worse.' Then I say, why should she hate him worse? Because it's her sweetheart tempted mine. I stands to that."

This inference, thus worded, struck Helen as so droll that she turned her head aside to giggle a little. But old Penfold replied loftily,—

"Who cares what a Wylie says against a great old mercantile house of London City?"

Very well, Mr. Penfold," said Nancy, with one great final sob, and dried her eyes with her apon; and she did it with such an air, they both saw she was not going to shed another tear about the matter. Very well; you are both against me; then I'll say no more. But I know what I know."

"And what do you know!" inquired Helen.

"Time will show," said Nancy, turning suddenly very dogged—"time will show."

Nothing more was to be got out of her after that; and Helen soon after made her a civil, though stiff, little speech, regretted the pain she had inadvertently caused her, and went away, leaving Mr. Penfold her address.

On her return home she entered the whole adventure in her diary. She made a separate entry to this effect:

Mysterious—My letter to Mr. Penfold at the office intercepted.

Wylie hints that he was bribed by Messrs. Wardlaw.

Nancy Rouse suspects that it was Arthur, and says time will show.

As for me, I can neither see why Wylie should scuttle the ship unless he was bribed by somebody, nor what Arthur or his father could gain by destroying that ship. This is all dark as that more cruel mystery which alone I care to solve.

### CHAPTER LXIII.

Next morning, after a sleepless night, Nancy Rouse said to Mr. Penfold, "Haven't I heard you say as bank notes could be traced to folk?"

"Certainly, madam," said Michael; "but it is necessary to take the numbers of them."

"Oh! And how do you do that?"

"Why, every note has its own number."

"La! ye don't say so; then them fifties are all numbered, belike."

"Certainly, and if you wish me to take down the numbers, I will do so."

"Well, sir, some other day you shall. I could not bear the sight of them just yet; for it is them as has been the ruin of poor Joe Wylie, I do think."

Michael could not follow this; but, the question having been raised, he advised her, on grounds of common prudence, not to keep them in the house without taking down their numbers.

"We will talk about that in the evening," said Nancy.

Accordingly, at night, Nancy produced the notes, and Michael took down the numbers and description in his pocketbook. They ran from 16,444 to 16,463. And he promised her to try and ascertain through what hands they had passed. He said he had a friend in the Bank of England, who might perhaps be able to discover to what private bank they had been issued in the first instance, and then those bankers, on a strong representation, might perhaps examine their books, and say to whom they had paid them. He told her the notes were quite new, and evidently had not been separated since their first issue.

Nancy caught a glimpse of his meaning, and set herself doggedly to watch until the person who had passed the notes through the chimney should come for them. "He will miss them," said she, "you mark my words."

Thus Helen, though reduced to a standstill herself, had set an inquiry on foot which was alive and ramifying.

In the course of a few days she received a visit from Mrs. Undercliff. That lady came in, and laid a prayer-book on the table, saying: "I have brought it you back, miss; and I want you to do something for my satisfaction."

"O, certainly," said Helen. "What is it?"

"Well, miss, first examine the book and the writing. Is it all right?"

Helen examined it, and said it was. "Indeed," said she, "the binding looks fresher, if anything."

"You have a good eye," said Mrs. Undercliff. "Well, what I want you to do is— Of course Mr. Wardlaw is a good deal about you?"

"Yes."

"Does he go to church with you ever?"

"No."

"But he would, if you were to ask him?"

"I have no doubt he would; but why?"

"Manage matters so that he shall go to church with you, and then put the book down for him to see the writing, all in a moment. Watch his face and tell me."

Helen colored up and said: "No; I can't do that. Why, it would be turning God's temple into a trap. Besides—"

"The real reason first, if you please," said this horribly shrewd old woman.

"Well, Mr. Arthur Wardlaw is the gentleman I am going to marry."

"Good heavens!" cried Mrs. Undercliff, taken utterly aback by this most unexpected turn. "Why, you never told me that!"

"No," said Helen, blushing. "I did not think it necessary to go into that. Well, of course, it is not in human nature that Mr. Wardlaw should be zealous in my good work, or put himself forward; but he has never refused to lend me any help that was in his power; and it is repugnant to my nature to suspect him of a harm, and to my feelings to lay a trap for him."

"Quite right," said Mrs. Undercliff; "of course I had no idea you were going to marry Mr. Wardlaw. I made sure Mr. Penfold was the man."

Helen blushed higher still, but made no reply.

Mrs. Undercliff turned the conversation directly. "My son has given many hours to Mr. Hand's two letters, and he told me to tell you he is beginning to doubt whether Mr. Hand is a real person, with a real handwriting, at all."

"O Mrs. Undercliff! Why, he wrote me two letters! However, I will ask Mr. Penfold whether Mr. Hand exists or not. When shall I have the pleasure of seeing you again?"

"Whenever you like, my dear young lady; but not upon this business of Penfold and Wardlaw. I have done with it forever; and my advice to you, miss, is not to stir the mud any more." And with these mysterious words the old lady retired, leaving Helen deeply discouraged at her desertion.

However, she noted down the conversation in her diary, and made this comment: People find no pleasure in proving an accused person innocent; the charm is to detect guilt. This day a good, kind friend abandons me because I will not turn aside from my charitable mission to suspect another person as wrongfully as he I love has been suspected.

Mem: To see, or make inquiries about, Mr. Hand.

General Rolleston had taken a furnished house in Hanover square. He now moved into it, and Helen was compelled to busy herself in household arrangements.

She made the house charming; but unfortunately stood in a draught whilst heated, and caught a chill, which a year ago would very likely have gone to her lungs and killed her, but now settled on her limbs in violent neuralgic pains, and confined her to her bed for a fortnight.

She suffered severely, but had the consolation of finding she was tenderly beloved. Arthur sent flowers every day, and affectionate notes twice a day. And her father was constantly by her bedside.

At last she came down to the drawing-room, but lay on the sofa well wrapped up, and received only her most intimate friends. The neuralgia had now settled on her right arm and hand, so that she could not write a letter, and she said to herself with a sigh, "O, how unfit a girl is to do anything great! We always fall ill just when health and strength are most needed."

Nevertheless, during this period of illness and inaction, circumstances occurred that gave her joy.

Old Wardlaw had long been exerting himself in influential channels to obtain what he called justice for his friend Rolleston, and had received some very encouraging promises; for the general's services were indisputable; and, while he was stirring the matter, Helen was unconsciously co-operating by her beauty, and the no se her adventure made in society. At last a gentleman whose wife was about the queen promised old Wardlaw one day that, if a fair opportunity should occur, that lady should tell Helen's adventure, and how the gallant old general, when everyboy else despaired, had gone out to the Pacific and found his daughter, and brought her home. This lady was a courtier of 10 years' standing, and waited her opportunity; but when it did come, she took it, and she soon found that no great tact or skill was necessary on such an occasion as this. She was listened to with ready sympathy, and the very next day some inquiries were made, the result of which was that the Horse Guards offered Lieutenant-General Rolleston the command of a crack regiment and a full generalship. At the same time it was intimated to him from another official quarter that a baronetcy was at his service, if he felt disposed to accept it. The tears came into the stout old warrior's eyes at this sudden sunshine of royal favor, and Helen kissed old Wardlaw of her own accord; and the star of the Wardlaws rose into the ascendant, and for a time Robert Penfold seemed to be quite forgotten.

The very day General Rolleston became Sir Edward, a man and a woman called at the Charing Cross Hotel, and asked for Miss Helen Rolleston.

The answer was, she left the hotel about ten days.

"Where is she gone, if you please?"

"We don't know."

"Why, hasn't she left her new address?"

"No. The footman came for letters several times."

No information was to be got here, and Mr. Penfold and Nancy Rouse went home greatly disappointed and puzzled what to do.

At first sight it might appear easy for Mr. Penfold to learn the new address of Miss Rolleston. He had only to ask Arthur Wardlaw. But, to tell the truth, during the last fortnight Nancy Rouse had impressed her views steadily and persistently on his mind, and he had also made a discovery that co-operated with her influence and arguments to undermine his confidence in his employer. What that discovery was we must leave him to relate.

Looking, then, at matters with a less unsuspicious eye than heretofore, he could not help observing that Arthur Wardlaw never put into the office letter-box a single letter for his sweetheart. He must write to her, thought Michael; but I am not to know her address. Suppose, after all, he did intercept that letter.

And now, like other simple, credulous men whose confidence has been shaken, he was literally brimful of suspicions, some of them reasonable, some of them rather absurd.

He had too little art to conceal his change of mind: and so, very soon after his vain attempt to see Helen Rolleston at the inn, he was bundled off to Scotland on business of the office.

Nancy missed him sorely. She felt quite alone in the world. She managed to get through the day—work helped her; but at night she sat disconsolate and bewildered, and she was now beginning to doubt her own theory. For certainly, if all that money had been Joe Wylie's, he would hardly have left the country without it.

Now, the second evening after Michael's departure she was seated in his room brooding, when suddenly she heard a peculiar knocking next door.

She listened a little while, and then stole softly down stairs to her own little room.

Her suspicions were correct. It was the same sort of knocking that had preceded the phenomenon of the hand and banknotes. She peeped into the kitchen and whispered, "Jenny—Polly—come here."

A stout washerwoman and the mite of a servant came, wondering. "Now you stand there," said Nancy, "and do as I bid you. Hold your tongues, now. I know all about it."

The myrmidons stood silent, but with panting bosoms, for the mysterious knocking now concluded, and a brick in the chimney began to move.

It came out, and immediately a hand with a ring on it came through the aperture and felt about.

The mite stood firm, but the big washerwoman gave signs of agitation that promised to end in a scream.

Nancy put her hand roughly before the woman's mouth. "Hold your tongue, ye great soft—" And, without finishing her sentence, she darted to the chimney and seized the hand with both her own and pulled it with such violence that the wrist followed it through the masonry, and a roar was heard.

"Hold on to my waist, Polly," she cried. "Jenny, take the poker, and that string, and tie his hand to it while we hold on. Quick! quick! Are ye asleep?"

Thus adjured, the mite got the poker against the wall, and tried to tie the wrist to it.

This, however, was not easy, the hand struggled so desperately.

However, pulling is a matter of weight rather than muscle; and the weight of the two women pulling downward overpowered the violent struggles of the man; and the mite contrived to tie the poker to the wrist, and repeat the ligatures a dozen times in a figure of eight.

Then the owner of the hand, who had hitherto shown violent strength, taken at a disadvantage, now showed intelligence. Convinced that skill as well as force were against him, he ceased to struggle and became quite quiet.

The women contemplated their feat with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes.

When they had feasted a reasonable time on the imprisoned hand, and two of them, true to their sex, had scrutinized a green stone upon one of the fingers, to see whether it was real or false, Nancy took them by the shoulders, and bundled them good-humoredly out of the room.

She then lowered the gas and came out, and locked the room up, and put the key in her pocket.

"I'll have my supper with you," said she. "Come, Jenny, I'm cook; and you make the kitchen as a body could eat off it, for I expect visitors."

"La, ma'am," said the mite; "he can't get out of the chimbly to visit hus through the street door."

"No, girl," said Nancy. "But he can send a hembassador; so show her heyes and plague her 'art, as the play says, for of all the dirty kitchens give me her's. I never was there but once, and my slipper come off for the muck, a-sticking to a body like bird lime."

There was a knock at Nancy's street door; the little servant, full of curiosity, was for running to it on the instant. But Nancy checked her.

"Take your time," said she. "It is only a lodging-house keeper."

### CHAPTER LXIV.

Sir Edward Rolleston could not but feel his obligations to the Wardlaws, and when his daughter got better he spoke warmly on the subject, and asked her to consider seriously whether she had not tried Arthur's affection sufficiently.

"He does not complain to you, I know," said he; "but he feels it very hard that you should punish him for an act of injustice that has already so deeply afflicted him. He says he believes some fool or villain heard him say that two thousand pounds was to be borrowed between them, and went and imposed on Robert Penfold's credulity; meaning, perhaps, to call again after the note had been cashed and get Arthur's share of the money."

"But why did he not come forward?"

"He declares he did not know when the trial was till a month after; and his father bears him out; says he was actually delirious and his life in danger. I myself can testify that he was cut down just in this way when he heard the Proserpine was lost, and you on board. Why not give him credit for the same genuine distress at young Penfold's misfortune? Come Helen, is it fair to afflict and punish this gentleman for the misfortune of another, whom he never speaks of but with affection and pity? He says that if you would marry him at once he thinks he should feel strong enough to throw himself into the case with you, and would spare neither money nor labor to clear Robert Penfold; but as it is he says he feels so wretched and so tortured with jealousy that he can't co-operate warmly with you, though his conscience reproaches him every day. Poor young man! his is really a very hard case. For you promised him your hand before you ever saw Robert Penfold."

"I did," said Helen, "but I did not say when. Let me have one year to my good work before I devote my whole life to Arthur."

"Well, it will be a year wasted. Why postpone your marriage for that?"

"I promised."

"Yes, but he chose to fancy young Wardlaw is his enemy. You might relax that, now he tells you he will co-operate with you as your husband. Now, Helen, tell the truth—is it a woman's work? Have you found it so? Will not Arthur do it better than you?"

Helen, weakened already by days of suffering, began to cry, and say, "What shall I do? what shall I do?"

"If you have any doubt, my dear," said Sir Edward, "then think of what I owe to these Wardlaws."

And with that he kissed her, and left her in tears; and, soon after, sent Arthur himself up to plead his own cause.

It was a fine summer afternoon; the long French casements, looking on the garden of the square, were open, and the balmy air came in and wooed the beautiful girl's cheek, and just stirred her hair at times.

Arthur Wardlaw came softly in and gazed at her as she lay; her loveliness filled his heart and soul; he came and knelt by her sofa and took her hand and kissed it, and his own eyes glistened with tenderness.

He had one thing in his favor. He loved her.

Her knowledge of this had more than once befriended him and made her refuse to suspect him of any great ill; it befriended him now. She turned a look of angelic pity on him.

"Poor Arthur!" she said "You and I are both unhappy."

"But we shall be happy ere long, I hope," said Arthur.

Helen shook her head.

Then he patted her, and coaxed her, and said he would be her servant, as well as a husband, and no wish of her heart should go ungratified.

"None?" said she, fixing her eyes on him.

"Not one," said he; "upon my honor."

Then he was so soft and persuasive, and alluded so delicately to her plighted faith, that she felt like a poor bird caught in a silken net.

"Sir Edward is very good," said he; "he feels for me."

At that moment a note was sent up.

"Mr. Wardlaw is here, and has asked me when the marriage is to be. I can't tell him; I look like a fool."

Helen sighed deeply and had begun to gather those tears that weaken a woman. She glanced despairingly to and fro, and saw no escape. Then, heaven knows why or wherefore—probably with no clear design at all but a woman's weak desire to cause a momentary diversion, to put off the inevitable for five minutes—she said to Arthur, "Please give me that prayer book. Thank you. It is right you should know this." And she put Cooper's deposition and Welch's into his hands.

He devoured them, and started up in great indignation. "It is an abominable slander," said he. "We have lost ten thousand pounds by the wreck of that ship, and Wylie's life was saved by a miracle as well as your own. It is a foul slander. I hurl it from me." And he made his words good by whirling the prayer book out of a window.

Helen uttered a scream. "My mother's prayer-book!" she cried.

"Oh! I beg pardon," said he.

"As well you may," said she. "Run and send George after it."

"No, I'll go myself," said he. "Pray forgive me; you don't know what a terrible slander they have desecrated your prayer-book with."

He ran out and was gone a long time. He came back at last, looking terrified.

"I can't find it," said he; "somebody has carried it off. O how unfortunate I am!"

"Not find it!" said Helen. "But it must be found."

"Of course it must be found," said Arthur. "A pretty scandal to go into the hands of heaven knows who. I shall offer 20 guineas reward at once. I'll go down to the Times this moment. Was ever anything so unlucky?"

"Yes, go at once," said Helen; "and I'll send the servants into the Square. I don't want to say anything unkind, Arthur, but you ought not to have thrown my prayer-book into the public street."

"I know I ought not. I am ashamed of it myself."

"Well, let me see the advertisement."

"You shall. I have no doubt we shall recover it."

Next morning the Times contained an advertisement offering 20 guineas for a prayer-book lost in Hanover Square, and valuable, not in itself, but as a relic of a deceased parent.

In the afternoon Arthur called to know if anybody had brought the prayer-book back.

Helen shook her head sadly, and said, "No."

He seemed very sorry and so penitent, that Helen said—

"Do not despair. And if it is gone, why, I must remember you have forgiven me something, and I must forgive you."

The footman came in.

"If you please, miss, here is a woman wishes to speak to you, says she has brought a prayer-book."

"O, show her up at once," cried Helen.

Arthur turned away his head to hide a cynical smile. He had good reasons for thinking it was not the one he had flung out of the window yesterday.

A tall woman came in, wearing a thick veil, that concealed her features.

She entered on her business at once.

"You lost a prayer-book in this square yesterday, madam."

"Yes."

"You offer 20 guineas reward for it."

"Yes."

"Please to look at this one."

Helen examined it, and said with joy it was hers.

Arthur was thunderstruck. He could not believe his senses.

"Let me look at it," said he.

His eyes went at once to the writing. He turned as pale as death, and stood petrified.

The woman took the prayer-book out of his unresisting hand, and said:

"You'll excuse me, sir; but it is a large reward, and gentlefolks sometimes go from their word when the article is found."

Helen, who was delighted at getting back her book, and rather tickled at Arthur's having to pay twenty guineas for losing it, burst out laughing and said:

"Give her the reward, Arthur; I am not going to pay for your misdeeds."

"With all my heart," said Arthur, struggling for composure.

He sat down to draw a check.

"What name shall I put?"

"Hum! Edith Hesket."

"Two t's."

"No, only one."

"There."

"Thank you, sir."

She put the check into her purse, and brought the prayer-book to Helen.

"Lock it up at once," said she, in a voice so low that Arthur heard her murmur, but not the words; and she retired, leaving Helen staring with amazement, and Arthur in a cold perspiration.

### CHAPTER LXV.

When the Springbok weighed anchor and left the island, a solitary form was seen on Telegraph Hill.

When she passed eastward, out of sight of that point, a solitary figure was seen on the cliffs.

When her course brought the island dead astern of her, a solitary figure stood on the east bluff of the island, and was the last object seen from the boat as she left those waters forever.

What words can tell the sickening sorrow and utter desolation that possessed that yearning bosom!

When the boat that had carried Helen away was out of sight, he came back with uneven steps to the cave, and looked at all the familiar objects with stony eyes, and scarce recognized them, for the sunshine of her presence was there no more. He wandered to and fro in a heavy stupor, broken every now and then by sharp pangs of agony that almost made him scream. And so the poor bereaved creature wandered about all day. He could not eat, he could not sleep, his misery was more than he could bear. One day of desolation succeeded another. And what men say so hastily was true for once.

"His life was a burden." He dragged it about with him he scarce knew how.

He began to hate all the things he had loved whilst she was there. The beautiful cave, all glorious with pearl, that he had made for her, he could not enter it, the sight killed him, and she not there.

He left Paradise bay altogether at last, and anchored his boat in a nook of Seal bay. And there he slept in general. But sometimes he would lie down wherever he happened to be, and sleep as long as he could.

To him to wake was a calamity. And, when he did wake, it was always with a dire sense of reviving misery, and a deep sigh at the dark day he knew awaited him.

His flesh wasted on his bones, and his clothes hung loosely about him. The sorrow of the mind reduced him almost to that miserable condition in which he had landed on the island.

The dog and the seal were faithful to him; used to lie beside him, and often whimpered; their minds, accustomed to communicate without the aid of speech, found out, heaven knows how! that he was in grief or in sickness.

These two creatures, perhaps, saved his life or his reason. They came between his bereaved heart and utter solitude.

Thus passed a month of wretchedness unspeakable.

Then his grief took a less sullen form.

He came back to Paradise bay, and at sight of it burst into a passion of weeping.

These were his first tears, and inaugurated a grief more tender than ever, but less akin to madness and despair.

Now he used to go about and cry her name aloud, passionately, by night and day.

"O, Helen! Helen!"

And next his mind changed in one respect, and he clung to every reminiscence of her. Every morning he went round her haunts and kissed every place where he had seen her put her hand.

Only the cave he could not yet face.

He tried, too. He went to the mouth of it again and again and looked in; but go into it and face it, empty of her—he could not.

He prayed often.

One night he saw her in a dream.

She bent a look of angelic pity on him and said but these words, "Live in my cave," then vanished.

Alone on an island in the vast Pacific, who can escape superstition? It fills the air. He took this communication as a command, and then next night he slept in the cave.

But he entered it in the dark and left it before dawn.

By degrees, however, he plucked up courage and faced it in daylight. But it was a sad trial. He came out crying bitterly after a few minutes.

Still he persevered, because her image had bade him; and at last, one evening, he even lighted the lamp and sat there looking at the glorious walls and roof his hapless love had made.

Getting stronger by degrees he searched about and found little relics of her—a glove, a needle, a great hat she had made out of some large leaves. All these he wept over and cherished.

But one day he found at the very back of the cave a relic that made him start as if a viper had stung his loving heart. It was a letter.

He knew it in a moment. It had already caused him many a pang; but now it almost drove him mad. Arthur Wardlaw's letter.

He recoiled from it, and let it lie. He went out of the cave, and cursed his hard fate. But he came back. It was one of those horrible things a man abhors, yet cannot keep away from. He took it up and dashed it down with rage many times; but it all ended in his lighting the lamp at night, and torturing himself with every word of that loving letter.

And she was going home to the writer of that letter, and he was left prisoner on the island. He cursed his generous folly, and writhed in agony at the thought. He raged with jealousy, so that his very grief was blunted for a time.

He felt as if he must go mad.

Then he prayed—prayed fervently. And at last, worn out with such fierce and contending emotions, he fell into a deep sleep, and did not wake till the sun was high in heaven.

He woke; and the first thing he saw was the fatal letter lying at his feet in a narrow stream of sunshine that came peering in.

He eyed it with horror. This was then to haunt him by night and day.

He eyed it and eyed it. Then turned his face from it; but could not help eying it again.

And at last certain words in this letter seemed to him to bear an affinity to another piece of writing that had also caused him a great woe. Memory by its subtle links connected these two enemies of his together. He eyed it still more keenly, and that impression became strengthened. He took the letter and looked at it close, and held it at arm's length, and devoured it; and the effect of this keen examination was very remarkable. It seemed to restore the man to energy and to something like hope. His eyes sparkled, and a triumphant "Ah!" burst from his bosom.

He became once more a man of action. He rose, and bathed, and walked rapidly to and fro upon the sands, working himself up to a daring enterprise. He took his saw into the jungle and cut down a tree of a kind common enough there. It was wonderfully soft, and almost as light as cork. The wood of this was literally useless for any other purpose than that to which Penfold destined it. He cut a great many blocks of this wood, and drilled holes in them, and, having hundreds of yards of good line, attached these quasi corks to the gunwale, so as to make a life boat. This work took him several days, during which time an event occurred that encouraged him.

One morning he saw about a million birds very busy in the bay, and it proved to be a spermaceti whale come ashore.

He went out to her directly with all his tools, for he wanted oil for his enterprise, and the seal oil was exhausted.

When he got near the whale in his boat, he observed a harpoon sticking in the animal's back. He cut steps with his axe in the slippery carcass, and got up to it as well as he could, extracted it by cutting and pulling, and threw it down into his boat, but not till he had taken the precaution to stick a great piece of blubber on the barbed point. He then sawed and hacked under difficulties, being buffeted and bothered with thousands of birds, so eager for slices, that it was as much as he could do to avoid the making of minced fowl; but, true to his gentle creed, he contrived to get three hundred-weight of blubber without downright killing any of these greedy competitors, though he buffeted some of them, and nearly knocked out what little sense they had. He came ashore with his blubber and harpoon, and when he came to examine the latter he found that the name of the owner was cut deeply in the steel—Josh Fullalove, J. Fernandez. This inscription had a great effect on Robert Penfold's mind. It seemed to bring the Island of Juan Fernandez, and humanity in general, nearer to him.

He boiled down the blubber, and put a barrel of oil on board his lifeboat. He had a ship's lantern to burn it in. He also pitched her bottom as far as he could get at it, and provisioned her for a long voyage, taking care to lash the water cask and beef cask to the forethwart and foremast, in case of rough weather.

When he had done all this it occurred to him suddenly that should he ever escape the winds and waves and get to England he would then have to encounter difficulties and dangers of another class, and lose the battle by his poverty.

"I play my last stake now," said he. "I will throw no chance away."

He reflected with great bitterness on the misery that want of money had already brought on him, and vowed to reach England rich or go to the bottom of the Pacific

This may seem a strange vow for a man to make on an unknown island; but Robert Penfold had a powerful understanding, sharpened by adversity, and his judgment told him truly that he possessed wealth on this island, both directly and indirectly. In the first place, knowledge is sometimes wealth, and the knowledge of this island was a thing he could sell to American merchants on the coast of Chili; and, with this view, he put on board his boat specimens of the cassia and other woods, fruit, spices, pitch, guano, pink and red coral, pearl oysters, shells, cochineal, quartz, cotton, etc.

Then he took his chisel, and struck all the larger pearls off the shells that lined Helen's cave. The walls and room yielded nine enormous pearls, 30 large ones, and a great many of the usual size.

He made a pocket inside his waistcoat to hold the pearls safe.

Then he took his spade and dug into the Spanish ship for treasure. But this was terrible work. The sand returned upon the spade and trebled his labor.

The condition to which time and long submersion had reduced this ship and cargo was truly remarkable. Nothing to be seen of the deck but a thin brown streak that mingled with the sand in patches; of the timbers nothing but the uprights, and of those the larger half eaten and dissolved.

He dug five days and found nothing solid.

On the sixth, being now at the bottom of the ship, he struck his spade against something hard and heavy.

On inspection it looked like ore, but of what metal he could not tell; it was as black as a coal. He threw this on one side, and found nothing more; but the next day he turned up a smaller fragment, which he took home and cleaned with lime juice. It came out bright in places like silver.

This discovery threw light on the other. The piece of black ore, weighing about seven pounds, was in reality silver coin, that a century of submersion had reduced to the very appearance it wore before it ever went into the furnace.

He dug with fresh energy on this discovery, but found nothing more in the ship that day.

Then it occurred to him to carry off a few hundred weight of pink coral.

He got some fine specimens; and, while he was at that work, he fell in with a piece that looked very solid at the root and unnaturally heavy. On a nearer examination this proved to be a foreign substance incrusted with coral. It had twined and twisted and curled over the thing in a most unheard-of way. Robert took it home, and, by rubbing here and there with lime-juice, at last satisfied himself that this object was a silver box about the size of an octavo volume.

It had no keyhole, had evidently been soldered up for greater security, and Robert was left to conjecture how it had come there.

He connected it at once with the ship, and felt assured that some attempt had been made to save it. There it had lain by the side of the vessel all these years, but, falling clear of the sand, had been embraced by a growing coral, and was now a curiosity, if not a treasure.

He would not break the coral, but put it on board his lifeboat just as it was.

And now he dug no more. He thought he could sell the galleon as well as the island, by sample, and he was impatient to be gone.

He reproached himself, a little unjustly, for allowing a woman to undertake the task of clearing him.

"To what annoyances, and perhaps affronts, have I exposed her," said he. "No, it is a man's business to defend, not to be defended."

To conclude: At high tide one fine afternoon he went on board with Ponto, and, hoisting his fore sail only, crossed the bay, ranging along the island till he reached the bluff. He got under this, and, by means of his compass and previous observations, set the boat's head exactly on the line the ducks used to take. Then he set his mainsail too and stretched boldly out across the great Pacific ocean.

Time seems to wear out everything, even bad luck. It ran strong against Robert Penfold for years; but, when it had struck its worst blow and parted him and Helen Rolleston, it relaxed, and a tide of good luck set in, which, unfortunately, the broken-hearted man could not appreciate at the time. However, so it was. He wanted oil and a whale came ashore. He wanted treasure, and the sea gave him a little back of all it had swallowed; and now he wanted fine weather, and the ocean for days and nights was like peach-colored glass, dimpled here and there, and soft westerly airs fanned him along by night and day.

To be sure, he was on the true Pacific ocean, at a period when it is really free from storms. Still, even for that latitude, he had wonderful weather for six days, and on the seventh he fell in with a schooner, the skipper and crew of which looked over the bulwarks at him with wonder and cordiality, and, casting out a rope astern, took him in tow.

The skipper had been eyeing him with amazement for some hours through his telescope, but he was a man that had seen a great many strange things, and it was also a point of honor with him never to allow that he was astonished, or taken by surprise, or greatly moved.

"Wal, stranger," said he, "what craft is that?"

"The Helen."

"Where d'ye hail from? not that I am curious."

"From an unknown island."

"Do tell. What another. Is it anyways nigh?"

"Not within seven hundred miles."

"Je-rusalem! Have you sailed all that in a cockle-shell?"

"Yes."

"Why, what are ye? the Wandering Jew afloat, or the Ancient Mariner? or only a kinder nautilus?"

"I'm a landsman."

"A landsman! then so is Neptune. What is your name when you are ashore?"

"Robert Penfold. The Reverend Robert Penfold."

"The Reverend— Je-rusalem!"

"May I ask what is your name, sir?"

"Wal, I reckon you may, stranger. I'm Joshua Fullalove from the States, at present located on the island of Juan Fernandez."

"Joshua Fullalove! That is lucky. I've got something that belongs to you."

He looked about, and found the harpoon, and handed it up in a mighty straightforward and simple way.

Joshua stared at him incredulously at first, but afterward with amazement. He handled the harpoon, and inquired where Robert had fallen in with it. Robert told him.

"You're an honest man," said Fullalove, "you air. Come aboard." He was then pleased to congratulate himself on his strange luck in having drifted across an honest man in the middle of the ocean. "I've heerd," said he, "of an old chap as groped about all his life with a lantern, and couldn't find one. Let's liquor."

He had some celestial mixture or other made, including rum, mint and snow from the Andes, and then began his interrogatories, again disclaiming curiosity at set intervals.

"Whither bound, honest man?"

"The coast of Chili."

"What for?"

"Trade."

"D'ye buy or sell? Not that it is my business."

"I wish to sell."

"What's the merchandise?"

"Knowledge and treasure."

Fullalove scratched his head. "Hain't ye got a few conundrums to swap for gold dust as well?"

Robert smiled faintly; the first time this six weeks.

"I have to sell the knowledge of an island with rich products; and I have to sell the contents of a Spanish treasure ship that I found buried in the sand of that island."

The Yankee's eyes glistened.

"Wal," said he, "I do business in islands myself. I've leased this Juan Fernandez. But one of them is enough at a time. I'm monarch of all I survey; but then what I survey is a mixallaneous bilin' of Irish and Otahetians that it's pizen to be monarch of. And now them darned Irish has taken to converting the heathens to superstition and the worship of images, and breaks their heads if they won't, and the heathens are all smiles and sweetness and immorality. No, islands is no bait to me."

"I never asked you," said Robert. "What I do ask you is to land me at Valparaiso. There I'll find a purchaser, and will pay you handsomely for your kindness."

"That is fair," said Fullalove, dryly. "What will you pay me?"

"I'll show you," said Robert. He took out of his pocket the smaller conglomeration of Spanish coin, and put it into Fullalove's hand. "That," said he, "is silver coin I dug out of the galleon."

Fullalove inspected it keenly, and trembled slightly. Robert then went lightly over the taffrail, and slid down the low rope into his boat. He held up the black mass we have described.

"This is solid silver. I will give it you, and my best thanks, to land me at Valparaiso."

"Heave it aboard," said the Yankee.

Robert steadied himself, and hove it on board. The Yankee caught it, heavy as it was, and subjected it to some chemical test directly.

"Wal," said he, "that is a bargain. I'll land ye at Valparaiso for this. Jack, lay her head S. S. E. and by E."

Having given his order, he leaned over the taffrail and asked for more samples. Robert showed him the fruits, woods and shells, and the pink coral, and bade him observe that the boat was ballasted with pearl oysters. He threw him up one, and a bunch of pink coral! He then shinned up the rope again, and the interrogatories recommenced. But this time he was questioned closely as to who he was, and how he came on the island? and the questions were so shrewd and penetrating that his fortitude gave way and he cried out in anguish.

"Man, man! do not torture me so. Oh, do not make me talk of my grief and my wrongs! They are more than I can bear."

Fullalove forbore directly, and offered him a cigar. He took it and it soothed him a little; it was long since he had smoked one. His agitation subsided, and a quiet tear or two rolled down his haggard cheek.

The Yankee saw and kept silent.

But, when his cigar was nearly smoked out, he said he was afraid Robert would not find a customer for his island, and what a pity Joshua Fullalove was cool on islands just now.

"Oh!" said Robert, "I know there are enterprising Americans on the coast who will give me money for what I have to sell."

Fullalove was silent a minute, then he got a piece of wood and a knife, and said, with an air of resignation, "I reckon we'll have to deal."

Need we say that to deal had been his desire from the first?

He now began to whittle a peg, and awaited the attack.

"What will you give me, sir?"

"What, money down? And you got nothing to sell but chances. Why, there's an old cuss about that knows where the island is as well as you do."

"Then of course you will treat with him," said Robert, sadly.

"Darned if I do," said the Yankee. "You are in trouble and he is not, nor never will be till he dies, and then he'll get it hot, I calc'late. He is a thief and stole my harpoon; you are an honest man and brought it back. I reckon I'll deal with you and not with that old cuss; not by a jugful! But it must be on a percentage. You tell me the bearings of that there island, and I'll work it and pay 5 per cent. on the gross."

"Would you mind throwing that piece of wood into the sea, Mr. Fullalove?" said Robert.

"Caen't be done, nohow. I caen't deal without whittlin'."

"You mean you can't take an unfair advantage without it. Come, Mr. Fullalove, let us cut this short. I am, as you say, an honest and most unfortunate man. Sir, I was falsely accused of a crime and banished from my country. I can prove my innocence now if I can but get home with a great deal of money. So much for me. You are a member of the vainest and most generous nation in the world."

"Wal, now that's kinder honey and vinegar mixed," said Fullalove; "pretty good for a Britisher, though."

"You are a man of that nation which in all the agonies and unparalleled expenses of civil war, smarting too, under anonymous taunts from England, did yet send over a large sum to relieve the distresses of certain poor Englishmen who were indirect victims of that same calamity. The act, the time, the misery relieved, the taunts overlooked, prove your nation superior to all others in generosity. At least my reading, which is very large, affords no parallel to it, either in ancient or modern history. Mr. Fullalove, please to recollect that you are a member of that nation, and that I am very unhappy and helpless, and want money to undo cruel wrongs, but have no heart to chaffer much. Take the island and the treasures, and give me half the profits you make. Is not that fair?"

Fullalove wore a rueful countenance.

"Darn the critter," said he, "he'll take skin off my bones if I don't mind. Fust Britisher ever I met as had the sense to see that. 'Twas rather handsome, warn't it? Wal, human nature is deep; every man you tackle in business larns ye something. What with picking ye out o' the sea, and you giving me back the harpoon the cuss stole, and your face like a young calf, when you are the cutest fox out, and you giving the great United States their due, I'm no more fit to deal than mashed potatoes. Now I cave; it is only for once. Next time don't you try to palaver me. Draw me a map of our island, Britisher, and mark where the Spaniard lies; I tell you I know her name and the year she was lost in; larned that at Lima one day. Kinder startled me, you did, when you showed me the coin out of her. Wal, there's my hand on haelf profits, and, if I'm keen, I'm squar'."

Soon after this he led Robert to his cabin, and Robert drew a large map from his models; and Fullalove, being himself an excellent draughtsman and provided with proper instruments, aided him to finish it.

Next day they sighted Valparaiso and hove to outside the port.

All the specimens of insular wealth were put on board the schooner and secreted, for Fullalove's first move was to get a lease of the island from the Chilian government, and it was no part of his plan to trumpet the article he was going to buy.

After a moment's hesitation he declined to take the seven pounds of silver. He gave as a reason that, having made a bargain which compelled him to go to Valparaiso at once he did not feel like charging his partner a fancy price for towing his boat thither. At the same time he hinted that, after all this, the next customer would find him a very difficult Yankee to get the better of.

With this understanding he gave Robert a draft for £80 on account of profits, and this enabled him to take a passage for England with all his belongings.

He arrived at Southampton very soon after the events last related, and then went to London, fully alive to the danger of his position.

He had a friend in his long beard, but he dared not rely on that alone. Like a mole, he worked at night.

### CHAPTER LXVI.

Helen asked Arthur Wardlaw why he was so surprised at the prayer-book being brought back. Was it worth twenty pounds to any one except herself?

Arthur looked keenly at her to see whether she intended more than met the ear, and said that he was surprised at the rapid effect of his advertisement, that was all.

"Now you have got the book," said he, "I do hope you will erase that cruel slander on one whom you mean to honor with your hand."

This proposal made Helen blush and feel very miserable. Of the obnoxious lines some were written by Robert Penfold, and she had so little of his dear handwriting. "I feel you are right Arthur," said she, "but you must give me time. Then they shall meet no eye but mine; and on our wedding-day—of course—all memorials of one—" Tears completed the sentence.

Arthur Wardlaw, raging with jealousy at the absent Penfold, as heretofore Penfold had raged at him, heaved a deep sigh and hurried away, while Helen was locking up the prayer-book in her desk. By this means he retained Helen's pity.

He went home directly, mounted to his bedroom, unlocked a safe and plunged his hand into it. His hand encountered a book; he drew it out with a shiver, and gazed at it with terror and amazement.

It was the prayer-book he had picked up in the square and locked up in that safe. Yet that very prayer-book had been restored to Helen before his eyes, and was now locked up in her desk. He sat down with the book in his hand, and a great dread came over him.

Hitherto candor and credulity only had been opposed to him, but now cunning had entered the field against him; a master hand was co-operating with Helen.

Yet, strange to say, she seemed unconscious of that co-operation. Had Robert Penfold found his way home by some strange means? Was he watching over her in secret?

He had the woman he loved watched night and day, but no Robert Penfold was detected.

He puzzled his brain night and day, and at last he conceived a plan of deceit which is common enough in the East, where lying is one of the fine arts, but was new in this country, we believe, and we hope to heaven we shall not be the means of importing it.

An old clerk of his father's, now superannuated and pensioned off, had a son upon the stage, in a very mean position. Once a year, however, and of course in the dog-days, he had a kind of benefit at his suburban theatre, that is to say, the manager allowed him to sell tickets, and take half the price of them. He persuaded Arthur to take some, and even to go to the theatre for an hour. The man played a little part, of a pompous sneak, with some approach to nature. He seemed at home.

Arthur found this man out; visited him at his own place. He was very poor, and mingled pomposity with obsequiousness, so that Arthur felt convinced he was to be bought, body and soul, what there was of him.

He sounded him accordingly, and the result was that the man agreed to perform a part for him.

Arthur wrote it, and they rehearsed it together. As to the dialogue, that was so constructed that it could be varied considerably according to the cues, which could be foreseen to a certain extent; but not precisely, since they were to be given by Helen Rolleston, who was not in the secret.

But whilst this plot was fermenting, other events happened, with rather a contrary tendency; and these will be more intelligible if we go back to Nancy Rouse's cottage, where indeed we have kept Joseph Wylie in an uncomfortable position a very long time.

Mrs. James from next door was at last admitted into Nancy's kitchen, and her first word was, "I suppose you know what I'm come about, ma'am."

"Which it is to return me the sass-pan you borrowed, no doubt," was Nancy's ingenuous reply.

"No, ma'am; but I'll send my girl in with it as soon as she have cleaned it, you may depend."

"Thank ye, I shall be glad to see it again."

"You're not afeard I shall steal it, I hope."

"La, bless the woman! don't fly out at a body like that. I can't afford to give away my sass-pan."

"Sass-pans is not in my head."

"Nor in your hand neither."

"I'm come about my lodger; a most respectable gentleman, which he have met with an accident. He did but go to put something away in the chimbley, which he is a curious gent, and has travelled a good deal and learned the foreign customs, when his hand was caught in the brickwork, somehows, and there he is, hard and fast."

"Do you know anything about this?" said Nancy to the mite, severely.

"No," said the mite, with a countenance of polished granite.

"La, bless me!" said Nancy, with a sudden start, "Why, is she talking about the thief as you and I catched putting his hand through the wall into my room, and made him fast again the policeman comes round!"

"Thief!" cried Mrs. James; "no more a thief than I am. Why, sure you wouldn't ever be so cruel! O dear! O dear! Spite goes a far length. There, take an' kill me, do, and then you'll be easy in your mind. Ah, little my poor father thought as ever I should come down to letting lodgings, and being maltreated this way? I am—"

"Who is a maltreating of ye? Why, you're dreaming. Have a drop o' gin?"

"With them as takes the police to my lodger! It would choke me!"

"Well, have a drop, and we'll see about it."

"You're very kind, ma'am, I'm sure. Heaven knows I need it! Here's wishing you a good husband; and toward burying all unkindness."

"Which you means drounding of it."

"Ah, you're never at a loss for a word, ma'am, and always in good spirits. But your troubles is to come, I'm a widdy. You will let me see what is the matter with my lodger, ma'am?"

"Why not? We'll go and have a look at him."

Accordingly, the three women and the mite proceeded to the little room; Nancy turned the gas on, and then they inspected the imprisoned hand. Mrs. James screamed with dismay, and Nancy asked her dryly whether she was to blame for seizing a hand which had committed a manifest trespass.

"You have got the rest of his body," said she, "but this here hand belongs to me."

"Lord, ma'am, what could he take out of your chimbley, without 'twas a handful of soot? Do, pray, let me loose him."

"Not till I have said two words to him."

"But how can you? He isn't here to speak to—only a morsel of him."

"I can go into your house and speak to him."

Mrs. James demurred to that, but Nancy stood firm. Mrs. James yielded. Nancy whispered her myrmidons, and in a few minutes, was standing by the prisoner, a reverend person in dark spectacles and a gray beard, that created commiseration, or would have done so, but that this stroke of ill-fortune had apparently fallen upon a great philosopher. He had contrived to get a seat under him, and was smoking a pipe with admirable sang-froid.

At sight of Nancy, however, he made a slight motion as if he would not object to follow his imprisoned hand through the party-wall. It was only for a moment; the next he smoked imperturbably.

"Well, sir," said Nancy, "I hopes you are comfortable?"

"Thank ye, miss; yes. I'm at a double sheet-anchor."

"Why do you call me miss?"

"I don't know. Because you are so young and pretty."

"That will do. I only wanted to hear the sound of your voice, Joe Wylie." And with the word she snatched his wig off with one hand and his beard with the other, and revealed his true features to his astonished landlady.

"There, mum," said she, "I wish you joy of your lodger." She tapped the chimney three times with the poker, and, telling Mr. Wylie she had a few words to say to him in private, retired for the present. Mrs. James sat down and mourned the wickedness of mankind, the loss of her lodger (who would now go bodily next door instead of sending his hand), and the better days she had by iteration brought herself to believe she had seen.

Wylie soon entered Nancy's house, and her first question was, "The £2000, how did you get them?"

"No matter how I got them," said Wylie, sulkily. "What have you done with them?"

"Put them away."

"That is all right. I'm blest if I didn't think they were gone forever."

"I wish they had never come. Ill-gotten money's a curse." Then she taxed him with scuttling the Proserpine, and asked him whether that money had not been the bribe. But Joe was obdurate. "I never split on a friend," said he. "And you have nobody to blame but yourself, you wouldn't splice without £2000. I loved you, and I got it now I could. D'ye think a poor fellow like me can make £2000 in a voyage by hauling in ropes and tying true lovers' knots in the foretop?"

Nancy had her answer ready, but this remembrance pricked her own conscience and paved the way to a reconciliation. Nancy had no high-flown notions. She loved money, but it must be got without palpable dishonesty; per contra she was not going to denounce her sweetheart; but then again, she would not marry him so long as he differed with her about the meaning of the eighth commandment.

This led to many arguments, some of them warm, some affectionate; and so we leave Mr. Wylie under the slow, but salutary influence of love and unpretending probity. He continued to lodge next door. Nancy would only receive him as a visitor.

### CHAPTER LXVII.

Helen had complained to Arthur, of all people that she was watched and followed. She even asked him whether that was not the act of some enemy. Arthur smiled and said: "Take my word for it, it is only some foolish admirer of your beauty; he wants to know your habits, in hopes of falling in with you. You had better let me go out with you for the next month or so; that sort of thing will soon die away."

As a necessary consequence of this injudicious revelation Helen was watched with greater skill and subtlety, and upon a plan well calculated to disarm suspicion. A spy watched the door, and by a signal unintelligible to any but his confederate, whom Helen could not possibly see, set the latter on her track.

They kept this game up unobserved for several days, but learned nothing, for Helen was at a standstill. At last they got caught, and by a truly feminine stroke of observation. A showily dressed man peeped into a shop where Helen was buying gloves.

With one glance of her woman's eye she recognized a large breastpin in the worst possible taste; then her eye went up and recognized the features of her seedy follower, though he was now dressed up to the nine. She withdrew her eye directly, completed her purchase, and went home, brooding defence and vengeance.

That evening she dined with a lady who had a large acquaintance with lawyers, and it so happened that Mr. Tollemache and Mr. Hennessy were both of the party.

Now, when these gentlemen saw Helen in full costume, a queen in form as well as face, coroneted with her island pearls, environed with a halo of romance, and courted by women as well as men, they looked up to her with astonishment, and made up to her in a very different style from that in which they had received her visit. Tollemache she received coldly; he had defended Robert Penfold feebly, and she hated him for it. Hennessy she received graciously, and, remembering Robert's precept to be supple as a woman, bewitched him. He was good-natured, able and vain. By 11 o'clock she had enlisted him in her service. When she had conquered him, she said, slyly, "But I ought not to speak of these things to you except through a solicitor."

"That is the general rule," said the learned counsel; "but in this case no dark body must come between me and the sun."

In short, he entered into Penfold's case with such well-feigned warmth, to please the beautous girl, that at last she took him by the horns and consulted.

"I am followed," said she.

"I have no doubt you are; and on a large scale; if there is room for another, I should be glad to join the train."

"Ha! ha! I'll save you the trouble. I'll meet you half way. But, to be serious, I am watched, spied and followed by some enemy to that good friend whose sacred cause we have undertaken. Forgive me for saying 'we.'"

"I am too proud of the companionship to let you off. 'We' is the word."

"Then advise me what to do. I want to retaliate. I want to discover who is watching me, and why. Can you advise me? Will you?"

The counsel reflected a moment, and Helen, who watched him, remarked the power that suddenly came into his countenance and brow.

"You must watch the spies. I have influence in Scotland Yard, and will get it done for you. If you went there yourself, they would cross-examine you and decline to interfere. I'll go myself for you and put it in a certain light. An able detective will call on you; give him ten guineas, and let him into your views in confidence; then he will work the public machinery for you?"

"Oh, Mr. Hennessy, how can I thank you?"

"By succeeding. I hate to fail; and now your cause is mine."

Next day a man with a hooked nose, a keen black eye, and a solitary foible (Mosaic), called on Helen Rolleston and told her he was to take her instructions. She told him she was watched, and thought it was done to baffle a mission she had undertaken; but, having got so far, she blushed and hesitated.

"The more you tell me, miss, the more use can I be," said Mr. Burt.

Thus encouraged, and also remembering Mr. Hennessy's advice, she gave Mr. Burt, as coldly as she could, an outline of Robert Penfold's case, and of the exertions she had made and the small result.

Burt listened keenly, and took a note or two; and, when she had done, he told her something in return.

"Miss Rolleston," said he, "I am the officer that arrested Robert Penfold. It cost me a grinder that he knocked out."

"O, dear!" said Helen. "How unfortunate! Then I fear I cannot reckon on your services."

"Why not, Miss? What, do you think I hold spite against a poor fellow for defending himself? Besides, Mr. Penfold wrote me a very proper note. Certainly for a parson the gent is a very quick hitter; but he wrote very square; said he hoped I would allow for the surprise and agitation of an innocent man; sent me two guineas, too, and said he would make it 20 but he was poor as well as unfortunate; that letter has stuck in my gizzard ever since; can't see the color of felony in it. Your felon is never in a fault; and, if he wears a good coat, he isn't given to show fight."

"It was very improper of him to strike you," said Helen, "and very noble of you to forgive it. Make him still more ashamed of it; lay him under a deep obligation."

"If he is innocent, I'll try and prove it," said the detective. He then asked her if she had taken notes. She said she had a diary. He begged to see it. She felt inclined to withhold it because of the comments, but, remembering that this was womanish, and that Robert's orders to her were to be manly on such occasions, she produced her diary. Mr. Burt read it very carefully, and told her it was a very promising case. "You have done a great deal more than you thought," he said, "You have netted the fish."

### CHAPTER LXVIII.

"I netted the fish! what fish?"

"The man who forged the promissory note."

"O, Mr. Burt!"

"The same man that forged the newspaper extracts to deceive you forged the promissory note years ago, and the man who is setting spies on you is the man who forged those extracts; so we are sure to nail him. He is in the net and very much to your credit. Leave the rest to me, I'll tell you more about it tomorrow. You must order your carriage at one o'clock tomorrow and drive down to Scotland Yard; go into the yard, and you will see me; follow me without a word. When you go back, the other spies will be so frightened they will go off to their employer and so we shall nail him."

Helen complied with these instructions strictly and then returned home, leaving Mr. Burt to work. She had been home about half an hour, when the servant brought her up a message saying that a man wanted to speak to her. "Admit him," said Helen. "He is dressed very poor, miss." "Never mind; send him to me." She was afraid to reject anybody now lest she might turn her back on information.

A man presented himself in well-worn clothes, with a wash-leather face and close-shaven chin; a little of his forehead was also shaven. "Madam, my name is Hand." Helen started. "I have already had the honor of writing to you."

"Yes, sir," said Helen, eying him with fear and aversion.

"Madam, I am come"—(he hesitated)—"I am an unfortunate man. Weighed down by remorse for a thoughtless act that has ruined an innocent man, and nearly cost my worthy employer his life, I come to expiate as far as in me lies. But let me be brief, and hurry over the tale of shame. I was a clerk at Wardlaw's office. A bill-broker called Adams was talking to me and my fellow-clerks, and boasting that nobody could take him in with a feigned signature. Bets were laid; our vanity was irritated by his pretension. It was my fortune to overhear my young master and his friend Robert Penfold speak about a loan of two thousand pounds. In an evil hour I listened to the tempter, and wrote a forged note for that amount. I took it to Mr. Penfold; he presented it to Adams, and it was cashed. I intended, of course, to call next day, and tell Mr. Penfold, and take him to Adams, and restore the money, and get back the note. It was not due for three months. Alas! that very day it fell under suspicion. Mr. Penfold was arrested. My young master was struck down with illness at his friend's guilt, though he never could be quite got to believe it, and I—miserable coward—dared not tell the truth. Ever since that day I have been a miserable man. The other day I came into money and left Wardlaw's service. But I carry my remorse with me. Madame, I am come to tell the truth. I dare not tell it to Mr. Wardlaw; I think he would kill me. But I will tell it to you and you can tell it to him; ay, tell it to all the world. Let my shame be as public as his whom I have injured so deeply, but heaven knows unintentionally. I—I—I—"

Mr. Hand sank all in a heap where he sat, and could say no more.

Helen's flesh crawled at this confession, and at the sight of this reptile who owned that he had destroyed Robert Penfold in fear and cowardice. For a long time her wrath so overpowered all sense of pity that she sat trembling, and, if eyes could kill, Mr. Hand would not have outlived his confession.

At last she contrived to speak. She turned her head away not to see the wretch, and said, sternly—

"Are you prepared to make this statement on paper, if called on?"

Mr. Hand hesitated, but said "yes."

"Then write down that Robert Penfold was innocent and you are ready to prove it whenever you may be called upon."

"Write that down?" said Hand.

"Unless your penitence is feigned, you will."

"Sooner than that should be added to my crime, I will avow all." He wrote the few lines she required.

"Now your address that I may know where to find you at a moment's notice." He wrote, "J. Hand, 11 Warwick street, Pimlico."

Helen then dismissed him, and wept bitterly. In that condition she was found by Arthur Wardlaw, who comforted her, and, on hearing her report of Hand's confession, burst out into triumph, and reminded her he had always said Robert Penfold was innocent. "My father," said he, "must yield to this evidence, and we will lay it before the secretary of state, and get his pardon."

"His pardon! when he is innocent?"

"O, that is the form—the only form. The rest must be done by the warm reception of his friends. I, for one, who all these years have maintained his innocence, will be the first to welcome him to my house an honored guest. What am I saying? Can I? dare I? ought I? when my wife— Ah! I am more to be pitied than my poor friend is; my friend, my rival. Well, I leave it to you whether he can come into your husband's house."

"Never."

"But, at least, I can send the Springbok out and bring him home; and that I will do without one day's delay."

"O, Arthur!" cried Helen, "You set me an example of unselfishness."

"I do what I can," said Arthur. "I am no saint. I hope for a reward."

Helen sighed. "What shall I do?"

"Have pity on me! your [illegible] lover, and to whom your faith was plighted before ever you saw or knew my unhappy friend. What can I do or suffer more than I have done and suffered for you? My sweet Helen, have pity on me and be my wife."

"I will: some day."

"Bless you; bless you. One effort more—what day?"

"I can't—I can't. My heart is dead."

"This day fortnight. Let me speak to your father; let him name the day."

As she made no reply he kissed her hand devotedly, and did speak to her father. Sir Edward, meaning all for the best, said: "This day fortnight."

### CHAPTER LXIX.

The next morning came the first wedding presents from the jubilant bridegroom, who was determined to advance step by step, and give no breathing time. When Helen saw them laid out by her maid, she trembled at the consequences of not giving a plump negative to so brisk a wooer.

The second post brought two letters; one of them from Mrs. Undercliff. The other contained no words, but only a pearl of uncommon size and pear-shaped. Helen received this at first as another wedding present, and an attempt on Arthur's part to give her a pearl as large as those she had gathered on her dear island. But, looking narrowly at the address, she saw it was not written by Arthur; and, presently, she was struck by the likeness of this pearl in shape to some of her own. She got out her pearls, laid them side by side, and began to be moved exceedingly. She had one of her instincts, and it set every fibre quivering with excitement. It was sometimes before she could take her eyes off the pearls, and it was with a trembling hand she opened Mrs. Undercliff's letter. That missive was not calculated to calm her. It read thus:

"MY DEAR YOUNG LADY—A person called here last night and supplied the clew. If you have the courage to know the truth you have only to come here and to bring your diary and all the letters you have received from any person or persons since you landed in England. I am yours obediently,

"JANE UNDERCLIFF."

The courage to know the truth!

This mysterious sentence affected Helen considerably. But her faith in Robert was too great to be shaken. She would not wait for the canonical hour at which young ladies go out, but put on her bonnet directly after breakfast. Early as she was, a visitor came before she could start—Mr. Burt, the detective. She received him in the library.

Mr. Burt looked at her dress and her little bag, and said, "I'm very glad I made bold to call so early."

"You have got information of importance to communicate to me?"

"I think so, miss;" and he took out his notebook. "The person you are watched by is Mr. Arthur Wardlaw." The girl stared at him. "Both spies report to him twice a day at his house in Russell square."

"Be careful, Mr. Burt; this is a serious thing to say, and may have serious consequences."

"Well, miss, you told me you wanted to know the truth."

"Of course I want to know the truth."

"Then the truth is that you are watched by order of Mr. Wardlaw."

Burt continued his report.

"A shabby-like man called on you yesterday."

"Yes; it was Mr. Hand, Mr. Wardlaw's clerk. And O, Mr. Burt, that wretched creature came and confessed the truth. It was he who forged the note, out of sport and for a bet, and then was too cowardly to own it." She then detailed Hand's confession.

"His penitence comes too late," said she, with a deep sigh.

"It hasn't come yet," said Burt, dryly. "Of course my lambs followed the man. He went first to his employer, and then he went home. His name is not Hand. He is not a clerk at all, but a little actor at the Corinthian Saloon. Hand is in America; went three months ago. I ascertained that from another quarter."

"O goodness!" cried Helen. "what a wretched world! I can't see my way a yard for stories."

"How should you, miss? It is clear enough, for all that. Mr. Wardlaw hired this actor to pass for Hand, and tell you a lie that he thought would please you."

Helen put her hand to her brow, and thought; but her candid soul got sadly in the way of her brain. "Mr. Burt," said she, "will you go with me to Mr. Undercliff, the expert?"

"With pleasure, ma'am, but let me finish my report. Last night there was something new. Your house was watched by six persons. Two were Wardlaw's, three were Burt's, but the odd man was there on his own hook, and my men could not make him out at all, but they think one of Wardlaw's men knew him, for he went off to Russell square like the wind and brought Mr. Wardlaw here in disguise. Now, miss, that is all, and shall I call a cab and we'll hear Undercliff's tale?"

The cab was called, and they went to Undercliff. On the way Helen brooded, but the detective eyed every man and everything on the road with the utmost keenness.

Edward Undercliff was at work at lithographing. He received Helen cordially, nodded to Burt, and said she could not have a better assistant.

He then laid his fac-simile of the forged note on the table, with John Wardlaw's genuine writing and Penfold's indorsement.

"Look at that, Mr. Burt."

Burt inspected the papers keenly.

"You know, Burt, I swore at Robert Penfold's trial that he never wrote that forged note."

"I remember," said Burt.

"The other day this lady instructed me to discover, if I could, who did write the forged note. But, unfortunately, the materials she gave me were not sufficient. But, last night, a young man dropped from the clouds, that I made sure was an agent of yours, Miss Rolleston. Under that impression I was rather unguarded, and I let him know how far we had got, and could get no further. 'I think I can help you,' says this young man, and puts a letter on the table. Well, Mr. Burt, a glance at that letter was enough for me. It was written by the man who forged the note."

"A letter!" said Helen.

"Yes. I'll put the letter by the side of the forged note; and if you have any eye for writing at all, you'll see at once that one hand wrote the forged note and this letter. I am also prepared to swear that the letters signed Hand are forgeries by the same person." He then coolly put upon the table the letter from Arthur Wardlaw that Helen had received on board of the Proserpine, and was proceeding to point out the many points of resemblance between the letter and the document, when he was interrupted by a scream from Helen.

"Ah!" she cried, "he is here. Only one man in the world could have brought that letter. I left it on the island. Robert is here; he gave you that letter."

"You are right," said the expert, and "what a fool I must be! I have no eye except for handwriting. He had a beard; and such a beard!"

"It is Robert!" cried Helen, in [illegible]. "He is come just in time."

"In time to be arrested," said [illegible]. "Why, his time is not out. He'll get into trouble again."

"O, heaven forbid!" cried Helen, [illegible] turned so faint she had to be laid back [illegible] chair and salts applied to her nostrils.

She soon came to and cried and trembled, but prepared to defend her Robert with all a woman's wit. Burt and Undercliff were conversing in a low voice, and Burt was saying he felt sure Wardlaw's spies had detected Robert Penfold, and that Robert would be arrested and put into prison as a runaway convict. "Go to Scotland Yard this minute, Mr. Burt," said Helen, eagerly.

"What for?"

"Why, you must take the commission to arrest him. You are our friend."

Burt slapped his thigh with delight.

"That is first-rate, miss," said he; "I'll take the real felon first you may depend. Now, Mr. Undercliff, write your report, and hand it to Miss Helen with fac-similes. It will do no harm if you make a declaration to the same effect before a magistrate. You, Miss Rolleston, keep yourself disengaged, and please don't go out. You will very likely hear from me again today."

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

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## HARRISON'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

Whoever reads President HARRISON's inaugural address with a desire to find in it either cause for praise or cause for blame will probably be disappointed. It reads as though 'LIGE HALFORD had run his experienced editorial pencil through it and discreetly crossed out every sentence that seemed open to criticism. The address is, in all but a very few passages, colorless, perfunctory and platitudinous. Friends can find little to praise in it, enemies little to criticise. It resembles those voluminous speeches which Mr. HARRISON made every day last summer to "visiting delegations," in that it says nothing in particular.

This colorlessness is rather disappointing. The country knows little of the man it has chosen to its highest office, and naturally hoped that his inaugural address would give some plainer indication than any of his past utterances as to his personal views upon important questions. But it gives no such insight into the inner man. If Mr. HARRISON's administration is no more vigorous than his public utterances, it will be weak indeed.

In the first few paragraphs the President repeats some ancient history—thought not quite as ancient as that invoked by his grandfather 48 years ago. The object of this preface is to lead up to the fact that the nation is now entering upon its second century of constitutional existence, and, incidentally, to note the desire for tariff protection which cropped out 100 years ago, and which has now, Mr. HARRISON says, been revived. "It is not a departure, but a return that we have witnessed." Then follows the usual rhapsody on the prosperous condition of everybody. The South is mildly appealed to to support the high protection policy on the ground that it is beginning to do something in the way of manufacturing. The President's assurance that he has "rejected the suggestion of a special executive policy for any section of our country," meaning the South, is gratifying. Then he goes on to hint that somebody is ignoring the law, and says that is very wrong. He adds that the "educated and influential classes" ought to obey the laws, because otherwise they will set a bad example to the "ignorant classes." And in a rather groping way he seems to get in a rap at labor strikes in these words: "A community where law is the rule of conduct, and where courts, not mobs, execute its penalties, is the only attractive field for business investments and honest labor." Speaking of "mobs" and "ignorant classes" seems to bring him quite naturally to the subject of naturalization, and he wants the fitness of aliens for citizenship distinctly proved before they are allowed to become citizens; a suggestion which seems to savor not a little of Knownothingism.

As to foreign relations, the President wishes us to keep at peace with the world, and thinks we may "reasonably expect" that foreign governments will respect our rights on this continent. As to the offices, he says some rather good things. The offices are so numerous, he thinks, that he cannot be expected to know the applicants personally, and must "rely on the representations of others;" a declaration which conjures up the ghost of "senatorial courtesy." He insists that those who recommend people to him for office "shall exercise consideration and fidelity." And he expects all his appointees to justify their selection by "conspicuous efficiency." There is no objection to politicians, but they must not be negligent, incompetent or delinquent. And he must have time for consideration before he makes any appointments; so Senator INGALLS, who wanted him to turn out every Democrat before the going down of the sun yesterday, will have to wait. The President wants the revenues reduced "without breaking down our protective tariff." He wants the pension law to give "more adequate relief." He congratulates the four new States, hints vaguely at a national Australian-system law governing congressional elections, and concludes with a flowery and optimistic peroration.

Because President HARRISON's inaugural address is weak is does not follow necessarily that his administration will be weak. We still hope he will turn out to be a fairly good sort of a president.

## THE CABINET.

President HARRISON's cabinet selections, as sent to the Senate yesterday, are not a surprise. The list had been guessed correctly for several days.

Of the eight appointees five have something like a national reputation, though BLAINE is the only one who is well known from Maine to California. He has already filled, for the greater part of a year, the office of secretary of state, to which President HARRISON has reappointed him. He was appointed by President GARFIELD on the 5th of March, 1881, and resigned nine months later, when President ARTHUR made him understand that his resignation would be acceptable. In the space of nine months he managed to create a scandal wherein he was charged with having used his official position as a means of private profit in the celebrated "guano deal." He also allowed an American citizen to be kept shut up in an Irish dungeon, under the coercion act of that day, without a trial, and without a word of protest from Secretary BLAINE. These were his principal achievements as secretary of state in 1881. We trust he will do better this time.

WILLIAM WINDOM of Minnesota, secretary of the treasury, also held the same place under GARFIELD's ill-starred administration. Though a Western man, he is supposed to be in full sympathy with what is vaguely known as "Wall street." He formerly represented his State in the United States Senate, but when his constituents saw, by means of photographs, what an elegant residence he had built in Washington out of his modest salary they declined to re-elect him. Since he was induced by President ARTHUR to resign from the treasury he has sunk out of public view, and has occupied the time in pushing mining schemes in Mexico. His personal career indicates talent as a financier.

JOHN WANAMAKER of Pennsylvania, postmaster general, is famed as the proprietor of the biggest dry-goods store on this continent. We believe he has never held public office, and his only claim to cabinet honors is that he raised $400,000 for the corruption fund, with which the monopolies and trusts, acting through the Republican organization, purchased the doubtful States for HARRISON.

BENJAMIN F. TRACY, secretary of the navy, is known as one of the leading lawyers of New York, and one of the keenest cross-examiners. WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON MILLER of Indiana, attorney general, has only lately acquired fame, and only as the law partner of Mr. HARRISON. JERRY RUSK, secretary of agriculture, is the bluff Governor of Wisconsin. REDFIELD PROCTOR of Vermont, secretary of war, and JOHN W. NOBLE of Missouri, secretary of the interior, have no national reputation, except such as they have acquired within a few weeks in connection with the cabinet discussion.

Leaving out Mr. BLAINE, it cannot be called a strong cabinet, so far as the character of its members is known. However, brilliant cabinets do not always make successful administrations. Mr. HAYES had the strongest cabinet on record, and his administration was the dismallest failure. We hope for a better fate for Mr. HARRISON's.

## THE VENERABLE INVENTOR.

There was something beautiful in the passing away of the great inventor, Captain JOHN ERICSSON, at the age of 86, with a perfectly clear mind and with an ambition to yet do something more for society.

There was that in the venerable Swede which is worth imitating. He proved that a mind can remain intensely active up to the ripest age and still lose none of its clearness. If we had more of this cool northern temperament in our national make-up, we should know and hear less of the alarming increase of insanity from year to year.

ERICSSON may not figure so heroically in history as some of our great military captains, but it is doubtful whether any one man struck a heavier blow at the fortunes of the Confederacy than he. From his fertile brain, in the dire hour of need, he drew an idea which told as powerfully as the sword of GRANT or SHERIDAN.

## $25,000,000 FOR CHARITY.

The past week has had its usual record of suicides, elopements and assorted wickedness, but it is pleasant to point out now and then an oasis, such as is found in the death of the venerable millionnaire philanthropist, WILLIAMSON of Philadelphia.

This man, estimated to be worth about $25,000,000, was content to live on $1000 a year himself and leave his vast fortune entirely to charity. WILLIAMSON's frugality was so great as to leave a suspicion of penuriousness, but, at all events, his record looks better than that of the recently deceased millionnaire, JAMES C. FLOOD, of whose ostentation so much has been written, and who dies leaving $4,200,000, not a dollar of which, so far as appears, has been bequeathed to charity.

Neither WILLIAMSON nor FLOOD could carry a dollar with him into the great beyond, but the former, at least, returned back to the soil, from which he had gathered so rich a harvest, lasting seed, having, for instance, given $2,500,000 for educating poor boys in the mechanical trades, and $5,000,000 or more for the endowment of another boys' industrial school.

That a man can start with selling soft soap in a country town and amass $25,000,000, is one of the interesting and suggestive social facts of our time. WILLIAMSON rose on railroad stocks chiefly, but no matter how he rose, he turned it all back to society and to the very best uses. The world, under the circumstances, will gladly spare his memory from too critical an inquisition as to the details of his stock operations.

## EDITORIAL POINTS.

The great copper trust, the only combination that ever got complete control of the world's supply of a useful metal, is in imminent danger of collapse and ruin. Surely nobody cares a copper.

An Iowa henroost thief escaped the meshes of the law last week because the warrant did not specify what kind of eggs had been stolen. The eggs-actions of the law are sometimes quite ridiculous.

And still the rumor grows concerning the new gold find in southern California. We are now told that the belt is over 200 miles in length, and that any hard-working man can earn $5 to $20 per day. Land speculators, or somebody, must be very busy.

Rev. Mr. RAINSFORD, a New York clergyman, produces facts and figures to show that the fashionable churches are gradually removing to a safe distance from the poorer classes, in order to escape contamination. The tax gatherer will yet take the correct measure of these fashionable religious clubs.

They now have shops in New York where, by the use of machinery and division of labor, one can go in and have his shoes soled, heeled and patched in a few minutes, "while you wait." The next problem is to wash, iron and put on one's shirt while he waits. What is science not destined to do for humanity yet, while it is waiting?

The Salvation Army revivalists in New York, who once looked so vulgar in the eyes of fashionable church-goers, are now being received into the parlors of the wives of some of the most exclusive Episcopal clergymen as instructors. But then Commander-in-Chief BOOTH and his zealous wife are thoroughly cultivated people.

Iowa is a prohibition State. An Eastern drummer, lately caught in a mellow condition in the streets of Des Moines, was asked savagely by the officer: "Where did you get that liquor?" "Nowhere," replied the drummer; "I save up my old sprees in rum-selling States for a rainy day in such virtuous towns as yours." We fear that this kind of economy would soon develop in Massachusetts should the prohibitory amendment pass.

There are fashionable schools in London where young ladies are taught to get in and out of a carriage properly and to do everything with becoming grace. Then there are classes in asparagus, grapes, oranges and all kinds of juicy meats, in which the proper motions and methods of disposing of them are taught. Shall we ever see Boston culture calling the class in baked beans?

Making mummies to order is one of the latest infant industries. The British Museum has been tricked into paying a high price for a bundle of rags compressed into human semblance. This project is hardly more or less respectable than the continued cry of our own infant industries for higher protection.

As a St. Louis man stepped into an elevator last week the small boy asked: "Where do you want to go, sir?" "I'll tell you, sonny, when I get there," answered the voyager, but whether he ever got there neither the small boy nor the undertaker has yet heard. The elevator terror finds some fresh victim every day.

The venerable inventor, ERICSSON, say the despatches, died of cystitis. As the plain English of it is inflammation of the bladder, why not say so, and save a few millions of people the trouble of handling a ten-pound Webster's unabridged.

The international copper syndicate foreshadows a power mightier than the CÆSARS, if legislation has no resources to cope with it. This combine controls the whole copper output of the world. It has power to summon the Bank of France to its aid, the ROTHSCHILDS are compromised to it, and no legislature has as yet proved equal to it. Why not take the earth and have done with it?

## POINTS ABOUT LAW.

### Entitled to Commission.

A is a carpenter and builder, furnishing plans of his own drawing for cottages and dwellings. B requests him to look at his lot of land and draw plans to suit. The plans are delivered and said to be satfactory, but time asked to study them over. A few weeks later B returns the plans, stating he had let the contract to C, who had a plan he liked better than A's plan. The house is built and occupied but is built exactly as drawn by A, the plans evidently having been copied. Can A recover price for lost time, etc.? I. R.

I think you are entitled to a commission on the price of the house, if you can prove that it is exactly like your plan.

### Swindlers Who Advertise.

Will you please inform me how I can obtain redress from a firm that advertises to send a premium. They advertise to send a paper and premium for one year. I sent six subscriptions to them and have obtained papers over one month old, and only two of them that sent money has received any paper, nor any premium. Have written to them a number of times, but they pay no attention to letters. I would like to know what can be done to them to make them come up to their contract. L. L. E.

There are numerous cases like this every day. Persons who answer the advertisements of parties of whom they know nothing, and who advertise to give something for nothing must expect to get taken in. If you can find the parties you can have them arrested for swindling, but when you got to the place they advertise from they would be very much like the Irishman's flea, not there. You had better not spend any more money in the matter, but take warning and don't get bitten a second time. Remember that people are not giving away gold watches worth $30 for 75-cent subscriptions.

### The Building May Remain.

A and B own adjoining lots. B's house stands within one foot of the boundary line. About 30 years ago B built a small L on his house, and set it on the boundary line. A to save trouble between the two families made no objection. A's estate has now changed hands. The present owner notifies B to move the L, as it is on the line. B claims that as he has had quiet possession for more than 20 years he has a right to keep it there. He also claims one foot out of A's land for eaves droppings. Please state if he can be made to move the L. If not, can he claim the foot outside of the L? S. B.

If the building has been there over 20 years B cannot be obliged to move it.

### No.

A fishing schooner is owned by two parties, equal proportions, one of the parties going master of her, the other doing her business on shore, and some dissatisfaction exists. Is there any law that can make either party buy or sell, one of the parties being anxious to do either? WHITE.

### Virginians with Remarkable Names.

[Salem (Va.) Times.]

The counties of Wythe and Shenandoah, claim the "cake" on long names borne by people within their borders, but when it comes to long names and true-blue Democrats Craig can give both of these counties "two in a hand" and claim the stakes. As a sample, a gentleman in Craig named Brickey has three children whose names are respectively "Jailey Green Bird Mayflower Brickey," "Oregon Texas Georgianna Brickey," and "Molina Truxilla Eutaw Sebilla Tootater Brickey." Our informant, P. B. Abbott, assures us that these are the names of the children as recorded in the family Bible, and that there is no joke about it. But the longest name yet announced is also borne by a Craig man, John William Ben amin Leander Sinclair Calvin Philip Virgil Cicero Lee. On this we challenge competition.

# HOWARD'S LETTER.

## Newspaper Chief of the American Metroplis.

### Whitelaw Reid as Editor of the Tribune and Minister to England.

### Dissertation on the Potentialities of Journalism and Diplomacy.

NEW YORK, March 9.—If Whitelaw Reid, editor of the Tribune, steps from his high pinnacle as chief of a great power in politics and becomes the representative of our government at the court of St. James; if Murat Halstead of the Cincinnati Commercial goes as an official custodian of the interests of our people abroad, and more especially those near the court of William II.; if John C. New of the Indianapolis Journal carries with him the governmental parchment to Vienna; if James Gordon Bennett of the New York Herald continues to oscillate 11 months in the year between Paris and London; if Joseph Pulitzer of the New York World remains abroad; if Albert Pulitzer of the Morning Journal finds the cateristic delights of Paris more acceptable to his high-toned palate than those of New York city, there will be afforded to close observers and careful ponderers a first-class text as to whether journalism means individualities or a simple business system. There is a theory in the New York Herald office that James Gordon Bennett manages the paper, and that funny little bee buzzes in the commodore's own bonnet, and has for, lo, these many years.

But that's nonsense.

He does nothing of the kind. He interferes, he upsets, now and then he directs, but he never manages. He thinks he does, but he doesn't. I have always contended, as readers of THE GLOBE know full well, that a chief, if not the chief, factor in successful journalism is the loyalty of subordinates to the head of the concern. The men in the office of the Herald are a conspicuous illustration of loyalty, of unswerving fidelity, of most commendable adherence to this significant principle. It is all the more notable because in their case they rarely see, and many of them have never seen, the owner of the paper. He is literally an unknown quantity. He can create and he can destroy, but he can't expect, and doesn't have that affectionate recognition which obtains, for instance, in so marked a degree in the office of the Sun. There Mr. Dana is seen every day by every man. They know him by sight, he knows them by name. They interchange courtesies. His commendations and reproofs are given direct, and his personality is, with them, a charm, an inspiration, a satisfaction. Now the boys in the Herald office are deprived of that, yet I believe there is not an army on the face of this imperial footstool more loyal to its commander-in-chief than the men, high or low, employed in that magnificent outwork, that everlasting monument to the genius of its founder.

Look at the World.

But a few years ago it was

### A Foot Ball of Impecuniosity.

Moses Marble had squeezed it for all it was worth, and retired with enough to live on for the rest of his days. Poor Hurlbut took the squeezed sponge and converting himself into a financial hustler wriggled in and out from one Saturday to another, wondering how he managed to keep even a portion of his head above the waters of disaster. look at it now. The journalistic instinct, the commercial tact, the tremendous vitality of Joseph Pulitzer ran it far ahead of its contemporaries, until concededly it stands, so far as circulation is concerned, in the very van of journalism. Unfortunately illness necessitated Mr. Pulitzer's prolonged absence. That he communicates often, daily in fact, with his lieutenants, is so, and that his ideas permeate the channels that lead to issue is a fact, but no more than Mr. Bennett does he control the literal technical publication seven days in the week. It would be an absurdity to claim any such thing for either of these gentlemen. Look at Albert Pulitzer. He is abroad nineteen-twentieths of the time, and although he, like these others, is in a large degree the proprietor and absolutely responsible conductor of the Morning Journal, every one who knows anything about the publication of a daily newspaper quite thoroughly understands that Albert Pulitzer no more controls and directs the daily issuing of his paper than Joseph Pulitzer of the World and Mr. Bennett of the Herald.

And now Whitelaw Reid?

Yes, and there will be another great organ of public opinion, a significant factor in the victory just won, without a head. I have known and respected, not to use a stronger term, Mr. Reid for 25 years. His correspondence from Washington over the signature of "Agate," was marked by evidences of knowledge of the situation, of inside information as to probable conduct by clarity of judgment and moderation of statement. He won his spurs by hard work, and when dear old Greeley unfortunately trusted the reins of his existence to the hand of his ambition, Mr. Reid was selected as the editor of the Tribune during the disastrous campaign which laid Greeley not only upon the shelf of endeavor, but upon the shelf of that mausoleum whence he ne'er can come again. Fortune favored Mr. Reid in every way. He had always received a good salary. He was always careful of expenditure. He married an estimable lady whose large private fortune became virtually his, and he was indorsed by his wife's father, a many-time millionnaire, and a millionnaire with humanitarian impulses from the top of his head to the sole of his feet, so that when the Tribune, hard up and in trouble, was thrown upon the market, Reid was able to purchase its control. A consistent believer in the Republican creed, an honorable fighter, a straightforward man of affairs, he has come to the front, and deserves all the honor that a party or a people can give him.

What honor can they give?

Will you kindly tell me what statesmen or politicians can do for a man who holds in his own right hand potencies which make and break statesmen and politicians every year? What reward can be given to one who already sits in the seat of power? To what place of preferment can he be asked or conducted, who sits already

### In the Seat of McGregor?

It will not be pretended that money is what he wants. He has more of it today than he knows what to do with. Further professional distinction cannot be earned abroad, and not only that, but so tremendous are the blows of the waves of time that that which he has will, erelong, be forever obliterated from the sands of memory. While in his individuality political tenderings may find a spot to paint and gild, as a journalistic factor, as a foremost representative of this most influential, most potent profession, I should dislike extremely to find Mr. Reid a willing acceptor of political servitude.

But that's not the point.

I have shown that the Herald and the World and the Journal are practically deprived of their heads, and now comes another, the great New York Tribune, whose founder was killed by blows of a political club, and whose editor today stands in peril of being selected to represent the majesty of this great people in Queen Victoria's presence. The Herald, the World, the Journal, the Tribune, four great newspapers, are to be, if rumor is correct, without their responsible conductors, inaccessible by the hundreds of thousands who look to them for aid, for comfort, for counsel, aye and for protection. If also the Commercial of Cincinnati which, I need hardly tell an intelligent New England public, stands high as an interpreter of Republican doctrine and the Indianapolis Journal, whose editor secured beyond question the nomination of Harrison as Republican candidate for president, can also be left without their responsible conductors, what is the inevitable inference?

Do conductors conduct?

Do editors edit?

It would be much easier to answer a third question, do owners own? There is no doubt about that, and in that line of thought, what an interesting and significant compliment to the condition of affairs in the nineteenth century is this fact that owners own. Bennett's father, a man of great brains, established the New York Herald on a foundation as firm as that of the saints of the Lord. Fifty years of successful procedure stamped it as the great American newspaper and the foremost representative of journalistic triumph. Shoulder to shoulder with this half century success stands the New York World. Not perhaps in continental and world around reputation, it would be absurd to claim that, but in circulation and in pecuniary profit. Bennett is away years at a time. In his safe are the evidences of his proprietorship. He comes and goes at will. Others do the work, but the imperial revenues drawn from that never-failing mint belong to him, and him alone. I have heard it said that the profits of the New York World in the last fiscal year were not very far this side of a million dollars. Others do the work, but the owner owns, and when Bennett or Pulitzer comes to this country he comes the unquestioned proprietor.

They walk into their respective offices,

### Conscious of Masterhood.

Jump back a few hundred years and attempt any such programme as that.

Leave your castle, your estate, your harvest fields, your retainers, even for a year at a time, and come back to find—what? That another has usurped your place, and that mailed hands must come together, and the shock of battle be withstood and overcome ere you find entrance to your possessions. Public sentiment concreted means law. The enforcement of law means security, confidence, ease, trust. If Bennett were to stay away 20 years there would be no thought of confiscation. If Pulitzer were to belt the globe a do en times ere he thought of returning, the great wheels of that enormous establishment would keep the track of honest recognition, of legal proprietorship.

But to resume the conduct thought.

THE SUNDAY GLOBE goes into the families of more than 120,000 people. Of that enormous number thousands are familiar with the name of the late A. T. Stewart, and other thousands remember his great stores at the corner of Chambers street and Broadway, and at the corner of Ninth street and Broadway. Every day, year in and year out, the eye of the master took in that great establishment, with all that that implies. His hand was on the pulse of affairs. He knew every person in the employ. He followed every salesman, and often took part in transactions himself. He never failed in daily round. He purchased, he sold, he corresponded, he absolutely dominated the situation, and he brought that mammoth establishment to its grand supremacy from the humblest beginnings, because he gave it his personal attention. He died and the property, at least, went to the devil. That wonderful organization, built up by years, many of them by personal effort, was dissipated in so short a time that it might be called a breath. The head was gone, and the business is divided and subdivided. Even the very name is blotted from the face of the earth. If it was necessary, essential indeed, that that concededly greatest merchant of his age should pay attention to the very details of his work, if, as I presume no one will dispute, his death precipitated disaster, why is it that these other institutions, infinitely greater, infinitely superior, infinitely more essential to the happiness and the prosperity of a great people, can go on and on without their head. If every one of these gentlemen named were to die,

### It Would Make No Earthly Difference.

The journals would be published with the same regularity, with the same degree of interest, and with possibly increased prosperity.

What is there that makes journalism so different from any other calling?

I believe I can come back consistently to the first suggestion, that it is the loyalty of the subordinates to the interest, the opinions, the creed of the journals themselves. As an engineer, master of one of those best exemplifications of omnipotence, a mammoth locomotive, speaks tenderly and affectionately of the huge monster whose forcefulness he utilizes in the interest of people, so newspaper workers feel toward the mighty engines of thought and progress and of enterprise and protection on which they are employed. Men are employed today, in every great city, on newspapers, the proprietors of which they know not, who would as soon think of insulting the mother who bore them as to deprive their employers of the faintest particle of their best endeavor. The loyalty of newspaper subordinates is monumental among the graces of the earth. Tired, drenched, frost-bitten, hungry, thirsty, worn with exposure, exhausted with continued effort, newspaper men work with a better degree of trained mentality, with a better rounded orb of sincere and well-based pride, with a more extraordinary development of even physical potency, than any other class of man that can be named, and it is because that sentiment of loyalty exists in their breasts so absolute, so thorough, so masterful, that nothing save death itself can end it. If these gentlemen named above can risk it, journalism can stand it. If they can afford to utilize the much-desired revenues of these harvest fields, contributing but little even of thought themselves, the harvests will continue to grow, and if these, who may be regarded by the thoughtless as the favored few, are content to see their journalistic robes, worthily won and honorably worn, spotted and soiled by what some call political distinction, the people, fickle, unstable, always ready to shout "the king is dead, long live the king," will stand it also.

HOWARD.

## "DICK" TOWNSHEND DEAD.

### The Well-Known Congressman Passes Away—He Was an Uncompromising Advocate of Tariff Reform.

WASHINGTON, March 9.—Hon. Richard W. Townshend, M.C., of Illinois, and a member of the House committee on ways and means, died at 11.45 today.

Richard A. Townshend, better known as "Dick," was noted in the political arena as being the disciple and follower of Morrison, the free trader, from whom he imbibed all his political opinions. Townshend was born in Maryland in 1840, being a descendant of Charles Townshend, famous for having invented the legislation for taxing the American colonies which led to the revolution. When a boy "Dick" drifted to Washington where he became a page in the House of Representatives. There he attracted the attention of Judge Marshall, who was serving from southern Illinois, who, when his term expired, took young Townshend back to the West with him and started him studying law. After being admitted to the bar, Townshend practiced teaching school for a time, as legal practice was dull.

When Judge Marshall retired, Townshend succeeded him, and was continually re-elected. He was returned successfully from the nineteenth district in the last election, and would doubtless have represented his constituents with his usual ability had not he been seized by a fatal cold just prior to the inaugural ceremonies. He was a staunch Democrat. He was an advocate of Mexican pensions and of tariff reform. He also had rather a vague scheme for an American zollverein, the advocating of which made him more or less famous on the floor. As stated, he was a great admirer and follower of Morrison, whose tariff views he adopted and always enthusiastically advocated. He was a determined supporter of Mr. Mills and his famous bill.

### Restaurant Etiquette.

[Chicago Herald.]

Keep your hat on while you eat.

Plunge into the butter with you own knife.

Never make more than two bites of a slice of bread.

Spread out your elbow so as to annoy your neighbor.

The napkin, properly considered, is not a handkerchief.

If your butter plate is empty dab into the man's nearest by.

If the waiter is inattentive knock loudly with your knife on your glass.

Always eat with your knife. Grasp it firmly and sink it into your throat to the hilt.

Suck your soup slowly out of your spoon. It makes more noise and attracts attention.

If you haven't had your hat on, knock down several hats in taking yours from the rack.

Don't unbutton your vest. It would indicate that you are addicted to the bad habit of over-eating.

Don't call the waiter to hand you the salt. Knock over your neighbor's coffee in trying to reach for it yourself.

Don't forget to pay at the desk. You might be unable to convince the cashier that it was a case of mere forgetfulness.

Eat as rapidly as possible, and at every mouthful scrape the plate with your knife. It sets people's teeth on edge.

If you are pretty well acquainted with the waiter, and tip him occasionally, you may be able to get him to give you a 20-cent check for a 50-cent meal.

### Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street, New York city, will receive the receipt free of charge.

# DRUNK WITH BRIBERY.

## The Country Rotten with the Monster Gin.

### Yet Dr. Talmage Finds There Are Men Who Cannot be Bought.

### High Time to Preach Gospel Morals as Well as Gospel Faith.

BROOKLYN, March 10.—At the Tabernacle this morning, 6000 voices, supported by organ and cornet, rolled out the hymn beginning:

N'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got thy crown.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached the sermon. His subject was, "Wrong Uses of Money," and his text, 1 Timothy, vi. 9: "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition."

That is the Niagara Falls, over which rush a multitude of souls, namely, the determination to have money anyhow, right or wrong. Tell me how a man gets his money and what he does with it, and I will tell you his character and what will be his destiny in this world and the next. I propose to speak this morning about some of the ruinous modes of getting money.

We recently passed through a national election in which it has been estimated that $30,000,000 were expended. I think about $20,000,000 of it were spent in out and out bribery. Both parties raised all they could for this purpose. But that was only on a large scale what has been done on a smaller scale for 50 years and in all departments.

Politics from being the science of good government has often been bedraggled into the synonym for truculency and turpitude. A monster sin, plausible, potent, pestiferous, has gone forth to do its dreadful work in all ages. Its two hands are rotten with leprosy. It keeps its right hand hidden in a deep pocket. The left hand is clinched, and

### With its Ichorous Knuckle

it taps at the door of the court room, the legislative hall, the congress and the parliament. The door swings open and the monster enters, and glides through the aisle of the council chamber as softly as a slippered page, and then it takes its right hand from its deep pocket and offers it in salutation to judge or legislator. If that hand be taken, and the palm of the intruder cross the palm of the official, the leprosy crosses from palm to palm in a round blotch, round as a gold eagle, and the virus spreads, and the doom is fixed, and the victim perishes. Let bribery, accursed of God and man, stand up for trial.

The Bible arraigns it again and again. Samuel says of his two sons who became judges, "They took bribes and perverted judgment." David says of some of his pursuers, "Their right hand is full of bribes." Amos says of some men in his day, "They take a bribe and turn aside the poor in the gate." Eliphaz foretells the crushing blow of God's indignation, declaring "Fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery."

The black chapter in English, Irish, French and American politics is the chapter of bribery. Some of you remember the Pacific mail subsidies. Most of you remember the awful tragedy of the Credit Mobilier. Under the temptation to bribery Benedict Arnold sold the fort in the Highlands for $31,575. For this sin Gorgey betrayed Hungary, Ahithophel forsook David and Judas kissed Christ. When I see so many of the illustrious going down under this temptation, it makes me think of the red dragon spoken of in Revelation, with seven heads and 10 horns and seven crowns, drawing a third part of the stars of heaven down after him. The lobbies of the legislatures of this country control the country. The land is drunk with bribery.

"Oh," says some one, "there's no need of talking against bribery by promise or by dollars, because every man has his price." I do not believe it. Even heathenism and the dark ages have furnished specimens of incorruptibility.

The President of the American Congress during the American revolution, General Reed, was offered 10,000 guineas by foreign commissioners if he would betray this country. He replied: "Gentlemen, I am a very poor man, but tell your king he is not rich enough to buy me." But why go so far, when you and I, if we move in honorable society, know men and women who by all the concentrated force of earth and hell could not be bribed. They would no more be bribed than you would think of tempting an angel of light to exchange heaven for the pit. To offer a bribe is villainy, but it is a very poor compliment to the man to whom it is offered.

I have not much faith in those people who go about bragging how much they could get if they would only sell out. Those women who complain that they are very often insulted need to understand that there is something in their carriage

### To Invite Insult.

There are men at Albany and at Harrisburg and at Washington who would no more be approached by a bribe than a pirate boat with a few cutlasses would dare to attack a British man-of-war with two banks of guns on each side loaded to the touch-hole.

My charge also to parents is, remember that this evil of bribery often begins in the home circle and in the nursery. Do not bribe your children. Teach them to do that which is right, and not because of the 10 cents or the orange you will give them.

My charge is to you, in all departments of life, steer clear of bribery, all of you. Every man and woman at some time will be tempted to do wrong for compensation. The bribe may not be offered in money. It may be offered in social position. Let us remember that there is a day coming when the most secret transaction of private and of public life will come up for public reprehension.

"Fie!" said Cardinal Beauford, "fie! can't death be hired? is money nothing? must I die, and so rich? if the owning of the whole realm would save me, I could get it by policy or by purchase—by money." No, death would not be hired then; he will not be hired now. Men of the world often regret that they have to leave their money here when they go away from the world. You can tell from what they say in their last hours that one of their chief sorrows is that they have to leave their money. I break that delusion. I tell that bribe-taker that he will take his money with him. God will wrap it up in your shroud, or put it in the palm of your hand in resurrection, and there it will lie, not the cool, bright, shining gold as it was on the day when you sold your vote and your moral principle, but there it will lie a hot metal, burning and consuming your hand forever. Or, if there be enough of it for a chain, then it will fall from the wrist, clanking the fetters of an eternal captivity. You take it for time, you take it for eternity. Some day in the next world, when you are longing for sympathy, you will

### Feel on Your Cheek a Kiss.

Looking up you will find it to be Judas, who took thirty pieces of silver as a bribe, and finished the bargain by putting an infamous kiss on the pure cheek of his divine Master.

Another wrong use of money is seen in the adsea of the trust funds. How many widows and orphans there are with nothing between them and starvation but a sewing machine, or held up out of the vortex of destruction simply by the thread of a needle, red with their own heart's blood, who a little while ago had, by father and husband, left them a competency. What is the matter? The administrators or the executors have sacrificed it—running risks with it that they would not have dared to encounter in their private affairs.

There ought to be a closer inspection, and there ought to be less opportunity for embezzlement. Lest a man shall take a five-cent piece that does not belong to him, the conductor on the city horse car must sound his bell at every payment, and we are very cautious about small offences, but but give plenty of opportunity for sinners on a large scale to escape.

Another remark needs to be made, and that is that people ought not to go into places, into business or into positions where the temptation is mightier than their character. If there be large sums of money to be handled, and the man is not sure of his own integrity, you have no right to run an unseaworthy craft into a euroclydon. A man can tell by the sense of weakness or strength in the presence of a bad opportunity whether he is in a safe place. How many

### Parents Make an Awful Mistake

when they put their boys in banking houses and stores, and shops and factories, and places of solemn trusts, without once discussing whether they can endure the temptation.

Oh! is it not high time that we preached the morals of the gospel, right beside the faith of the gospel? Mr. Froude, the celebrated English historian, has written of his own country these remarkable words: "From the great house in the city of London to the village grocer, the commercial life of England has been saturated with fraud. So deep has it gone that a strictly honest tradesman can hardly hold his ground against competition. Many hundreds of sermons have I heard in England, many a dissertation on the mysteries of the faith, on the divine mission of the clergy, on bishops and justification, and the theory of good works and verbal inspiration, and the efficacy of the sacraments; but, during all these thirty wonderful years, never one that I can recollect,

### On Common Honesty.

Now, that may be an exaggerated statement of things in England, but I am very certain that in all parts of the earth we need to preach the moralities of the gospel right along beside the faith of the gospel.

Ah, my friends, be honest before God, be honest before your fellow-men, be honest before your soul. If there be those here who have wandered away, come back, come home, come now, one and all, not one exception in all the assemblage, come into the kingdom of God. Come back on the right track. The door of mercy is open, and the infinite heart of God is full of compassion. Come home! Come home!

I am glad some one has set to music that scene in August of 1881, when a young girl saved from death a whole rail train of passengers. . . . But every street is a track, and every style of business is a track, and every night is a track, and multitudes under the power of temptation come sweeping on and sweeping down toward perils raging and terrific. God help us to go out and stop the train. Let us throw some signal. Let us give some warning. By the throne of God let us flash some influence to stop the downward progress. Beware! Beware! The bridge is down, the chasm is deep and the lightnings of God set all the night of sin on fire with this warning: "He, that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."

## THE AMERICAN PIE.

### Mrs. Greene Explains How to Make it so that it May Not be so Very Deadly After All—Apple Puffs and Other Delicacies Discussed.

Pastry making was the subject of Mrs. Greene's lecture at the Y. M. C. A. School of Domestic Economy last week, the lesson being a continuation of that given last week.

There are several points on which success in pastry making depends:

First—Have pastry flour to use.

Second—Have the shortening as cold as possible.

Third—Keep all the materials cold while making the pastry. Do not bring the butter from the refrigerator and allow it to stand a long time in a hot room before using.

Fourth—Use in water for mixing the dough.

Fifth—Don't let the pastry get warm while mixing. Mix in a cool place.

Sixth—Let the pastry stand in a cold place before cooking.

Seventh—Put into a very hot oven.

Eighth—Handle the whole as little as possible.

Mrs. Greene said she did not approve of pastry, but Americans were wedded to their pies, and must have them. The sugar, fruit, spices, etc., used in making an apple pie might be better employed in some other way. However, a plain apple pie might be made so that it would not be so very harmful. The crust should be brown, tender and sweet; the under crust should be not sodden, but dry and crusty.

### A Plain Apple Pie.

Take 1½ cups sifted pastry flour, ¼ teaspoonful salt, ½ teaspoonful cream of tarter, ¼ teaspoonful soda; mix all these dry ingredients together. Mix in carefully ⅓ cup of butter, using only the tips of the fingers very carefully. Mix with ice water, using a knife and mixing lightly. Make as quickly as possible into a ball of dough, cutting through and through and shaping till there is no more flour and butter in the bowl. It will take about a third of a cup of water.

This amount of crust will make a large pie. Take half for the under crust and half for the upper. Use just as little flour as possible in rolling out the dough. Give the lump a few little "pats" with the rolling pin at first to help in shaping it. Roll as nearly as possible in the shape of the plate, fold the dough over and lay on the plate, then spread out and press down gently with the forefinger so as to press out all the air beneath the dough. Trim off the dough so that about half an inch remains all around the edge overhanging the plate. Lay the apples, cut in slices, smoothly and evenly on the plate. To half a cup of sugar add a saltspoonful of nutmeg and the same of cinnamon; scatter evenly over the pie. Add a little lemon juice also, especially in the spring, when apples are apt to be tasteless. Be sure to put sugar and spice around the edges. Turn the edge of the pie crust left overhanging the edge up over the apples, and wet it with white of egg or a little water, using the tips of the fingers for the purpose.

Take the remaining half of the dough and roll out, using as little flour as possible in the process. Fold over, cut holes to let out the steam, and lay over the pie. Press down firmly around the edges and trim off evenly. With the blade of a knife and the fingers go around the pie, pressing the edges of the crust together firmly and at same time lifting a little from the plate.

Bake for 25 minutes.

Some people let cold water run over the surface of the pie just before putting into the oven. It is supposed to make the crust a little more flaky.

Use earthen plates for pies, unless the oven bakes badly on the bottom; then tin or granite ware is preferable, as they heat through more quickly than the earthen plates. Watch the latter, lest they get rancid.

### A Little Richer Pastry.

If the top crust is desired a little richer, butter may be rolled in, in this way: Make the dough into a rectangle; then scatter bits of butter over the middle and fold the side edges over till they meet in the middle. Then fold one end, for one-third of the length and fold again, so that it is in three equal folds.

### Apple Puffs.

Take small pieces of dough and roll out in rectangular shape. Put a spoonful of nicely cooked and seasoned apple in the middle, and fold over the side edges over the apple. Then bake in a hot oven.

Another way to make good plain pastry is to cover the dough with bits of dough and roll up like a jelly roll. Then cut off portions for use from the end of this roll.

### Puff Paste.

Take a pound of butter to a quart of flour. Wash butter in a chilled bowl till it is waxy. Divide in four parts, and pat out into rectangles. Lay away in a napkin, and let it get thoroughly chilled. Add a teaspoonful of salt to the flour. Mix in one portion of the butter into the flour, and mix with a cup of ice water.

Roll the dough into a long, narrow rectangle. Roll out another portion of the butter and fold it into the dough as directed above. Roll out and add another portion of the butter, and so on, until all is used. Then chill the dough.

Fold and roll out as many times as you wish, each folding and rolling making so many layers with air between. In baking this air expands and raises the layers, one from another. This makes puff paste light.

Chill the dough before it is baked.

In making patties, little circles of stale bread, put in the middle, will keep the dough from rising and filling the centre of the patties.

If puff paste once becomes thoroughly warmed through it is spoiled, and no amount of chilling will ever bring it back again.

### Crumbs of Wisdom.

Doughnuts, cookies, etc., are much nicer if mixed up some time before being cooked. Doughnuts are especially good if kneaded up over night.

Tea, cloves and allspice were variously recommended by members of Mrs. Greene's class as flavorings for apple pies. Mace is good also.

Flour may be used instead of butter on the pie-plates.

The juice may run out of pies because there is too much filling, or because the apple cuts through the under crust, or because the vents for the steam in the top crust are not large enough.

A demonstration lecture on cake making and frosting will be given by Mrs. Greene at the Y. W. C. A. rooms Saturday morning, between 10 and 12 a. m.

JEAN KINCAID.

### Cold Weather Hints.

[Chicago Herald.]

Don't lie about your thermometer.

If you can't get a pair of ear muffs big enough to fit you order a pair made to order.

Zeros that none are praising is not a permissible chestnut even in the coldest weather.

Don't stop to look at the drug store thermometers. You will feel a great deal colder if you do.

Warm your feet before going to bed. Cold feet are held by the courts to be a sufficient ground for divorce.

Don't allow any other man's thermometer to beat yours. If Brown says it was 10° below by his, say it was 15° below by yours.

Don't buy sealskin gloves and cap unless your wife has a sealskin sack. Thoughtlessness of this kind has been known to lead to serious domestic trouble.

Protect your nose at all hazards. A frozen nose looks red and bulbous, and subjects a man to mortifying suspicions regarding the temperate character of his habits.

If the signal service reports weather not as cold by 10 or 15 degrees as shown by your thermometer (as it is certain to do) call the signal service man a rascal and a liar.

To prevent your water pipes from freezing run the furnace as hard as it can go. You can better afford to buy a few fresh tons of coal than pay a plumber for an hour's work.

Remember that hot Scotches and Tom and Jerries are inebriating as well as warming. This is important. Persons who have overlooked this fact have often had reason to regret it.

# THE FASHION NOW.

## New Colors for Spring Wearing.

### Cloaks for the Season—A Pretty Gown for the Empress of Russia.

### Gold, Silver and Crystal for the Sideboard—Trinkets for the Toilet.

"Der Confectionair," the organ of the Berlin manufacturers of wearing apparel for ladies, has the following notes on new styles, colors etc.:

A number of new colors have been introduced, which the confection industry, that formerly worked only in black, must now take into account. Principal among them are the green shades, although bronze shades will doubtless be preferred later on in the season. Then certain red shades are in favor, sand and leather colors, and oxide gray. The green shades comprise the following: Empire green, a shimmering yellowish green; olive green, nettle green, moss green, serpent and emerald. In brown shades we have the new punch color—a golden brown—and hazel nut. A favorite color is cinnamon brown, with a reddish glitter. Another brownish color is Liebig, imitating, of course, that of the beef extract. A reddish brown shade is called Vesuvius. Among the red shades the dull ones predominate; coral red, salmon, amazon red, sealing wax, and, in contrast to this, a blood red (ox blood). It must be remarked, however, that some of these colors go more to make up the collection of samples than to serve any practical purpose. Among these may be especially mentioned a few blue tones, paper blue, electric blue, hussar and sapphire.

Fashion, too, brings us a surprise in the way of large checked stuffs, both for dresses and confections. Some of these checks are as large as the hand, and are in light and dark ground colors. "Chessboard" checks are also in the field.

Large buttons are the rage, owing to the Directoire styles. For jackets and cloth paletots smooth cloth buttons are generally used; but for dresses and costumes they are of fine polished wood, metal, horn and mother-of-pearl—some of them real works of art in their way, especially the white iridescent or the black mother-of-pearl.

### A Paris Correspondent,

who has been visiting Worth's, gives a description of a few dresses there. A toilet for the empress of Russia is very gorgeous. The overdress is of polar blue and Sevres blue brocade, edged completely with blue fox, and opens on a taille and dress of turquoise blue moire. Stripes of foxskin are on the front taille. The brocade train is six metres long and trimmed with fur. Sleeves are completely absent, long gray gloves of Swedish leather taking their place. Princess Marie has an orange-colored plush dress, trimmed with sable. The Queen of Portugal has cream-colored plush, embroidered with gold and trimmed with peacock feathers.

Green would seem to be the most fashionable color for silks and woollen stuffs, and there are 16 shades of it, but street costumes are only in the dark shades, Russian, bottle, moss, absinthe, myrtle and swamp green, and in a few shades approaching olive. For society dresses, gray-green shades—tea, reseda, Nile green and light poplar and apple green for ball costumes. In gray there are eight shades, from shimmering silver to bluish slate, and for walking dresses steel, stone, mouse and elephant gray will be mostly used. In blue there is also great variety, the most popular being sky, paper, kings, soldier and marine. In red we have rust and copper red shades, and coral and in pink, the finest shades of peach blossoms. Browns are less in favor, but the dark shades of drab, as well as beaver and coffee brown, are much used. There is a decided tendency to use one-colored stuffs, while stuff of another color is generally used only for trimming. Black is mostly used for facings and trimmings.

### For the "House Beautiful"

our silversmiths have contributed many articles that can hardly fail to prove "joys forever." There are jewel caskets and flower baskets, bon-bon receptacles, water pitchers and vases, that are worthy of individual and elaborate description. Among the former are ingenious and faithful copies in silver of braided basket work; then there are beautiful cameo boxes and vases mounted on silver stands, in rustic pattern. For long-stemmed flowers are rock crystal and Bohemian glass vases, in long cylinder shapes, set in a groundwork of silver leaves.

Dresden and Sevres wares are decidedly fashionable for boudoir and drawing-rooms that are furnished in the prevailing French styles; clocks and candlesticks being favorite objects.

Cut glass salad bowls, with silver mounts, divide favor with choice porcelain ones similarly finished.

A novelty for the table is an escalloped butter shell with a glass lining.

A new crumb scoop has an ivory handle, with an engraved silver blade.

Those wise and excellent journals, the Jewellers' Circular and the Jewellers' Review, say, moreover, on the subject of

### Trinkets and Jewels That

antique and applique bonbonieres are "first favorites."

Hammered gold butterflies are coming into fashion.

New chatelaine bags, seen occasionally, have a covering of rich filmy silver.

A favorite hat pin is a cut steel ball mounted upon a black enamel stem.

Little whips with the braided lash wound around a gem-set handle, are to be seen in silver as well as gold, and make novel lace pins.

The latest novelty in thimbles is an embroidered pattern made of fine gold and silver. Another new design is a plain body with a beaded edge.

Instead of silver belts, now so popular with the "fair creation," girdles of the same material, richly woven, are being adopted by au fait leaders of fashion.

Strikingly odd as a broach is a target made of variegated gold, from the centre of which protrudes an arrow, while suspended by a frail gold chain is a quiver full of arrows.

Some of the most prominent among society ladies are adopting the fashion of wearing a broad band of heavy incrusted gold attached to a comb fixed on the coil at the back of the head.

There is an infinite variety of patterns shown in lockets. There are all-gold ones, all-silver ones, enamelled ones and gem-set ones. No special form is recognized as the only true one for the locket, though oblong and round shapes prevail. There are quite pretty little affairs shaped like a shell, an almond and a book.

The babies have not been forgotten in this season's novelties, as witness a new batch of silver rattles recently turned out of the factory. One of these infant soothers is a silver fluted, flattened globe, which revolves in ivory-handled shafts. Another is a curiously-wrought piece of oxidized silver, upon one side of which is cunningly inscribed, apparently in a child's handwriting, "Who Killed Cock Robin?" and on the opposite side, "Jennie Wren." Still another cute little toy is a long oxidized silver piccolo with six keys, upon which is written, "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son." At the end is suspended a small bunch of rattles.

## SHE'S ONLY SEVEN.

### A Remarkable Little Girl Who Does Man's Work in Dakota.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

Nearly every paper I have read lately has an article about the brave little girl of Lake county, Dak., who ploughed 40 acres of ground. It was a grand thing for a girl only 12 years of age to do, but I think the following will discount it: C. M. Hutchinson had charge of my farm in Deuel county, Dak., in 1887, and his daughter Maud, only 7 years old at the time, drove a team and did her share of the work in stacking over 500 acres of hay and grain. We ran from three to five teams every day, and she would drive a load to the stack, change teams, drive back to the field and change teams, driving a different team every time. Some of the teams were not very gentle, but she managed them as well as any of the men. At one time while hauling hay the load slipped off, throwing her under it. She crawled out, overtook the team, caught the lines that were dragging on the ground, turned the team around, drove back to the hay on the ground, unhitched the team took one of the horses and road back to the field, got help to come and load the hay, and drove to the barn as though nothing had happened. If you can find a girl of 7 years old that has displayed more sand and good horse sense than she did on this occasion I will throw up the sponge.

### Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 149 Power's block, Rochester, N. Y.

# MIGHT OF MELODY.

## Rabbi Schindler's Sunday Discourse.

### Influence of Music on Thought Eloquently Portrayed.

### Laws of Harmony as Understood by the Ancients and Moderns.

The re-occurrence of events or the repetition of some phenomenon has a tendency to dull the forces of our minds instead of sharpening them. The most wonderful occurrences if they become commonplace dull our senses. We become accustomed to them so that we cease thinking about them and accept them as facts which are not surprising at all.

Were it not that our senses and our cogitative forces were dulled through repetition and the acquaintance and familiarity with an occurrence, we should surely stand still bewildered and in wonderment whenever music comes to our conception through our sense of hearing. Just think of it for a moment and break the narcotic force with which our acquaintance with the fact has put to sleep our perception. Through some contrivance the ocean of air surrounding us is put in motion, and is made to vibrate. These vibrations of the air press in form of waves upon the tender membranes of our ears, and the effect is brought to our consciousness; but although it disappears with its cause, it still leaves behind in our soul a force which stirs our emotions, produces joy or sorrow, makes us glad or sad, inspires us with courage or effeminates us and thus not only disturbs the equilibrium of the world within us, but exerts an influence even upon the formation of our thoughts. What a stupendous wonder! Who has ever been able to explain why a piece of music written in a major key has an exhilarating effect upon us, while, when written in a minor key, it makes us sad? Who has ever been able to explain why the sound of the trumpet or of the drum arouses our pugnacity, while the sweet tones of a flute or of a stringed instrument make us peaceful and amorous? Who has ever been able to explain why or how certain waves of air leave one kind of impression upon our mind, while another wave of air has exactly an opposite tendency upon us? And when we go one step further and think of the effect which both the rhythm and the harmony have upon us, our bewilderment still becomes increased. Two notes when played together will sometimes have a disagreeable effect upon us because, as we call it, they do not form a harmony, but not sooner is a third tone added when the unpleasantness is removed and a pleasurable effect produced. Indeed music is one of the greatest wonders which the world has to offer, and if we desire to obtain a glimpse of the greatness of God, we need not wait for the time when we shall be removed from this earth to join, as the common expression has it, the heavenly chorus of hosts of angels which sing the praise of the Almighty, but by merely contemplating the wonder of music here on earth, by merely bestowing a thought upon the miraculous power which music exerts upon our soul, we will learn to adore the Most High, to revere and worship Him.

Music began with the very first glimpses of an advanced human civilization, at least records in regard to it begin to accumulate only from that time. This, however, does not exclude the possibility and probability that even at a lower stage of human culture music has not appeared in one form or the other among men, and the war songs and dances of uncivilized nations, and the crude instruments with which they produce some noise that had an exhilarating effect upon them seen to offer a proof of it. The earliest records speak of musicians as of divinely inspired persons, and a power is attributed to their primitive efforts far beyond that which even the most perfect music of today could exert. It is said that both animate and inanimate nature would yield to their charms, that the trees would dance to the strains of their tunes, and the most savage animals would peacefully lie down at the feet of the musician. Yea, even rocks were said to have yielded to the enchanting influence of music. A Greek legend tells that the walls of a city were raised through a musician who forced the stones to move and to place themselves in the requisite order. All fables like those which were current in regard to Apollo, to Arion or to Orpheus, contain the one truth, viz: That the force and the influence of music upon the mind not only of human beings, but even upon that of animals, was acknowledged, and that music was as much of a wonder in those ancient times as it is today.

Whenever we are told of the beautiful music with which the renowned artists of the past have charmed their audiences, we must take such statements not only with one grain of salt, but with a good dose of that spicy article. The Orpheus of antiquity would be reduced in our days perhaps to the position of an itinerant street musician, unless the genius of the man would have developed under present opportunities; but to believe that these artists of old have never been surpassed is merely a fallacy. It is a similar error to speak of the excellent music which was performed by the Levites and priests in the ancient Temple of Jerusalem. It is absurd merely to compare it with musical performances of today. The lack of musical instruments, the want of a musical system, and the imperfection in writing the visible signs of tunes for each performer, must have made a concert impossible, not to speak of the ignorance of the laws of music which then must have prevailed. Of all the instruments used in the Temple, and of which descriptions are contained in ancient literature, only one instrument has survived and has come to us in fact. It is the ram's horn, or the shofar, and if this is a fair specimen of the instruments with which the Temple orchestra was furnished, our estimation of Temple music (with all due respect to our ancestors) cannot be a very exalted one. Nevertheless this very music, imperfect as it must have been, has produced that great change in thought which placed the Jewish nation above all others in spirituality. If our records are correct, King David was a lover of music. He is said to have been a musician himself. His position at the head of the nation enabled him to give to his hobby the widest possible range. He introduced music as a means of worship, and whatever the defects of music then may have been it proved effective and worked marvellously upon the thoughts of the nation. It was the poetry and the singing which, introduced and fostered by the Davidian house, preserved the monotheistic idea in the small kingdom of Juda, and furthermore planted the higher concaptions of God. It taught the lesson that God should be approached rather in spirit, as represented by words of prayer or by hymn of praise rather than by sacrifices, and while still for hundreds of years the altar was ablaze with fire, which carried in columns of smoke the donations of the pious worshipper heavenwards, the idea grew stronger and stronger that God prefers the devout prayer and the hymn of praise to sacrifices, the relics of a still more barbarous age.

That in small Palestine the art of music must not have reached a high standard is proven by the fact that when the events of the time opened its confines and made it a part of the Roman Empire it could not compete with the productions of the same art performed by other nations. We find that with the revival of Judaism, with the re-entrance of the Israelites into life, a number of musicians and musical artists arose among them, that a certain genius manifested itself among them for this art, and that through the music of all composers of Jewish origin there vibrates and rings a certain thought, a certain idea which we in vain seek in the works of other musical writers. If I should describe this thought I would say that it comprises the great woe which through centuries of persecution has tormented the Jewish heart. The reform movement in our days began with the introduction of music, and even not longer that 15 years ago when it occurred to some Boston Israelites that they had remained behind their time, that they, too, should hasten to join the reform movement, and they thought and believed that the introduction of an organ and a choir into their synagogue would be all that was needed for the establishment of what was then called "Reform."

It is a well-known and undisputed fact that Christianity takes a somber and a rather pessimistic view of life, that it considers this world as imperfect, as a vale of misery into which to be born is rather a curse than a blessing, and from which to escape and to be saved ought to be the only prayer of man; but whether this somber aspect of life has produced a music which stands in conformity with it, or whether it has been created, or at least strengthened by the accidental invention of a musical instrument, the organ, cannot now be ascertained and will forever remain debatable. The organ was a Greek invention. The exact date when the first came in use is unknown. "In the presence of Mars, the muses are silent," says an old proverb, and not before the times of Charles the Great do we hear that music has been made a means of worship in most churches. He is said to have received from the Calif, Haren Al Rashid, an organ, and strange to say the embassador who carried the present to the king was a Jew. It is furthermore said that the great king imported Italian singers to France and Germany and established church choirs. Whatever impressions instrumental music may make upon the emotional part of our minds, there is but one instrument which is able to arouse in us the sentiment of devotion and to awaken in us the religious spirit which teaches us our humbleness and nothingness, and this instrument is the organ. As long as the idea will prevail that a church or a temple is a place wherein we are to be taught this inferiority, wherein we are to dwell upon the nothingness of man, wherein to learn how to depend upon Him alone who is the master of the whole universe and the ruler of our destinities, so long will the organ be the most appropriate instrument to tune our thoughts through the emotional parts of our system to such a pitch.

Music was the mother of history, a fact which a great many may not know and therefore not be willing to concede, still the oldest records that have come to us have survived merely through the fact that the deeds of great men had been made the themes of their songs by the bards of old. Lyric effusions delivered in form of songs immortalized the heroes of old. The singer who at the same time was the poet would travel from hamlet to hamlet, from town to town, welcomed at every fireside, and thus he would spread the fame of the hero or of the statesman. The first historians took their material from the songs current among the people, and even the Bible refers back to songs that must have circulated among the people long before the first writer composed the first chapter of it.

If we should not be ready to accept the theory of the influence of music upon thought, we ought surely to be ready to concede at least a mutuality between music and thought. Either a war-like nation produces a martial music, songs of war, or the accident that in a nation such instruments abound that appeal to their pugnacious spirit, makes them a war-like nation. It is an undoubted fact that the Marseillaise was instrumental in bringing about the French revolution, and that the strains of this celebrated song not only inspired the Frenchmen of that period to sacrifice their lives for their country, but that even in our days its charm has not entirely lost its force upon them. When Germany sighed under the yoke of Napoleon the songs of Arndt and Koerner revived the spirit of the nations. Under the strains of that music were the battles of Leipsic fought and won and the French yoke broken.

Taking all this together, the great lesson comes to us that whereas music is such a great force, able to sway our very thoughts, we should not neglect to cultivate it, we should not neglect to make our minds receptive to its influences. Observing that by cultivating music we cultivate our thoughts, we should allow ourselves to be led on by it to our highest aspirations. We should learn to make this mysterious force still more serviceable to our needs, and employ it to move us according to the ends we have in view. In moments of joy we should place ourselves under the influence of exhilarating music. Earnest reflection should be preceded by music that would answer the purpose. In times of sadness mournful strains should bring us consolation. Music, and the best music, should be a companion to us, an inspiration, and above all a revelation of divine might, grace and love. What the sun is to the eye, such should music be to the ear, and as we enjoy the light of the sun broken into its various but harmonious shades, thus should every harmony bring to us the greeting of an all-loving Father and a message from him who has created this world for beneficent purposes, who has given this earth as a habitation to us, and who takes pleasure in the pleasure and well-being of his children.

# IN DREAMLAND.

## Yale Men and Others With Queer Experiences of Undoubted Authenticity.

[New Haven News.]

In 1882 a society was formed in England known as the English Society for Psychical Research. Its object was to establish a reason for the remarkable coincidences which have been recorded between incidents and the dreams or hallucinations of persons affected by them. After several years of research the society decided that the ratio ran infinity to one that these coincidences were not the result of chance. They are satisfied that such coincidences are caused by thought transference or some interchange of mind between the person affected and the person who has the dream or hallucination.

In 1887 the American Society for Psychical Research was formed, with headquarters in Boston. The members of the American society are confident that the conclusion of the English psychologists is true, but think that they have somewhat over-estimated the probabilities. They are therefore conducting a careful research, and from the result will attempt to theorize the connecting link between the minds of persons who are distinct from one another.

For the determination of this it is desired to learn the number of persons who have ever had vivid dreams or hallucinations, the number whose dreams coincided with real events, and the number who have never experienced such dreams. The conditions under which these things occur is the normal condition, and is closely connected with that under which mesmerism occurs.

Mesmerism is an influence of one mind upon another which makes the conditions abnormal and develops a single sense to a remarkable acuteness. A person may be mesmerized so that he cannot see or feel, but the lowest whisper can be heard plainly at a great distance. It is in studying the phenomenon of mesmerism and comparing it with the phenomena connected with dreams that psychologists hope to effect a complete demonstration of what is now very mysterious.

Mr. Gale, Yale, '85, is the local agent of the American society. His investigations are carried on largely among the students, but any outside facts which are obtained are gladly investigated. Last year about 1000 answers were received. Of this number about 13 per cent. had had dreams or hallucinations, and in quite a number of cases had coincided with actual incidents. A great many of those who have had dreams which have come true object to giving the details on account of their painfulness. It is a noteworthy fact that in the large majority of cases these dreams are connected with painful incidents, and this fact carries out the often mentioned idea that trouble is the strongest bond between kindred minds.

A very good example of the cases which have come to the attention of Mr. Gale is that of an academic student who has a brother in a government position on one of the islands off the coast of China.

Some time ago the student dreamed that his brother was attacked by the natives. Every detail of the attack and the circumstances connected with it were vividly portrayed to his mind. A few days later a cablegram was received stating that the brother had been seriously injured in a native insurrection. Later news of the fight detailed it just as the student had seen it in his dream.

In another case a theological student saw, in a dream, an accident to a friend. The friend was out hunting when he tripped and fell and the gun was accidentally discharged, inflicting fatal injuries. The very next morning a dispatch from home informed him of the death of his friend under precisely these circumstances.

A prominent New Haven gentleman experienced an hallucination which is interesting to the psychologist and which is devoid of the usual painful features. The gentleman was engaged to a young lady, whose father was an invalid. He had been taken to Boston for treatment, and the gentleman had never seen him or his picture. Coming down stairs one morning he glanced into the parlor. On a lounge he saw a gentleman reclining. His features were careworn and gave every evidence of a harrowing disease. The condition of the quilts which were spread over the invalid, and his distressed appearance, made a very vivid impression upon the gentleman.

A moment later, while standing on the steps waiting for a car, he he saw through the window the same scene. In the evening he called upon his fiancee and was surprised to learn that her father had returned. Entering another room, he was still further surprised to see before him just what he had seen in the morning. The careworn expression, the beard, and even the folds of the quilt were reproduced in the minutest detail. Inquiry at his boarding house showed that what he had seen in the morning had been an hallucination.

One of the most startling occurrences in this line comes from the eastern part of the State. A husband and wife residing in a manufacturing town suddenly disappeared. Letters came for them and were not called for.

Shortly after the mother of the woman came to the village looking for her daughter. No one knew their whereabouts, and the woman, accompanied by the authorities, proceeded to a secluded place in the woods where the body of her daughter was found buried. She stated that a few weeks previous she had a very distressing dream, in which she saw her daughter drowned in the millpond by her husband, who took the body into the woods and buried it.

The time of her dream coincided with the disappearance of the couple, and although legal proceedings could not be brought on such evidence no one doubted the guilt of the husband.

This story is also told of an aged woman in Connecticut, whose only son was in the army during the rebellion. She died suddenly, and in a few days the death of her son was announced. It occurred on the same day as that of his mother. The poet, after relating the death of the son in battle, continues:

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth,
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat
Without a murmur, without a cry.
And a bell was tolled in that far-off town
For one who had passed from cross to crown,
And the neighbors wondered that she should die.

Thus in his verse Longfellow carried out the psychologist's idea of thought transference.

### Worst of All Is "To Dr. Jones, Dr."

[San Francisco Wasp.]

What a difference it makes whether you put "Dr." before or after a name.

# FASHION'S FADS.

## What to Wear and When to Wear It.

### Spring Styles for Masculine Members of the Human Race.

### The Absolutely Correct and Elegant Thing in Fabrics, Colors and Designs.

"Clothes make the man, the want of them the fellow," and hence the nicer the clothes the nicer the man. It used to be said that Americans didn't know how to dress, that they showed no taste, no chic, no elegance, either in choice of patterns or in make-up; that you could tell an American as far as you could see him by the "loudness" of his dress. This charge, which really never had much foundation in fact, is heard less and less every year, under the levelling influence of international fashions, until now no one would pretend that he could pick out the American from any group of well-dressed men of different nationalities. Those who have good tailors will look nattier this spring than ever before, for the patterns, weaves and designs of the fabrics are neater and more attractive, while the styles to be worn are as becoming as can be imagined.

The most fashionable colors for spring and summer will be blues of several dark shades for plain goods and many new shades of blue gray mixtures for fancy fabrics. There are so many of these new tints and shades that the most whimsical taste can be suited.

#### What Kind of Goods to Wear.

The favorite styles of goods will range from neat checks to prominent plaids, but there will be nothing noisy or pronounced. The most fashionable men's suits will be quietly genteel, the harmonious combinations of color and the interweaving of the lines in the checks and plaids giving them a most attractive appearance. Stripes of various widths ranging from neat hair lines to very wide will be used for trousers, although not so generally as last year.

In fancy suitings plaids and overplaids will be the most popular, although fancy worsteds in dark, neat styles, with a good proportion of medium colors in small stripes and checks will be frequently seen. Among the other fabrics that will be allowable are fancy cheviots and homespuns, blarneys in pinhead effects and macgregors. If you want to be very swell, then you should order a suit of natural, undyed Shetland homespun. This fabric is made by hand in the Shetland Islands, by the fishermen's wives and daughters, who shear the sheep, clean the wool and weave the cloth. There is no dye in it, the different shades being made by a combination of the different colored wools. They are very delightful goods to wear, but they are not durable, and therefore are not popular, except among the swellest of the swell, who never wear their clothes any great length of time, and who constantly demand changes. Shetland homespuns are very popular in London, and are seen at all the fashionable races and other pleasure resorts.

The varieties of patterns for trouserings include many new and handsome designs. According to West's Journal, broad stripes are fashionable in wool as well as in worsteds and cassimeres. Medium-sized stripes in fine worsteds of dark shades, also in bright colors have many admirers. The prevailing and most popular styles are stripes, graduated from the fine hair line to a very pronounced width, although intermixed plaids, checks, etc., are also in demand. Dark and neat patterns prevail in worsted trouserings, because high colors are not so reliable in this class of goods. But in woollen fabrics the high and effective colors largely predominate, because they wear better. If you are going to buy a pair of woollen trousers, you must not forget that all soft finished goods, while delightful to the touch and mellow and effective in the colorings, are liable to have the face wear off if worn to any extent. Woollen trousers with bare finish will wear without perceptible change; natural finish will show but little if any change, and soft finish will show hard wear very quickly.

Spring overcoats will be made from a variety of goods. Drabs, grays and steel mixtures are the leading colors. Kerseys and meltons will be worn, and broad wale diagonal worsteds in blacks, blues, drabs, duns, browns, grays, and wood colors, will be very popular. Covert overcoatings in all the fashionable shades and Scotch goods will also be worn.

Walking coats and vests made from medium wide wale diagonal worsteds will be the leading favorites for demi-dress purposes. Unfinished worsteds, which very much resemble in general appearance the finer grades of cheviots, are growing in favor. For evening dress purposes, very fine twills, corkscrews and crepes will be extensively worn.

#### How to Have Your Suits Made.

Full-dress coats for evening wear are confined to two styles—the shawl collar and the pointed lapels. Shawl-collar dress coats have not so many admirers, however, as the pointed lapels, which will be generally worn. The shoulders and sleeves are slightly increased in width, and the roll is moderately low. Collars and lapels are of medium width, being slightly larger than last season. The fashionable lengths are 18½ inches waist and 36 inches entire length for figures 5 feet 9 inches high. Dress vests are slightly hollowed in the collars, and are closed three buttons. Dress trousers are cut closer to the form than those intended for business wear, and will average 18½ inches at knee and 17½ at bottom. Silk facings for dress coats are popular; the pointed lapel coats are faced to the end of the buttonholes, and the shawl collar coats are faced to the edges. The edges are bound with narrow braid, finished so as to represent a fine cord.

#### Day Dress.

Full dress for day wear consists of the double-breasted frock coat, made of black diagonal worsted, the single-breasted, notched or rolling collar vest of same material, and light-colored cassimere or worsted trousers. The coat has four buttons in use, the lapels are faced with silk to the edge of the buttonholes, and the edges are bound with narrow braid laid on flat. The shoulders are rather more than natural width, the sleeves are full, and the garment throughout is made soft and pliable. The vest should be single-breasted, notched or rolling collar, and made from the same material as the coat and closed with five buttons. Trousers for day dress are slightly larger than those intended for evening dress. The above described costume is appropriate for day weddings, receptions and informal calls, but under no circumstances should it be worn at evening weddings. If you are going to church or to see friends informally, and want something more dressy than a business suit, you may put on a three-button cutaway walking coat of the present prevailing fashion and a pair of trousers cut a trifle straighter than those intended for full day dress.

#### Business Suits.

Walking coats will be prime favorites for business wear, and single-breasted sacks will be more frequently seen than last year. Three-button cutaway sacks will be especial favorites; four-button straight-front sacks will be in great demand; one-button cutaway sacks will have many admirers, and the double-breasted sacks will be worn to a limited degree. Vests for business wear, when made from rough fabrics, generally have no collar, but if made of smooth-faced goods they have notched or rolling collars. Trousers intended for business wear, made of rough fabrics, are slightly looser than those intended for demi-dress, and will average 20 to 21 inches knee and 18½ inches bottom. Sack coats are shapely, but inclined to be loose fitting in the back, with moderately curved side seams. Shoulders of all coats are cut rather more than natural width.

#### Spring Overcoats.

The single-breasted, fly-front, oversack coat will be the leading favorite. The covert or short sack overcoat will be worn to a limited extent. All overcoats are made up soft in breast and shoulders, and so worked up in collar as to permit of their being worn open and thrown back if desired. Silk facings will be popular; some coats are faced to the edge of the collars, others are faced to the edges of the lapels, it being a matter of individual taste rather than an arbitrary rule in such matters. All manner of goods are used for spring overcoats, but wide wale diagonal worsteds seem to be the favorites.

#### Fashion Notes.

It will be impossible to finish any kind of a coat too soft. No matter what the style, unless the fronts close to the throat with a Prussian collar, the fronts should roll free when thrown open.

There is no doubt but that the dressy scarf of 1889 will be the popular "Ascot," in such exquisite and diaphanous fabrics as foulards, soft white crepes and fine unstarched linens. In this tie there will be little noticeable change from the best former examples.

There will be scarcely any change whatever concerning gloves. Tans of all shades will remain favorites. Heavy back-stitching is considered passe and will be little tolerated.

The large puff scarf has, to use a popular phrase, "plunged into the tureen." The reason for this is that the cheap wholesale neckwear trade is just fairly spreading itself on the big puff, which, during the summer, will be the keynote of every horsey sport and dandy barber in America. The good old four-in-hand will receive renewed attention.

Shirts for dress and business wear will be about the same as usual. For dress purposes, linen bosoms, either plain or embroidered will be more worn than last season, but pique will continue popular. For business, plain bosoms will, of course, be mostly used, though, as the season advances, stripes and figures will probably come into favor.

Collars will be limited to two styles for men of taste. The "bent point" and old-fashioned "garrote" which latter, it is said, is the most desirable of either. The various freaks indulged in by various magnates, for the benefit of cranks, lunatics and raw boys, are only laughed at by those who have the slightest pretension to taste.

The good sense of that portion of the community which not only goes in for neckwear, but makes a fad of it, decrees that a scarf to be tied by the wearer is not only more graceful, but softer, cooler, and in every way more desirable. It will always be exclusive on account of the talent necessary to tie it—something not included in the price of a scarf. Even those clever little diagrams furnished by some dealers will only aggravate the curse of clumsy fingers by suggesting to the novice that he can, when on the investment of several dollars in material with which to exercise his skill, he will find out conclusively that he can't.

### THE TRUTH ABOUT HORACE.

[Eugene Field in Chicago News.]

It is very aggravating
To hear the solemn prating
Of the fossils who are stating
That old Horace was a prude;
When we know that with the ladies
He was always raising hades,
And with many an escapade his
Best productions are imbued.

There's really not much harm in a
Large number of his carmina,
But these people find alarm in a
Few records of his acts.
So they'd squelch the music caloric,
And to students sophomoric
They's present as metaphoric
What old Horace meant for facts.

We have always thought 'em lazy;
Now we adjudge 'em crazy.
Why, Horace was a daisy
That was very much alive;
And the wisest of us know him
As his Lydia verses show him.
Go, read that virile poem,
It is No. 25.

He was a very owl, sir,
And, starting out to prowl, sir,
You bet he made Rome howl, sir,
Until he filled his date;
With a massic laden ditty
And a classic maiden pretty
He painted up the city,
And Mæcenas paid the freight!

### New Boston Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co., have some very choice piano music. Something new and brilliant in military music, and sure to be a leading favorite, is the "Charge of the Light Brigade," by Charles Wels. It is the best of the kind for many a day. It is arranged as a solo, 50 cents; and as a duet, 75 cents. A "Sherzo-Polonaise," by G. Mathias, is for the salon or the concert-room, and has passages giving opportunity for skill in execution and tasteful effects; 50 cents. A "Romance," W. E. Haesche, is easier, but secures rich effects, and is needed by good players; 50 cents. An easy and taking grand march, by Charles Astin, is "Coming Century"; 40 cents. A new and sweet gavotte is named "Autumn Leaf," by M. J. Messer. "Wedding Bells Waltz" Paul Rubens, is one of the most melodious and easy; 35 cents.

Oliver Ditson & Co.'s vocal music opens with the concert song for soprano or tenor in G, "Beauty's Eyes," by Tosti. It has a violin solo, and accompaniment. One of the most desirable for fine singers; 50 cents. One of two charming songs by Paul Colberg is "Truly Fate is Most Unkind," for soprano in E; 30 cents. The latest song in the unique French series is "Night in Spain," Massenet, for soprano, in G minor; 40 cents. Alfred Cellier's beautiful "Queen of my Heart" appears for soprano or tenor, in F; 30 cents. A novelty in the olden style is "Altho' I go poor in array," a ballad, by E. W. Foster; 35 cents. One of the most pleasing, in all qualities, of the works of Elizabeth N. Emerson is a "Serenade," within the power of cultivated singers; 30 cents. "Remember These Maxims, My Boy," Martin Hennessey, is in a sentimental vein that the public enjoys and demands, and will be heard soon everywhere; 30 cents. Another Mt. Desert melody, by A. Leffingwell, is "O, the Wind and the Rain," for mezzo-soprano or tenor; 30 cents.

White, Smith & Co. have some select compositions for piano players. "In the Twilight," Gustave Lange, is in the composer's most attractive style. Its melody is bewitching; 35 cents. "The Dew Drop," Favarger, has strength of character, and has like sweetness. It is in march time; 35 cents. A new military schottische, by J. Thomas Baldwin of the Cadet band, and dedicated to the residents of Lenox, Mass., is very popular. It is named "Dancing on the Barn Floor"; 35 cents. Another desirable military schottische is the "Military Schottische," by C. H. Powell; 35 cents. The "Overture of Said Pasha," the new comic opera by Richard Stahl, introduces all the airs. The opera has a continuous flow of lively melody, and is being received with the greatest favor; arranged by George Thorne; 60 cents. The pretty song, "Killaloo," is arranged as a schottische by W. Ableson; 40 cents. "Sounds from the Ball" is an easy intermezzo, by E. Gillet; 35 cents. A brilliantly effective duet, "March des Troubadours," Roubier, will be found easy and good for all occasions; 75 cents. Among their latest selected songs for concert or parlor are: "Afterwards," J. W. Mullen, 50 cents, and "My Lady's Bower," Hope Temple, words by F. E. Weatherly, 40 cents; "Afterwards" may be had either in C or B flat.

### Latest Quotations..................3 P. M.

| | March 11 Bid. | March 11 Asked. | March 9 Bid. | March 9 Asked. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **LAND STOCKS.** | | | | |
| Aspinwall | 8½ | 8¾ | 8½ | 9 |
| Bar Harbor | 1½ | — | 1½ | 2 |
| Boothbay | 1 | — | 1⅜ | — |
| Boston | 7 | 7¼ | 7 | 7¼ |
| Boston W Power | 7⅛ | 7⅜ | 7⅛ | — |
| Boylston | — | 3⅞ | 3⅞ | — |
| Brookline | 5 | 5⅛ | — | 5¼ |
| Campobello | 2⅛ | — | 2⅛ | 2½ |
| Cutler | 2⅛ | — | 2⅛ | — |
| East Boston | 4½ | 4⅞ | 4¾ | — |
| Frenchm's Bay | — | 8 | — | 8 |
| Lamoine | 2⅞ | — | — | 2¾ |
| Maverick | 2¼ | 2½ | 2¼ | 2½ |
| Newport | 3¼ | 3½ | 3¼ | 3½ |
| Payson | — | 2 | — | 2 |
| Penobscot Bay | — | 2⅛ | — | 2⅛ |
| San Diego | 29 | 29½ | 28⅝ | 28⅞ |
| Sullivan Harbor | 3⅛ | — | 3⅛ | — |
| Topeka | 3 1-16 | — | 3⅛ | — |
| West End | 27⅛ | 27¼ | 27⅜ | 27½ |
| Winthrop | 1⅛ | — | 1⅛ | — |
| Wollaston | — | 1 1-16 | — | 1 |
| **RAILROAD STOCKS.** | | | | |
| Atch, Top & S F. | 51¼ | 51⅜ | 50⅜ | 50½ |
| Atlantic & Pac | 7½ | 7¾ | 7⅝ | — |
| Boston & Alb | — | 214 | — | 216 |
| Boston & Lowell | — | 150½ | 150 | — |
| Boston & Maine | 167 | 168 | 168 | — |
| Boston & Prov | — | 260 | 258 | 260 |
| Cal Southern | 20 | 21 | 20½ | 21 |
| Central Mass | — | 13½ | — | 13¼ |
| Central Mass pf | — | 28 | — | 27½ |
| Chic, Bur & N | 51½ | — | — | 52 |
| Chic, Bur & Q | 101¼ | 101⅜ | 99⅞ | 100 |
| Chic & W Mich | — | 34 | — | 34½ |
| Cin, San & Clev | 24¾ | 25 | 24¾ | 25 |
| Clev & Can pref | — | 31 | — | — |
| Concord | 134 | — | — | — |
| Current River | 25 | — | — | — |
| Eastern | 83½ | 84 | 82 | 84 |
| Eastern pref | — | 118½ | — | 118½ |
| Fitchburg pref | — | 65 | 65½ | 66½ |
| Flint & P Marq | — | 30 | 28 | 30 |
| Flint & P M pref | 96½ | 97½ | 96 | 97 |
| Kan C, M & B | — | 58 | 56 | — |
| La & Mo River | — | — | 14½ | — |
| La & Mo R pref | — | — | 23 | — |
| Louisv & Ev | 15 | — | 10 | — |
| Louisv & Ev prf | 25 | — | 23 | — |
| Maine Central | — | — | — | 121 |
| Mexican Central | 13¾ | 13⅞ | 14 | 14⅛ |
| N Y & N Eng | 46 | 46¼ | 46 | 46⅛ |
| N Y & N E pref | 117 | — | 117 | — |
| Old Colony | 171 | — | 171 | 172 |
| Oregon S Line | 55½ | 55¾ | 55 | 55½ |
| Rutland pref | 37 | — | — | — |
| Summit Branch | — | 9¼ | — | — |
| Port, Saco & P | — | — | 125 | — |
| Union Pacific | 64¾ | 65 | 64½ | 64⅝ |
| West End pref | — | 84½ | 84 | 84½ |
| Wisconsin Cent'l | 15 | — | 15⅛ | 16½ |
| **MINING STOCKS.** | | | | |
| Allouez | 1⅛ | 1⅜ | 1¼ | 1¾ |
| Arnold | .25 | .50 | .25 | .50 |
| Atlantic | 12½ | 13½ | 13 | 13½ |
| Bonanza | 1 | 1⅜ | 1 | 1⅜ |
| Boston & Mont | 40½ | 41 | 38½ | 39 |
| Breece | — | .30 | — | .30 |
| Calumet & Hec | 241 | 243 | 252 | 253 |
| Catalpa | .15 | — | .17 | — |
| Central | — | 16 | — | 16 |
| Crescent | .8 | — | .8 | — |
| Dunkin | .95 | .97½ | .95 | .97½ |
| Franklin | 12½ | 13½ | 13 | 13½ |
| Huron | 2 | 3 | 2⅞ | 3 |
| Kearsarge | 7 | 7½ | 7½ | — |
| Minnesota | 2½ | — | 2½ | — |
| Napa | 3⅜ | 3½ | 3⅛ | 3½ |
| National | 2¾ | 3¼ | 3⅜ | 3⅜ |
| Osceola | 13 | 14 | 14 | 15 |
| Pewabic | 5 | 5⅛ | 5 | 5⅛ |
| Quincy | 60 | 60 | — | 65 |
| Rockland | 1¼ | — | 1¼ | — |
| Ridge | .75 | 1½ | — | — |
| Tamarack | 125 | — | 140 | 142 |
| Santa Fe | 1⅝ | 1¾ | 1½ | — |
| **BONDS.** | | | | |
| Mex Central 4s | 70 | — | 70⅝ | 71⅛ |
| Mex Central inc | 18 | — | 18 | 19 |
| **TELEPHONE STOCKS.** | | | | |
| American Bell | 224 | 225 | 225 | 226 |
| Erie | 32 | 32¼ | 32½ | — |
| Mexican | .70 | .80 | .70 | — |
| New England | 45 | 45¼ | 45 | 45½ |
| Tropical | .18 | .20 | .18 | .20 |
| **MISCELLANEOUS.** | | | | |
| Boston Gas Lt | 1200 | — | 1200 | — |
| Eastman Car H | 2 | — | 2 | — |
| Lamson Store S | 57½ | 58 | 57½ | 57¾ |
| Pullman Pal Car | 199½ | — | 198 | — |

# CURRENTS OF COMMERCE.

## Trade Steady but Quiet the Country Over.

### Notes About the Cotton Crop—Dry Goods in Fair Demand.

### Increased Activity at the Shoe Shops—Food Supplies.

Business in the principal branches is steady, and without features beyond a decided improvement in the demand for footwear. Duplicate orders for spring goods continue to come in. Leather of all descriptions is likewise selling more freely, the gain being most noticeable in sole leather, for which prices are very firm. Hides are also firmer. In the dry goods trade a fair movement is noted both at first and second hands. New England buyers are operating more freely. Wool, on the other hand, is quiet and rather weak. Building operations have continued all winter with little interruption, and lumber is selling in larger amounts than usual at this season. Bradstreet's reports no increased movement in the volume of business except at Kansas City, Louisville, St. Joseph and Chicago, where dry goods and groceries and boots and shoes and lumber have been in better request. The Southern country roads are almost impassable, particularly in Texas and Louisiana, and mercantile collections remain slow and unsatisfactory, except at Chicago. At New York fruits and furniture are in quite active sale, and Western centres report an improving demand for hardware and lumber. From most directions word comes that general business is fair only.

#### COTTON STOCKS.

##### No Unusual Supply of the Staple at the Interior Towns of the South.

Special investigations as to the stocks of cotton held at the small interior towns of the South, and the percentage of the crop unmarketed having been made by Bradstreet's, it appears that there is no marked accumulation of stocks at the smaller towns. The excess in this crop over last season, if there is any, will have to be found upon plantations. At 937 towns, about 38 per cent. of the whole number reported on or about Feb. 26, 1889, there was held a total stock of 162,353 bales while 1512 towns, 62 per cent. of the whole number reported no stocks on hand. Reports of the stocks held at the 937 towns on Feb. 1, 1889, place the aggregate at 260,980 bales, which would seem to indicate a decline in rather less than a month of about 100,000 bales, or 38 per cent. In addition to these, 420 towns, which on Feb. 1, 1889 held a stock of 32,870 bales, were reported entirely bare of stocks on Feb. 26. Adding the stocks held at the 1357 towns on Feb. 1, we find a total of 293,850 bales, which by Feb. 26, 1889, had been decreased by 131,497 bales, or 44 per cent.

But it is of chief importance to know how the stocks held on Feb. 26, this year, compare with a corresponding date last year at towns where comparisons are possible. On Feb. 22, 1888, as shown by reports to Bradstreet's, there were 197,70[illegible] bales of cotton held at 708 towns in the South. This year, as noted above, there were only 162,353 bales held at 937 towns, showing that while the number of towns reported was larger by 229, or 32 per cent., the number of bales held decreased by about 35,000, or 17 per cent.

In the light of past experience, however, it would seem unsafe to pin one's faith on the crop movement at the small towns alone. This again brings up the quest on of supplies back of the interior towns, in planters' hands. The difficulty of obtaining accurate information on this point does not tend to decrease.

#### DRY GOODS.

##### A Fair Run of Business—New England Buyers Beginning to Stock Up.

The movement in dry goods was of very fair proportions during the past week, and notwithstanding the wet weather of the early part, the jobbing business has been quite up to the average. The mills are generally busy, and both cotton and woollen goods are moving freely. Some lines of spring goods are in very good request, while in others there is not much activity. But on the whole the month has opened well, and New England dealers are buying with considerable freedom, while the trade indications are favorable to a good general business.

Brown and bleached sheeting are rather quiet, but as there are no stocks on hand the market holds steady, and agents are not anxious to force sales. Cotton flannels and colored cottons are selling well for future delivery at old prices.

Print cloths are selling well, and stocks are still further reduced, while the market is reported stronger.

There is very little doing in the market for prints, and the entire trade is dull and lifeless. Agents, however, are confident that the whole of their goods will be wanted later, and prices remain steady. Ginghams are moving well, with all the leading styles sold ahead.

There is no especial activity to note in the market for woollen goods, but a steady delivery is going on and the mills are running with a fair supply of orders, so that altogether the situation is far from being unsatisfactory.

Dress goods are rather quiet, but some of the popular styles are selling as fast as they can be turned out of the mills.

Fancy flannel shirtings are selling quite freely, and there is also a very fair trade in white goods at the recent advance.

Cloth for men's wear is in good request, and spring fabrics are cleaning up pretty well, while the mills are running with a fair supply of orders.

Blankets are in request. Some fair-sized contracts have been placed for future delivery at full prices, while on some makes the market has advanced from 10 to 12 per cent.

There is a moderate movement in carpets, and the general range of price remains about the same.

#### BOOTS AND SHOES.

##### A Steady Increase in Orders—Most of the Factories Very Busy.

Business is steadily increasing in the market for boots and shoes. There are a large number of buyers in town, and while some are giving duplicate orders, all are looking after the delivery of goods already ordered, so that the factories are busy, and in some instances are being rushed on the fulfilment of contracts. Favorable reports are being received from salesmen on the road, and it is certain that the spring business will hold out late this season, while the outlook for the fall trade is very encouraging.

Heavy boots are well ordered, but the workmen are still busy on light goods, and will not be put on the heavy work for some time yet. Prices for these goods rule about the same as last year on the cheaper lines, while better grades are selling at a trifle less. Buff and split goods are in request, and large orders are being booked for future delivery.

Brogans and plough shoes are quiet, but it is rather early in the season to expect any activity.

Calf boots and shoes are moving well, and buyers are turning their attention to fall samples, and a large demand is predicted.

Manufacturers of women's goods are well supplied with orders, and those who sell to the retail trade are rushed with business. The slipper trade is ruling rather quiet, but it is too early in the season to expect much activity.

There is very little doing in the rubber trade, but the factories are getting out samples of tennis shoes and other sporting goods.

Leather is in better demand, but large sales are still few and far between. Stocks are very much reduced, and holders appear confident that as the boot and shoe trade gets into line more leather will be wanted. The market is gaining in firmness and for some choice selections better prices are obtained.

#### IN LEADING MARKETS.

##### Quotations of Staple Products at New York, Chicago and St. Louis.

NEW YORK, March 9.—Cotton steady, fair trade; sales, 580 bales; uplands, ordinary, 7 7-16c; good ordinary, 8 13-16c; low middling, 9¾c; middling, 10 3-16c; gulf, ordinary, 7 11-16c; good ordinary, 9 1-16c; low middling, 10 1-16c; middling, 10 7-16c. Flour, receipts, 16,649 pkgs; exports, 1065 bbls, 4751 sacks; dull, heavy, in instances 5@10c lower; sales 11,000 bbls. Southern flour dull, heavy. Rye flour heavy. Buckwheat flour dull; State, $1.50@1.70. Corn meal quiet, steady. Wheat, receipts, 2750 bush; sales, 3000 bush; dull, ½@¾c lower; No. 2 red, 94½@95¼c elevator, 96⅛c; afloat, 95⅜c; 97c, f. o. b.; No. 3 red, 90c; No. 1 red, $1.05; No. 1 white, 98c. Rye quiet: State, 56@58c; Western, 51@53c. Barley quiet. Barley malt dull. Corn, receipts, 87,000 bush; exports, 3710 bush; sales, 61,000 bush; dull, weaker; No. 2, 44@44⅛c elevator, 45@45⅛c afloat; No. 2 white, 45c; No. 3, 42⅜c; steamer mixed, 43½@44⅛c. Oats, receipts, 18,000 bush; exports, 600 bush; sales, 58,000 bush; firm, quiet. Coffee, Rio less firm. Sugar, raw strong; refined firm; fair demand. Molasses, foreign strong. Rye quiet, firm. Petroleum quiet; united, 90⅝c. Tallow steady, quiet; sales, 35 hhds city, 4⅛c. Rosin steady, quiet; steamed, common to good, $1.15@1.17½. Potatoes weak, quiet. Turpentine barely strong. Pork firm; sales, 350 bbls. Beef slow; beef hams dull; tierced beef inactive. Cut meats quiet; middles slow. Lard quiet; sales, 250 tcs; Western steam, 7.30c; 70 tcs city, 6.85c; refined moderate demand; continent, 7.40@7.60c; S. A., 8.25c. Butter steady, fair demand. Cheese quiet. Freights steady. Pig iron firm, quiet. Copper offered more freely, only nominal bids, awaiting further development; lake, March, 15.25c. Lead dull, firm; domestic, 3.75c. Tin quiet, steady; straits, 21.30c; plates firm, quiet. Spelter nominal.

CHICAGO, March 9.—Flour quiet and unchanged. Wheat excited and lower; No. 2 spring and No. 2 red, 91¼@93⅛c. Corn quiet, 34½@34⅝c. Oats weak and lower; No. 2, 24¾c. Rye, 42c. Barley nominal. Provisions active, but irregular; pork, $11.95@12; lard, 6.85@6.87½c; dry salted shoulders and short clear sides unchanged. Whiskey $1.03. Receipts—Flour, 6000 bbls; wheat, 31,000 bush; corn, 116,000 bush; oats, 74,000 bush; rye, 1000 bush; barley, 48,000 bush. Shipments—Flour, 8000 bbls; wheat, 29,000 bush; corn, 123,000 bush; oats, 99,000 bush; rye, 1000 bush; barley, 39,000 bush.

ST. LOUIS, March 9.—Flour firm but inactive. Wheat lower; No. 2 red, 94½c. Corn weak; No. 2 mixed, 28c. Oats easy; No. 2, 25c bid. Rye dull; No. 2, 43½c. Barley neglected. Whiskey steady, $1.03. Provisions quiet; pork, $12.37½; lard, prime steam, 6.75c; dry salt meats, shoulders, 5.25c; longs and ribs, 6.00c; short clear, 6.50c; bacon, boxed shoulders, 6.25c; longs and ribs, 7@7.10c; short clear, 7.25c; hams, 10@12c. Receipts—Flour, 5000 bbls; wheat, 7000 bush; corn, 64,000 bush; oats, 18,000 bush; barley, 000 bush. Shipments—Flour, 6000 bbls; wheat 14,000 bush; corn, 212,000 bush; oats, 30,000 bush; rye, 1000 bush; barley, 5000 bush.

#### BOSTON MARKETS.

##### Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, March 11.

BUTTER—The market for butter has been quiet the past week and prices were about steady. There continues to be only a moderate supply of strictly fine butter on the market, which sells readily at quotations. Prices will doubtless remain as they are for the present.

We quote: Creamery, Northern, extra, 28@29c ℔ lb; do, Western, extra, 28@29c; do, extra 1st, 26@27c; do, 1st, 23@25c; Franklin Co., Mass., extra creamery, 29@..; do, Dairy, extra, ..@27; N. Y. & Vt. Dairy, extra 1st, 21@22; do, 1st, 18@20; Western dairy, extra 1st, 18@22; do, 1st, 16@17; Western imitation creamery, extra, 22@23; do, ladle-packed, extra 1st, ..@20; do, 1st, 15@18. Trunk butter, ¼ lb or ½ lb prints, extra, 28@29; xtra 1st, 26@28c ℔ lb.

Oleomargarine—No. Four: 10, 13½c ℔ lb; 20, 13c; 30, 13c; 50, 13c. Fort Washington: 10, 15c ℔ lb; 20, 14½c; 30, 14½c; 50, 14½c.

CHEESE.—The market continues rather quiet, but has been fairly steady. Choice grades have been in best demand during the week. Liverpool quotations, 56s for white.

We quote: New York extra, ..@12c ℔ lb; do, 1st, 10½@11½; do, 2ds, 8@9; Vermont extra, ..@12c; do, 1st, 10½@11½; do, 2ds, @9. Sage, 13@14; Skims, 2@4c; part skims, 6@8c; Ohio extra, 11½c; Ohio 1sts, 10@11c.

EGGS.—The market has improved, with a good trade during the week and the old stock has been pretty well cleaned up. Prices are steady. The stock on hand is quite large.

Quotations: Near by and Cape, 17@18; Eastern extra, ..@16½; do, firsts, 15@16; do, Aroostook, ..; Vermont and New Hampshire ext., ..@16½; New York, fall, ..@..; Michigan, extra, ..@15; Western, firsts, 15c ℔ doz.

BEANS—The market has been active, with a steady fair demand. The prospect is for an improvement in the market.

Quotations: Pea, choice Northern hand-picked, $2.10@2.20 ℔ bush; do, New York, hand-picked, $1.8 @....; do, screened, $1.60@1.70; do 2ds, $1.45@1.55; German, pea, $....@....; do med., $....@....; Medium choice, hand-picked, $1.75@1.80; do, screened, $1.60@1.70; Yellow Eyes, extra, $3.40@3.50; do, 2ds, $3.10@3.35; Red Kidneys, $2.00@2.10.

DOMESTIC FRUITS.—The trade has been very quiet the past week. The supply of everything is plenty.

We quote: Baldwin apples — No. 1s, $1.00@1.25; other varieties, 50c@$1.00; Fancy grades, $1.50@2.00.

Evaporated apple, 5½@6c; do, fair to good, 4@5; sundried, sliced and quartered, 3@4.

Cranberries, good, $8.00@9.00; do, soft, $1.75@2.50.

Grapes—Catawbas, 2@3c ℔ lb. Malagas, ℔ bbl, $4.00@10.00.

VEGETABLES.—The market on vegetables is dull and with a full supply of all kinds with the exception of squashes.

We quote: Potatoes—Native, $1.50@1.75. Sweet potatoes, Jersey, $3.00.

Onions—Native, 75c@$1.00; Western, 75c@$1.00. Cabbage, ℔ bbl, 55 @ 85c. Squash — Marrow, $2.75@3.00; Hubbard, ℔ ton, $65.00@70.00. Turnips—French white, $1.00@1.25; Russia, 75@80c.

HAY AND STRAW.—The market is moderately active and prices are steady.

We quote: Choice, $17.50@18.00; do, fair to good, $16.00@17.00; Fine, $15.00@16.00. Swale, $9.00@10.00; Poor, $14.00@15.00; Rye straw, $17.50@18.00; Oat straw, $9.00@10.00 ℔ ton.

##### Groceries.

COFFEE.—The market for Rio shows a decided upward tendency. Mild grades are stronger, in sympathy with Rio. Mocha is active, scarce and higher.

We quote: Java Pad'gs, pale, 22½c; do do medium brown, @23½c; do do fancy brown, 24@..c; do Timor, 22c; do Palembang, 20c; do Malang, 20c; do Ankola, ..@25c; do Holland bags, 20½@21c; Mandhelings and Ayer Bangies, 25@26½c; Mocha, 26c; Rios, prime, ..@19½c; do fair, 18¾@19; do ordinary, 17¾@..; Maracaibo, 17½@19; Laguayra, 17@18; Costa Rica, 19@20c; Jamaica, 17½ @ 20; Guatemala, 17 @ 19; Mexican, 17@19; Hayti, uncleaned, @18; do, cleaned, 18½; Manila, 19.

FRUITS AND NUTS.—There has been a better demand for fruits and nuts the past week as the spring trade has opened. Lemons and oranges are in fairly steady demand.

Quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $2.56@2.85; Muscatel, new, $1.80; Sultana, 10@15. Currants, 6@9. Citron, Leghorn, 20@22. Dates—Persian, new, 5 @6½; do, skins, ..@..; do, frail, 4½@7; do, fard, new, 7@9. Figs, layers, 8@20; do, keg, 5@7. Prunes, French, case, 6@12; do, Turk, new, ..@4½; do, 3¼@3½. Lemons, Sicily, $2.00@3.00. Oranges—Sicily, $2.00@3.00; Valencia, per case, $3.00@3.50; do, Florida, bright, $3.50@4.00; do, russet, $2.50@3.00; Messina, $2.50@3.00; Palermo, $2.25@3.00. Bananas—Aspinwall, $1.50@3.00; Port Limon, $1.50@2.50; Red, $1.25@2.00; Jamaica, $1.50@2.00. Peanuts, hand-picked, 7@8; Filberts, 9@10; Almonds, 13@15; Walnuts, 10@14.

SUGAR—The market is very active for refined sugar owing to the advance in raw sugar. Prices have advanced.

We quote: Powdered, 7 5-16c; Pulverized, 7 13-16c; Granulated, 7⅛c; Confectioners' A, 7⅛c; Standard A, 7 1-16c; Extra C, 5 13-16@6 5-16c; C, 5 9-16@5 15-16c.

##### Flour and Grain.

FLOUR—There has been only a moderate demand for flour the past week, but owing to the firmness of wheat prices are steady. We quote prices of carload lots:

Fine Flour, $2.50@2.75; Superfine, $2.75@3.25; Common extras, $3.50@4.00; Choice extras, $4.00@4.40; Minnesota bakers, $4.00@5.50; Michigans, $5.10@5.60; Michigan roller, $5.00@5.45; New York roller, $5.00@5.50; Ohio and Indiana, $4.90@5.10; do, do, strai't, $5.10@5.40; do, do, patent, $5.75@6.00; St Louis and Ill, $4.90@5.10; do, do, patent, $5.75@6.00; do, do, straight, $5.50@5.75; Spring wheat patents, $6.80@7.25 ℔ bbl.

CORN—We quote: Steamer Yellow, 45¾@46c ℔ bush; Steamer Mixed, 44¾@45c ℔ bush; ordinary, 43¾@44c ℔ bush.

OATS—Fancy, clipped, 38@40c ℔ bush; No 1 white, 39@40; No 2, do, 35@36c; No 3, do, 34½@35c; No 1, mixed, 34@35c; No. 2, mixed, 32½@33c; rejected mixed, 31@31½c; rejected white, 32@33c.

##### Fish.

FISH—With the arrival of Lent has come an improved demand for both salt and fresh fish. Codfish are in fair receipt, but as the demand is good prices are steady.

Mackerel—Extra Bloaters, mess, $35.00@36.50; No 1, do do, $30.00@31.00; No 1, shore, $26.00@27.00; No. 1 Bay, $25.00@26.00; No. 2, large, $23.00@24.00; No. 2, medium, $21.00@22.00; No. 3, plain, large, $18.00@18.50.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $4.50@4.75; do, do, medium, $4.00@4.25; do, N. S. Shore, $5.00@5.50; Pickled Bank, $3.50@3.75; Georges, $4.50@4.75; Shore, $4.25@4.50; Hake, $2.50@2.75; Haddock, $3.00; Pollock, pickled, $2.50@2.75; do, slack salted, $3.50. Boneless Hake, 4@4½c ℔ lb; Boneless Haddock, 4½@5c; boneless Cod, 5½@7.

##### Miscellaneous.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, butchers' weights, 5@5½; New England steers, 4½@..; do, do, cow, 3½@4c; do, do, bulls, 3; Salted steers, 7@7½; do, cows, 5½@..; bulls, 5. Calfskins—deacons, 25@40c; 6@6½ lbs, 60@65; 8@9 lbs, 70@75c; heavy, 75c@$1.00. Galveston dry, 10@....; Texas kips, 9½@10; Tex flint hides, 10; Texas, dry-salted, 7½@..; Buenos Ayres, 16@....; Rio Grande, 15@15½; Montevideo, 16½@17; Calcutta slaught., cow hides, 10; do, dead green, ..@8½; do, buffalo, 5@5½; Sierra Leone, 15@15½; Bissao & Gambia, 11@12; Zanzibar hides, 10@11.

SEEDS.—The market is active and an improved demand is noted.

We quote: Clover, West, 9@9½c ℔ lb; do, North, 9½@10½; do, white, 16@20; do, Alsike, 12@13; do, Lucerne, 18@22; Red Top, West, ℔ sack, $2.90@3.00; do, Jersey, $3.00@3.25; R. I., bent, $1.85@2.00; Hungarian, 90c @$1.00; Gold Millet, $1.20@1.30; common Millet, 90c@1.10; Orchard, ℔ bush $1.50@1.75; Blue Grass, $1.25@1.50 ℔ bush; Timothy, West, $1.90@2.10 ℔ bush; do, North, $2.10@2.15 ℔ bush; American flaxseed, $2.25@2.50.

SALT—Quotations are as follows: Liverpool, in bond, hhd, $1.00@1.15; do, duty paid, $1.40@1.55; B. & W'th'ns, $1.20@1.40; Liverpool, c. f., 85c@$1.05; Cadiz, in bond, $1.87½@..; Trapani, bond, $2.00; Turk's Island, hhd., $2.25@2.45.

STARCH—The quotations for starch are: Potato starch, 4¼@4½c; Corn, 2½@2⅝c; Wheat, 5@6c; dextrine, ..@..c.

TOBACCO.—The market remains about the same as last noted. The demand has been principally for wrappers and binders.

We quote: Havana wrappers, $3.50@6.00; do, fine fillers, 95c@$1.25; do, good fillers, 75c@$1.15; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 85@1.00; Kentucky lugs, $3.00@5.00; do, leaf, $8.00@11.00; Havana s'd wr's, 30@45; do, 2ds, 11@14; do, binders, 10@12; do, seed fill, 5@15; Conn and Mass fill, 5@15; do, binders, 8@15; do, 2ds, 18@23; do, fair wrappers, 18@28; do, fine wrappers, 22@34; Penn wrappers, 12@22; do, fillers, 10@12.

TALLOW—Following are the quotations: Tallow, prime, 5@5½; Country, 4½@ 5; Bone, 4@4½; house grease, 4@5; grease, tanners, 1½@2¼; do, chip, 2@2½; do, naphtha, 1@2; do, hard, 4@6.

WOOL—The receipts of the week have been 3072 bales domestic and 2710 bales foreign, against 2819 bales domestic and 7364 bales foreign last week and 5973 bales domestic and 2206 bales foreign the corresponding week in 1888.

#### WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, March 8, 1889:

Western cattle, 2160; Eastern cattle, 102; Northern cattle, 364. Total, 2626.

Western sheep and lambs, 11,800; Northern sheep and lambs, 1551; Eastern sheep and lambs, 23. Total, 13,474.

Swine, 26,855. Veals, 648. Horses, 535.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from $4.00 to $6.50.

PRICES OF WESTERN CATTLE.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Extra quality | $5.12 | @5.50 |
| First quality | 4.75 | @5.10 |
| Second quality | 4.25 | @4.62 |
| Third quality | 3.50 | @3.50 |
| Poorest grade coarse oxen, bulls, etc. | 3.00 | @3.37 |

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.

| | Cents ℔ lb. | | Each. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Brighton hides..6 | @.. | Sheepskins... | 50c@$1.50 |
| Brighton tall'w.4 | @.. | Lambskins.... | 50c@$1.50 |
| Counntry hides..5 | @5½ | Dairyskins.... | 15@35c |
| Country tall'w..3 | @.. | Shearedskins. | ..@.. |
| Calfskins.......5 | @6 | | |

# CHECKERS.

EDWIN A. DURGIN..................Editor

BOSTON, March 13, 1889.

All communications intended for this department must be addressed to Edwin A. Durgin, lock drawer 5220, Boston, Mass.

New England chess and checker rooms, 767 Washington street. Open from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. All are welcome.

### For Sale.

Any of the following-named works will be sent postpaid on receipt of price:

Schaefer & Kelley's "Paisley," 25 cents; "Single Corner," 25 cents; "Ayrshire Lassie," Part I., 25 cents; "Ayrshire Lassie," Part II., 25 cents; Barker & Reed's "Alma," $1.25; Spayth's "American Draught Player," $3; "Games of Draughts," supplement to the above, $1.50; "Draughts for Beginners," 75 cents; "Sweet's Elements of Draughts," 50 cents; "Barker's American Checker Player," new edition, including the Barker vs. Martins match games, $1.25; "Match Games Between Barker and Martins," 25 cents; McCulloch's "Guide to the Game of Draughts," stiff paper covers, 50 cents; the same bound in cloth, $1; a supplement containing all the known corrections on the book is given with each, single supplements 15 cents; Gould's Book of 1000 Problems," stiff paper covers, 50 cents; the same, bound in cloth, board covers, $1; Gould's book of "Match Games" from Anderson to Wyllie in 1847 to the present time, bound in cloth, board covers, $1; special copies of the same, a really handsome book, being bound in bevelled board covers, gilt back and sides, also gilt edges, and contains the photographs of the two great champions, the late R. D. Yates and James Wyllie price $1.50; Strickland's "British Draught Player," a valuable book for the amateur. Part I., "Old Fourteenth"; Part II., "Single Corner"; Part III., "Ayrshire Lassie"; Part IV., "Laird and Lady," the four for 50 cents. Subscriptions received for the American Checker Review six months, $1; per year, $1.50. Blank diagrams 2x2 inches, for recording positions, 30 cents per 100, 12 cents for 25; "Checkers Improved," 25 cents Robertson's "Guide," $3; Lyman's "Book of Problems," $5; "Checker Primer," 25 cents; Frazer's "Ayrshire Lassie," 500 variations, 75 cents.

### Solution of Position No. 1421.

By G. D. Bugbee, Boston, Mass.

Black men on 1, 5, 9, 13, 14, 15, 26; king on 28; white men on 8, 10, 11, 12, 14, 19, 24, 25. White to play and win.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 25..22 | 10..6 | 12..8 | 12..3 | 14..5 |
| 18..25 | 1..10 | 19..12 | 7..14 | 13..17 |
| 8..3 | 19..16 | 3..7 | 5..9 | 5..9 |
| 9..18 | 28..19 | | | W. wins. |

### Solution of Position No. 1422.

By John T. Hennigan, Groton, Mass.

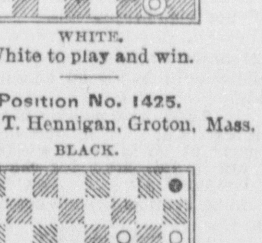
Black men on 16, 19, kings on 4, 17, 20; white men on 18, 25, kings on 3, 10, 11. White to play and win.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 25..21 | 19..24 | 11..8 | 22..15 | 3..28 |
| 17..13 | 21..17 | 4..11 | 8..11 | W. wins. |
| 10..15 | 13..22 | 15..8 | 15..8 | |

### Position No. 1424.

By John T. Hennigan, Groton, Mass.

BLACK.



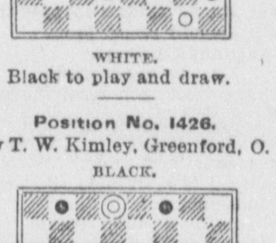
WHITE.

White to play and win.

### Position No. 1425.

By John T. Hennigan, Groton, Mass.

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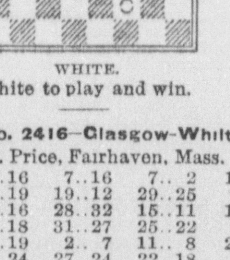
WHITE.

Black to play and draw.

### Position No. 1426.

By T. W. Kimley, Greenford, O.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

### Game No. 2416—Glasgow-Whilter.

By K. Price, Fairhaven, Mass.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11..15 | 19..16 | 7..16 | 7..2 | 12..16 |
| 23..19 | 12..19 | 19..12 | 29..25 | 7..3 |
| 8..11 | 23..16 | 28..32 | 15..11 | 16..20 |
| 22..17 | 14..18 | 31..27 | 25..22 | 8..11 |
| 9..14 | 24..19 | 2..7 | 11..8 | 20..24 |
| 25..22 | 15..24 | 27..24 | 22..18 | 3..7 |
| 11..16 | 28..19-B | 32..27 | 8..4 | 24..28 |
| 26..23 | 11..15 | 24..19 | 18..15 | 7..14 |
| 16..20 | 32..28 | 27..31 | 19..16 | 9..18 |
| 30..26 | 15..24 | 19..16 | 15..19 | 2..9 |
| 4..8 | 28..19 | 31..26 | 16..11 | 5..14 |
| 29..25 | 18..23 | 23..19 | 19..24 | 17..10 |
| 6..9 | 27..18 | 7..11-D | 11..7 | 19..15 |
| 17..13 | 20..24 | 16..7 | 24..19 | Drawn. |
| 1..6-A | 26..23 | 26..22 | 12..8 | |
| 22..17 | 24..28-C | 18..15-1 | 3..12 | |
| 8..11 | 16..11 | 22..29 | 4..8 | |

(Var. 1.)

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 19..16 | 17..14 | 21..17 | 21..14 | 14..10 |
| 22..15 | 24..20 | 11..7 | 7..2 | 5..14 |
| 7..2 | 16..11 | 25..21 | 4..8 | 10..6 |
| 15..19 | 20..16 | 6..10 | 26..30 | Drawn. |
| 2..7 | 11..8 | 13..9 | 8..11 | |
| 19..24 | 16..11 | 23..26 | 30..25 | |
| 7..14 | 8..4 | 17..13 | 11..15 | |
| 9..18 | 18..23 | 10..17 | 25..22 | |

A—Mr. Kimley's starting point calls it "the losing move, and forms position No. 1400.

B—Forms position No. 1404.

C—Forms position No. 1406.

D—Solution to position No. 1418. This seems rather an odd play, but it changes the move and appears to draw, when 26..22, played in game No. 2407, apparently loses.

If Mr. Kimley's play between the points A and D is correct, and my subsequent play out is sound, then quite a succession of problems collapse which have been mystifying us with their seeming impossible possibilities. Yours, etc. K. P.

### Game No. 2417—Cross Choice.

The two following games were played between Messrs. Wright and Parrow in their match for the association championship medal. Wright plays first in both. Seventh game in the match:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11..15 | 29..25-1 | 8..12 | 6..9 | 3..8 |
| 23..18 | 12..16 | 28..24 | 13..6 | 21..17 |
| 9..14 | 24..19 | 16..20 | 2..9 | 14..30 |
| 18..11 | 16..23 | 31..27 | 17..13 | 23..7 |
| 8..15 | 27..9 | 15..18-A | 10..15 | 30..32 |
| 22..17 | 5..14 | 32..28 | 13..6 | 7..3 |
| 4..8 | 17..13 | 12..16 | 1..10 | 20..27 |
| 25..22 | 11..16 | 26..23 | 30..26 | 3..10 |
| 7..11 | 22..17 | | | Drawn. |

A—Playing for 24..19, 18..22, 25..9, 10..14, 17..10, 6..31, 26..22, and black wins. For 15..18 play 12..16, and black ought to win.

(Var. 1.)

In the tenth game Parrow varied as follows:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 26..23 | 28..19 | 15..10 | 6..2 | 32..27 |
| 15..18 | 11..16 | 14..18 | 25..22 | 7..10 |
| 22..15 | 25..22 | 10..6 | 14..9 | 27..23 |
| 10..26 | 9..14 | 18..22 | 19..23 | 10..15 |
| 17..10 | 22..18 | 6..2 | 27..18 | 2..6 |
| 6..15 | 1..5 | 8..11 | 22..15 | 11..16 |
| 30..23 | 18..9 | 21..17 | 9..5 | 6..9 |
| 5..9 | 5..14 | 22..25 | 15..10 | 14..17 |
| 29..25 | 19..15 | 17..14 | 5..1 | 9..13 |
| 2..7 | 16..19 | 25..29 | 3..8 | 17 14 |
| 24..19 | 23..16 | 2..6 | 1..5 | Drawn. |
| 15..24 | 12..19 | 29..25 | 10..14 | |

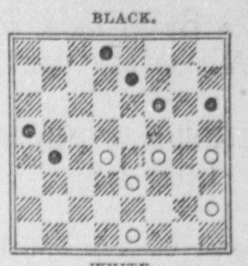
### THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH.

#### The Tenth Day's Play—The Twenty-Second Game.

On resuming play in the evening, Barker formed the regular run of the "Ayrshire Lassie," Smith replying to it by cutting up the centre of the board as in the "Single Corner." A palpable draw was the result within a couple of hours, and surprise and discontent were expressed when the American decided to play on the following position: Black men on 19 and 22, king on 23; white men on 5 and 31, king on 3. Barker, although three games ahead, evidently wished to play no more that night, and fiddled away with his three pieces to three pieces for the good part of an hour. When past the time for starting another game he gave up as a draw.

The following position came up in the game:

BLACK.



WHITE.

White (Smith) to play.

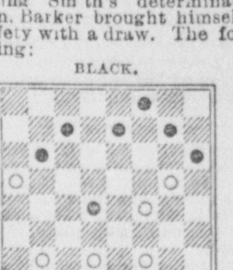
| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 28..24 | 11..16 | 24..20 | 12..19 | 16..11 |
| 17..22 | 20..11 | 16..19 | 20..16 | 25..30 |
| 19..15 | 7..16 | 23..16 | 22..25 | 11..7 |
| | | | | Drawn. |

#### THE ELEVENTH DAY'S PLAY.

##### The Twenty-Third Game.

The eleventh day in this great contest was entered upon Friday, and the two champions looked none the worse for the mental strain which they had undergone for the past fortnight. Smith, although three games behind, came up to his work with smiling countenance, and apparently with hopeful vigor, while Barker, on the other hand, still reserved that thoughtful mood which distinguishes him from others of the craft. The twenty-third game was opened by Smith. It fell to Barker's lot to open the 26..17 line of the "Single Corner"—admitted to be a weak game for white. Barker, however, seemed to have mastered all the intricate combinations arising out of this opening, and, notwithstanding Smith's determination to score a win, Barker brought himself off in perfect safety with a draw. The following is the ending:

BLACK.



WHITE.

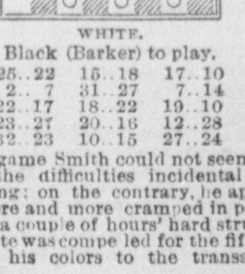
Black (Smith) to play.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 18..22 | 22..17 | 7..11 | 23..7 | 26..22 |
| 25..18 | 7..10 | 27..23 | 27..31 | 19..15 |
| 8..11 | 32..28 | 20..27 | 7..2 | 12..16 |
| 26..22 | 3..7 | 18..15 | 31..26 | 7..10 |
| 11..20 | 28..24 | 11..18 | 2..7 | Drawn. |

##### The Twenty-Fourth Game.

At 5 o'clock play was again resumed, Smith this time having to take the weak side of the Single Corner. At the sixth move Smith varied from Barker's play in the previous game by playing 23..18. Barker at this point cut off the man with 9..14. The game was soon into new and difficult ground, and after an hour's play stood in the following position:

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black (Barker) to play.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8..11 | 25..22 | 15..18 | 17..10 | 6..18 |
| 24..20 | 2..7 | 31..27 | 7..14 | 23..19 |
| 11..15 | 22..17 | 18..22 | 19..10 | 15 18 |
| 27..24 | 23..27 | 20..16 | 12..28 | Barker |
| 14..18 | 32..23 | 10..15 | 27..24 | won. |

In this game Smith could not seem to get clear of the difficulties incidental to the opening; on the contrary, he appeared to get more and more cramped in position, and after a couple of hours' hard struggling against fate was compelled for the fifth time to lower his colors to the transatlantic champion.

##### The Twenty-Fifth Game.

The players took a few minutes' rest, and the 28..19 line of the "Second Double Corner" was entered into. It was played up quickly on sound book lines, and was therefore evenly contested throughout, finishing as a draw in rather less than an hour's time.

### Checker News.

The condition of "Uncle" Billy Busby is not quite as favorable as last week.

Harry Brown, late of New Haven, Conn., was a visitor at the New England rooms one evening last week.

The tournament at the New England rooms is just "booming." Wright and Durgin are tied for first, and Irwin and Bugbee follow in order. The chances are in favor of Wright, as Durgin has Bugbee and Wright to play, while Wright has some of the lesser lights. Parrow has his games to play, and may make bother among the leaders. The state of affairs is quite interesting.

Messrs. Barker and Reed have quietly agreed to make a match for the championship of America and $250 a side, says the American Checker Review. The match is to take place in Chicago within 60 days of signing articles, which are daily expected from the champion, when Mr. Reed will post his forfeit. Mr. Barker is allowed $50 for expenses. The match will probably be a restricted one of 50 games. The first 28 openings are to be the same as in the late international match, barring the 26..17 and 27..20 replies in the single corner and second double-corner openings. The style of the remaining games will doubtless be easily decided upon. Both players will be in the best of condition, and the play will doubtless be of a very high order. The players of the country generally will naturally anticipate another victory for the champion, but the Chicago players, who so bravely back up their plucky little champion, hope to surprise them, and bring the championship to the West.

A match at six games, wins and draws to count, for a stake of £4, recently took place in Glasgow between J. Ferrie, ex-champion of Renfrewshire but now a resident of Glasgow, and captain of the Irish Nationalists' Draughts Club, and William Campbell, the blindfold champion, whom they endeavored to put against Barker. The match resulted in a victory for Mr. Ferrie with a score of three to nothing and one game drawn. A summary of the games:

First game, Laird and Lady.....Ferrie won.
Second game, Defiance..........Drawn.
Third game Nailor..............Ferrie won.
Fourth game, Whilter...........Ferrie won.

According to the foregoing, Ferrie would be the best man to put against Barker, and yet no one proposed his name.

A match for $50 a side was recently played at Canton, O., between Messrs. Kilderhoff and Kennedy, and resulted in each player winning two games, and 10 games drawn.

The Toronto players are having an all-round tournament.

Dr. J. H. Trull and A. Lowery, both well-known players of Brooklyn, N. Y., are to contest a match of 15 games during the present week. H. A. Belden, another Brooklyn enthusiast, recently had a sitting with Mr. Lowery which resulted, Lowery, 5; Belden, 1; drawn, 3.

Messrs. La Point and Durgin commenced their match for the championship medal on Saturday evening. The result of the evening's play was five draw games. Mr. Dakin will challenge the winner.

### VIVAT REGINA!

Whate'er our Uncle Sam may leave
Undone in way of duty,
For the First Lady of the Land
He's bound to have a beauty.

And Mrs. Ben is beautiful,
Although she never dances,
Nor wears decollete gowns, and is
Far older than our Frances.

But, tho' we cry "Long live the Queen!"
To one we're ever loyal
Who, tho' discrowned, must still reign on
By right of nature royal.

Tho' 'tis a lovely lady claims
Her throne, none can win over
The public heart that's anchored fast
To gracious Mrs. Grover!

M. N. B.

### Odd New England Happenings.

J. A. Little of Enfield, N. H., had a yearling steer drowned in a water tub recently.

George W. Murdock of Woonsocket, R. I., while fishing Sunday, caught a large muskrat, which bit at a shiner and became fastened to the fishhook.

A lobster as blue as indigo was captured in Fisher's Island sound by the Williams brothers of Stonington, Conn., Saturday. Nothing of the kind was ever before seen by the oldest lobsterman in that section.

In Norwich, Conn., recently, at an auction sale of the effects of a deceased sea captain and wife, an old piano which had travelled around the world many times in the cabin of the captain's ship was sold for $5.

Captain Samuel Staplins of Stonington, Conn., found a pearl in a round clam for which he has received an offer from Tiffany & Co. of New York of $25. All bivalves now taken in that neighborhood have to pass a close scrutiny for precious gems.

The friends of a Fall River young woman ill and in needy circumstances planned a ball for her benefit. On the day the ball was to be held the young woman died. In the evening the friends gathered and had a jolly dance to help pay the funeral expenses.

# THINGS WE ALL SHOULD DO

## Society's Rules Laid Down by Author of "Don't."

### When it is Well to be Coldly Polite to Certain Ladies.

### Knotty Social Questions Settled Once and For All.

A friend of mine is to be married in a few weeks. The wedding is to take place at the home of the bride at 9 a. m. Immediately after the wedding breakfast the bride and groom leave on a short tour. None but the relatives of bride and groom will be present.

1. How should the groom be attired?
2. Would a bracelet be a proper present for the groom to make the bride?
3. Before leaving is it the correct thing for the groom to kiss the female guests farewell?
4. What style of ring should the groom give the bride, the ring ceremony not being included in the service?

1. A Prince Albert coat, light colored trousers, no gloves.
2. Yes.
3. It might be an agreeable thing, but neither a necessary thing nor a correct thing.
4. If a ring is used in the ceremony it should be of plain gold: if not, then the groom may present the bride with any kind of ring he thinks proper, just as he may present her with any other piece of jewelry.

LADIES' BONNETS.

Is it customary for ladies to take off their bonnets at a formal luncheon? H. R. K.

Yes.

TO HER MOTHER.

1. If a gentleman calls on a young lady and is asked to call again, and is not able to call for quite a long time, is it correct to write her a note apologizing for not calling?
2. Also, is it correct to offer a young lady money for the collection plate, if you take her to church? YOU KNOW.

1. No. It is not correct to address a note to a young lady on any subject. If for any reason an apology is to be sent it should be addressed to the young lady's mother or guardian.
2. No; decidedly not.

AT A 5 O'CLOCK TEA.

What is the proper attire for a gentleman to wear to a 5 to 7 tea. A READER.

Morning or promenade suit.

CARDS AND CORNERS.

Will you please inform the writer if the fad of turning down corners on visiting cards has gone out of fashion? ARTHUR AWKINS.

The custom is altogether out of fashion.

ANOTHER ARGUMENT SETTLED.

To settle an argument will you please answer the following:

1. After what hour should a man be in full dress?
2. At an afternoon tea (where there are many guests) after greeting the host and hostess and partaking of refreshments, is it improper to leave the house without bidding your hosts goodby?
3. Should you leave cards at an evening reception and at an afternoon tea?
4. Should husband and wife leave one card (Mr. and Mrs.) or leave individual cards? W. E. H.

1. After 6 p. m.
2. There is no host at an afternoon tea. The entertainment is given by the wife or female head of the household, the masculine members having no part in it. The guest should bid the hostess good evening on leaving.
3. Yes.
4. No. They each should leave a card.

THEATRE PARTIES.

I want to give a theatre party for a friend; intend to give a supper before, about 6 p. m. Will you kindly tell me which side of the hostess the honored guest should sit? Ought the chaperone sit at the foot of the table, or should the fiancee of the hostess sit at the foot or beside her? I do not want to send engraved invitations or formal invitations to those whom I am inviting. Will you kindly give me a suggestion how I should write them? And should we all meet at the place appointed for the supper, and if so should the hostess make it a point to be there first to receive her guests? A DAILY READER.

1. The refection before a theatre party should be a dinner and not a supper. Suppers are entertainments for late in the evening, and may follow but not precede the theatre.
2. On the right.
3. She may sit anywhere.
4. Not by the lady's side—anywhere else.
5. Send the usual invitation for dinner, with the words at the foot: "Theatre at 8 o'clock."
6. Yes, yes.

TWO CARDS.

1. When invited to an afternoon reception given by two friends, should I leave cards for both?
2. If I cannot go, should I send a card to each, and should they be sent in envelopes? A READER.

1. Leave two cards.
2. Send two cards in envelopes, by messenger or by post.

STAG PARTY AMUSEMENTS.

What amusements other than music would be appropriate at a stag party where smoking and card playing are not allowed? INQUIRER.

A stag party where neither smoking nor cards are allowed must be a dreary affair, and the best thing for every one to do is to go home. With no cards and no tobacco conversation and story telling are all that is left, but conversation and story telling are not likely to flourish without the stimulants of good wine and good cigars.

THE BITE IN THE BREAD.

Will you kindly explain why it is incorrect to let your spoon remain in your cup while drinking your tea or to butter a whole slice of bread and take bites of it at table? SOUTH JERSEY.

If your spoon remains in your cup you are continually in danger of capsizing your tea or coffee by an accidental motion of the hand. This is one reason. Another is that it is extremely awkward to drink with the spoon in the cup, and all awkward things are to be avoided.

Buttering a whole slice of bread and biting it is a reminiscence of the nursery, and in the nursery it should remain. The habit is clumsy, awkward, distasteful, inelegant, childish and opposed to those canons of neat and unobtrusive eating which should characterize civilized man at the table. It would be just as proper to thrust a handful of food in the mouth as to thrust therein a vast slice of buttered bread.

NO "MISS" ON HER CARDS.

I am the only daughter at home, and I would like to know when I should have "Miss" on my visiting cards? DAISY.

When you have come out.

THE BRIDE.

1. Who is to select the minister—bride or groom?
2. Who is to pay for the cards of invitation? CONSTANT READER.

1. The selection of the clergyman falls upon the bride or her family. It is usual for the marriage to take place at the church of the bride's father or at his home, the ceremony being performed by his clergyman.
2. The cards are sent by the bride's parents or guardians. The groom has nothing to do with them, but his friends are naturally included in the list of people invited.

THREE QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

1. Will you will please tell us what is the correct thing in the matter of the groom wearing gloves at a noon wedding? 2. If the rooms should be lighted should a Prince Albert coat be worn by the groom and ushers? 3. Should the bride furnish them—the ushers—with gloves and neckties, or do they arrange that for themselves? ENQUIRER.

1. He should not wear gloves.
2. At a noon wedding the groom and the ushers should wear what is called a Prince Albert coat.
3. No. The bride, under no circumstances, can have anything to do with the apparel of the ushers.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

1. In sending regrets to a tea, should the card be sent by mail or messenger? 2. If by the latter, should it be sent between the hours of the tea? 3. Should it be directed to the host and hostess, or all those receiving? 4. What else should be put on the envelope? CAMDEN.

1. Either.
2. Before the entertainment.
3. Direct to the hostess. There is no host at a tea.
4. The name and address of the hostess.

BEFORE THE DANCE.

1. When, in a dance, is the proper time to present programmes for filling out dances?
2. Who should write the name of the lady?
3. Should I bow to a lady, whom I met at a dance, the next time I meet her on the street, or is it proper to have another introduction?
4. What is the proper way to bow when introduced to a person?
5. What step is used in the waltz the most?

1. Before the dance.
2. The gentleman.
3. Not unless she recognizes you first.
4. Bend your back and head forward slightly.
5. The gavotte—a step that is part minuet and part waltz.

WRITE TO HER MOTHER.

I am in receipt of an invitation, which reads: "Miss Grace C——. At home, Thursday, Feb. 21. Dancing." Accompanying it is her mother's card also, both of which are printed. Who should the letter of acceptance be addressed to, Miss or Mrs., and what would be good form? A READER.

The letter of acceptance should be addressed to the mother. Say simply: Mr. —— accepts with pleasure the invitation of Mrs. —— for (and give day and date).

TAKE IT FOR GRANTED.

1. If a lady goes to a party with a gentleman should the lady take it for granted that her escort will take her out to supper?
2. Or might she accept the invitation of another gentleman?
3. After dancing should the lady thank the gentleman, or vice versa, or is it out of place for either to do so?

1. Yes.
2. No.
3. Thanks are not necessary.

CALL AFTER TEA.

1. Is it considered "the thing" to call after a tea, having attended that entertainment?
2. If a lady invites a gentleman she has known some time to her house to a small company, but has never asked him to call before, should he pay a call after the company without being asked? MAGGIE MAY.

1. Yes.
2. Yes. The obligation of a call after a party or reception is not governed by any previous circumstances.

TRADE LASS.

Please inform me the meaning of the words "trade lass" as used in society, and oblige. E. P. PHILLIPS.

"Trade lass" is a term we never heard in society or anywhere else, and hope we never shall. The meaning is probably nearly equivalent to the abomination "saleslady," and means saleswoman.

A 5 O'CLOCK TEA AND AN AT HOME.

1. Please tell me the difference between a 5 o'clock tea, an at home and a card reception.
2. Whether an answer is required to an invitation to either of the latter, or simply send your card the evening of the reception you do not attend.
3. Are ladies privileged to go in street dress and wear hat or bonnet?

1. A 5 o'clock tea is an entertainment with a collation, music, etc. An at home merely means at home at the time designated, and does not imply an entertainment of any kind. A card reception means a reception in which cards are introduced—progressive euchre, whist, etc.—and takes place usually at 8 o'clock.
2. Yes; a card may be sent on the day of the reception.
3. Yes.

COLD POLITENESS.

1. Oblige me by advising me how to act toward a much-talked-of woman, who, as a married woman, flirts with a married man. She moves in the set I do, but I thought I would give her the benefit of the doubt. Some of my friends are indignant with me for so doing and say I am "worldly."
2. Is it not incumbent upon formal acquaintances to call on any day?
3. In serving bouillon in cups do saucers accompany the cups? INQUIRER.

1. Treat her with cold and distant politeness.
2. Every lady should have a day upon which her friends may call.
3. Bouillon should be served with cup and saucer, unless a sandwich goes with it, when the cup should be placed on a plate with a napkin.

THEY ARE ADMISSIBLE.

Is it correct at a formal and elegant dancing party, given in a hall, where all on the floor are in full dress, for the matrons to wear bonnets? ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

Evening bonnets in such cases are admissible.

"YES, MR. A."

1. Which is the best form for a young lady to use in answering a question, "Yes," "Yes, sir," or "Yes, Mr. A.?"
2. Also, in saluting a person, should the name of the person be affixed to the salutation, as "How do you do, Mr. B.?" C. P.

1. "Yes, Mr. A." This is not only the best, but really the only proper form.
2. Always add the name.

WHEN PRESENTED.

Which is correct upon receiving an introduction to a lady:
Mrs. ——, good evening, or
Mrs. ——, how de do? DOUBTFUL.

By no means "how de do." "Good evening, madam," is a suitable address under the circumstances.

INCLINE YOUR HEAD.

1. Is it proper for a gentleman or a lady making a call at a fashionable house to answer a servant, who, having taken your card up stairs, returns to the parlor to say that Miss B., etc., will be down in a moment?
2. Also, is it not the only proper thing for a young lady changing her place of residence to send you a card with her new address, etc., if you have called several times at her former residence?
3. Should a gentleman call if he does not receive a card? E. L. R.

1. Incline your head, that is all.
2. Upon change of residence, cards should be sent to all friends, with new address.
3. It is not improper for him to do so.

THE AUTHOR OF "DON'T."

## ENCOURAGING HIM.

[Harper's Weekly.]




"Don't despair, Dilkins; at one time I was every bit as bald-headed as you are," etc.

## THE OMEN MOON.

[W. Scott Abbott.]

The evening, ma', was beautiful,
The stars shone warm and bright,
The zephyrs whispered stealthily—
Ah, 'twas a lovely sight;
But yet my heart will not be still
Its throbbings and its ache,
And much I fear some coming ill
At last will make it break.

Dear Willie loves me just as well
As in the days gone by—
O, no, he ne'er will trifle, ma',
And leave me here to die.
'Tis not the doubt of Willie's truth,
That makes my heart thus swell,
For he's the same he ever was,
And loves me just as well.

He told me so again tonight,
While sitting on the stile,
And I am sure he told the truth,
For Willie knows no guile.
But, oh, just then I saw the moon,
And was of joy bereft,
For, though its halo circled him,
'Twas shining o'er my left!

## New England Nearness.

[Concord Monitor.]

There is an old gentleman in the south-eastern part of the State who keeps horses and carriages to let, and who is very careful not to overcharge his patrons. One day a gentleman hired a wagon of him to go to Portsmouth, where he had a carriage of his own which he wished to get home. He hitched his own horse into the old gentleman's wagon and drove to Portsmouth, but on his return harnessed into his own carriage, drawing the wagon behind. When he asked how much he was to pay, the old gentleman said: Wall, I get 25 cents when the wagon goes to Exeter. It's further to Portsmouth and I ought to have more. Call it 33 cents." "But," said the gentleman, "I only rode to Portsmouth in your wagon; I didn't use it coming back." "Wall, that's so. I guess 25 cents are enough," said the old gentleman after a moment's reflection.

## Let This Settle It.

[Epoch.]

She—Do you think, George, that marriage is a failure

He—I think it all depends upon the wife. How do you regard it, Lulu?

She—I think it all depends upon the husband.

# HAND BALL AND BOWLING.

## Two Athletic Sports Now Quite Popular.

### Bowling Clubs With Lady Members Forming in Many Cities.

### Game Came from Germany, Where It Was Played Centuries Ago.

[Copyright, 1889.]

It has been remarked many times this winter that sports of all kinds were enjoying an unusual boom. Probably no winter has ever passed during which Americans have paid more attention to athletics and various kinds of games of skill. It would not be very difficult to show that the widespread interest taken in sports by the people in all parts of the country has been due in a large measure to those qualities in the game of base ball that have made it not only a popular pastime, but a national institution. Everybody took to base ball, and through it was stimulated a fondness for athletics and games of other descriptions. Ladies admiring the active, skilful play of their brothers on the diamond demanded some outdoor sports for themselves, and archery and lawn tennis took on sudden popularity, one to die out after a brief but vigorous existence, the other to keep on growing in favor. Croquet at one time served as a suitable vent for the love of clergymen and professional men for an outdoor game, and it is still in vogue in many parts of the country. Meantime, the national game has been steadily improving and enthusiasm for sports is more general than ever before, and is still on the rise. Nothing has been a more striking demonstration of this than the cultivation of two indoor games this year, hand ball and bowling.



HAND BALL.

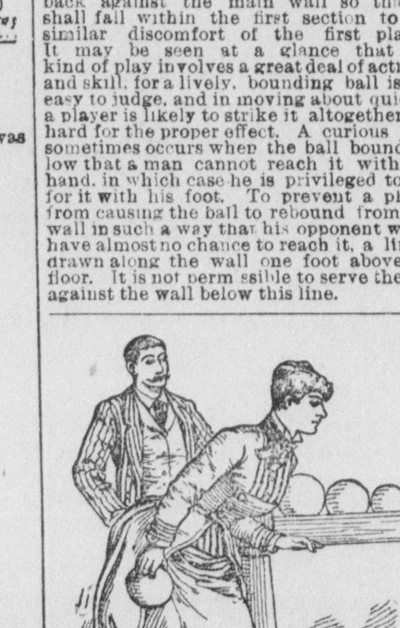
Handball is distinctly an Irish game, and though it has been played in this country for many years, interest in it and knowledge of it has been confined to a very few Irish enthusiasts. It was not until very recently that it could pretend to be a standard sport, because there were no championship series played. The games that did take place were between individuals, and seldom did a report get into the newspapers or an audience gather to witness the contest. Up to two years ago there were only two, or possibly three, handball courts for the service of all the great population included in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, and they were seldom used. Now there are several other courts and promise of more, and public matches are of frequent occurrence.

A court is simply a large, very high room with a floor of asphalt, or hard earth. At one end of the room the house wall, unbroken by windows or projections of any kind, rises to a height of from 35 to 60 feet, according to the size of the building, or the builder's purse. It is against this wall that the small ball used in play is thrown. The side walls are also free from projections. At the back there is usually a gallery for the accommodation of spectators. The floor is divided into two sections by a line drawn across the middle parallel to the wall first described. The players stand on either side of this line. There may be two or four players in a match.



REACHING WITH THE FOOT.

The ball is served with the open hand, not thrown, and in general the design of the game is to make the ball strike the front wall and come back within the opponent's section of the floor in such a way that it cannot be served back before it has bounded twice. That is, the ball may be struck with the hand while it is on the first bound or on the fly, but if the player fails to reach it before the second bound, he loses a point. The player who stands within the section of the court nearest the main wall, serves the ball with the design of making it fall in his opponent's section, but out of the reach of the opposing player; the latter in reaching the ball, tries to send it back against the main wall so that it shall fall within the first section to the similar discomfort of the first player. It may be seen at a glance that this kind of play involves a great deal of activity and skill, for a lively, bounding ball is not easy to judge, and in moving about quickly a player is likely to strike it altogether too hard for the proper effect. A curious play sometimes occurs when the ball bounds so low that a man cannot reach it with his hand, in which case he is privileged to try for it with his foot. To prevent a player from causing the ball to rebound from the wall in such a way that his opponent would have almost no chance to reach it, a line is drawn along the wall one foot above the floor. It is not permissible to serve the ball against the wall below this line.



AMERICAN BOWLING.

Bowling began to come into prominence a few years ago when a national association of players was formed for the purpose of playing championship matches. This winter a wonderful number of lesser associations have been organized, some being confined to a city some to a county and others to a number of towns near to each other. Besides the associations, however, there are now in existence and practice more private clubs than can be enumerated. Some of them are composed entirely of men, but the majority appears to be of ladies and gentlemen together, while there are some of ladies only. The game, therefore, takes on a pleasant social character as well as a useful exercise. Ladies may make under good instruction as good bowlers as men. One of the most popular instructors in this vicinity said to the writer:

"Ladies, and men too, have to learn not to pitch or toss the ball. One can never be sure of securing the right direction when the ball is thrown. Grasping the ball with thumb and a finger in the holes the player should look at the front pin in the triangle at the other end of the alley and trace an imaginary line from it to his own feet. It is along that line that he wants the ball to go, and the best way to attain this end is to look at the alley at an imaginary point on this line about four or five feet in front of the player. After one glance at the pins do not look at them again. Let the arm hang freely at the side, so that it may sway naturally. Do not crook the elbow or stiffen the muscles. Play deliberately, but do not wait too long after sighting your line. Swing the ball back and forth once or twice if you choose, and then, with your eye on that line, let it go. Do not release your hold on the ball until it has struck the floor. The best point, of course, at which to hit the front pin is just at one side of the middle. That is more likely to effect a ten-strike than if the pin is taken squarely in the middle."



A TEN-STRIKE.

"Is it advisable to use much force in bowling the ball?"

"No; many players make the mistake of bowling too hard. A swiftly bowled ball is more than likely to clean a path through the pins and leave two or more standing on each side of the alley. Better use a big ball and roll with just enough force to insure a good direction, unless, indeed, you play more for exercise than to acquire skill."

Bowling came from Germany, where it was a general amusement centuries ago. The most devoted players of the game today are Germans, and no German clubhouse is complete without several alleys of the best make. So great is their liking for the game that the time for using the alleys in their clubhouses has to be divided, and certain hours set apart for players who have applied in advance for the privilege. In some German clubs there are as many as 10 different bowling clubs formed from among the members.



IRISH BOWLING.

There is a curious outdoor game in Ireland called bowling. Our indoor game is known there as "bowles." Bowling with the Irish is played by two or four men upon an ordinary country road. It is not a standard sport, but there is hardly a country town that does not boast of its skilful players and local champion, and where there is not a special stretch of road known as the bowling ground. As a rule a road is taken that has one or more curves, for the game requires more skill under such circumstances. The ball used is of iron and is about the size of a base ball. Each player has one. Starting at a point in the middle of the road that they may decide upon, they work forward to any other point they may agree upon beforehand, and back again. The first player takes a short run and pitches his ball as far ahead as possible. From the point where it stops he pitches again, alternating in play with his opponent. If the ball rolls into the gutter it must be brought back into the middle of the road at the place where it rolled off. This rule makes rounding a curve difficult, but skilful players may throw the ball so that it will roll at least part way around the curve. To assist in this the ball is usually made with a hole in one side, or a projecting nub, so that the weight of the iron is unevenly distributed, thus giving a better opportunity for exerting force that shall cause the ball to roll in a curved line. The object of the game is to bowl over the curves and back in as few throws as possible, and leave the ball at the end as far beyond the starting line as possible.

## ANNO DOMINI 2000.

### The United States a Hundred Years From Now.

[Petersburg Index-Appeal.]

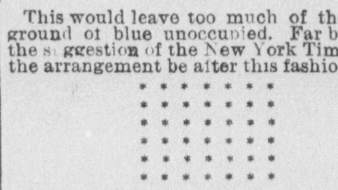
What will our population be? Who shall say? The United States today contain over 60,000,000, who increase at the rate of about 25 per cent. in every decade, so that at the close of the next century the increment would have run up to a total of not less than 400,000,000 souls. Take the population of all the other States and countries named above as likely to come under our sway, and another 400,000,000 will be easily added. In the year of our Lord 2000, and the year of the Independence of the United States the two hundred and twenty-fourth, it will be no longer the United States of North America, but the United States of North, Central and South America, and the then president will then issue his Thanksgiving day proclamation to nearly a thousand million people.

The mind fails to grasp our industrial and commercial expansion at that day; the wonderful progress in the arts and sciences; the tremendous energy with which enterprise after enterprise will be conceived and made a reality. And then Congress. Just think what Congress will be then! But, stop! Better not think. When we contemplate what it is now, with 400 members, the idea of what it will be with 4000 is simply appalling.

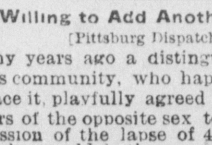
## Arranging the 42 Stars.

[Utica Observer.]

Here is the way the Saratogian flaunts the new group of 42 stars:



This would leave too much of the background of blue unoccupied. Far better is the suggestion of the New York Times that the arrangement be after this fashion:



The spaces between the six rows of seven stars could be so regulated that the group would be square.

## Willing to Add Another Year.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

Many years ago a distinguished woman in this community, who happily still lives to grace it, playfully agreed with a friend of hers of the opposite sex to rest upon the confession of the lapse of 40 years of her life if he would do the same. This was 50 years ago. Since then, regularly as her birthday has come around, the gentleman, whose birthday was on the same day, has called upon her, and they have exchanged congratulations.

When the natal day was celebrated recently, she said: "David, are we not getting rather old to acknowledge but 40 years?"

"Yes," he confessed, mournfully, shaking a head touched with the silver rime of 60 years, "I think we are."

"Let us increase the record, then."

"Certainly. How old shall we admit ourselves to be?"

"Well, let us make it 41!"

## Saving Money.

[Epoch.]

"You have charge of my mother-in-law's funeral, have you not?"

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. Mould.

"What's the price of the carriages?"

"Ten dollars if we have to drive slow; if we can drive fast we can make it only five."

"Well, I don't want you to drive too fast. Say, you might trot to the grave and run your horses home."

## Or Sometimes from an Unexpected Half.

[Judge.]

It is in the nature of disappointments always to come from an unexpected quarter.

# TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

## Blaine's Influence with the Administration.

### Parallel Between the Man from Maine and Henry Clay.

### Gladstone's Enemies Likened to Those of the Magnetic Statesman.

WASHINGTON, March 8.—Why men desire to be politicians can be better answered in their youth than later on. A friend just informs me that General Alger called on Mr. Blaine and was informed by him that he had not been consulted concerning a single one of Harrison's cabinet. The President had submitted his message to Mr. Blaine, however. When a man has become 60 years of age, and been in the public service or politics from the time he was a voter, he is apt to feel keenly these discriminations. Shakespeare had a rare insight when he sketched Woolsey inflated with power in office, and when deprived of it immediately a physical, moral and mental collapse.

The parallel between Blaine and Henry Clay has often been made, but it comes out more distinctly with advancing time. Clay was the popular speaker of Congress and regarded as the most magnetic man ever seen in Washington. His popularity mounted so high, and became so next to universal, that to destroy him became a necessity. Therefore when he was one of the candidates for president and withdrew in favor of John Quincy Adams, which was a very intellectual concession, for Adams had more attainments than any other man running at the time, the idea was started that he was a trickster who had slipped out in order to make a bargain with Mr. Adams, and become his secretary of state. The same story has been told over and over by Blaine's enemies that he got into Garfield's cabinet in pursuance of a bargain, and therefore was an interloper. Mr. Blaine, like Henry Clay, reached the Senate, and had a smooth career there in general, but the senators seemed to have formed a cabal against him, resenting both his extraordinary campaign services and his superior popularity to their own. Old apostle candidates for the presidency really hate him because the people like him; they account for

#### Their Own Failure to

strike the public by claiming that Blaine has tricks and devices which they will not resort to. When Blaine, at a great distance from home, read Cleveland's message in favor of a revenue tariff and immediately took the matter in hand and started a meteor campaign, these old senators, who were setting up delegations among the negroes and the scallawags, were all the more outraged. Like David, as the friend of Jonathan, the son of Saul, to whom the people sang special hymns of adulation, these old royalties of the Senate are throwing their javelins at Blaine the moment half his back is exposed. Weak people and some sensible people among the multitude have caught the saying and infection that Blaine is a wonderful and a dangerous man. The old adage that if you label a dog "dangerous" everybody will try to kill him, seems to apply to Mr. Blaine. If what I have related be true it would appear that while all the influences of prejudice combined have not been able to take Blaine from Harrison's cabinet, yet sufficient has been done to make the new President play the part of Saul and deprive his chief secretary of the confidence which is required to make administration cheerful.

A very aged and important public man, who has been next to President of the United States, remarked to me confidentially on the day of inauguration that Blaine's weakness was a certain treachery he had with his equals in politics. I desired to know just what my informant meant, and finally learned that he had "lied" to my venerable Nestor. He did not say in what he had lied, but I infer that the old gentleman wanted some large concessions from Blaine, probably as Garfield's cabinet minister, and in that cabinet. I have little doubt Blaine was handicapped by the outside prejudices which had awakened Garfield's suspicions, as at the present time, perhaps, with the new President. Nevertheless, Mr. Blaine may find, like many heroes and heroines in history, that his greatest commission in the remembrance and affections of his country will be his sufferings. He is a sensitive man in spite of

#### An Active Superficial Exterior.

Time has made his complexion without hue and covered him with white hair and beard. He is hardly 60 years of age and originally possessed a fine stature and health. They have labeled him "uncertain," and leave to the imagination the interpretation of the term. They remind me of the late practical joker, Lawrence Jerome, with whom I once crossed the Atlantic ocean on a steamship. He was looking around for some victim to annoy and frighten, for in his humor was a great deal of cruelty. He finally discovered a credulous homœpathic physician, who was on board with his daughter and who had dropped the information to Mr. Jerome that he had provided himself with life-preservers.

"Doctor," said Jerome one morning, taking him mysteriously aside, "I do not want you to repeat this matter to any of the passengers and create an alarm among them, but as an old sailor I know that I do not betray any confidence when I tell you that I think we were in the trough last night."

The doctor did not know what the trough was. If he had known it would have been nothing much. But the accentuation and manner went to his heart and bone. He went to his daughter and told her that Mr. Jerome had told him that we were in the trough all night. He told it around the deck, and frightened half the ship with a ghost they could not understand. What was the trough? How much of it was there? Was it a shark or a cyclone or a tidal wave? And so all the timid on the ship were plagued for 10 or 12 days with the idea that they were in the trough.

Blaine is described to the generality as a man who gets us in the trough. And yet I never knew of but one accusation made against Blaine which had any apparent foundation, and in that case I think he was perfectly right; it was concerning the

#### Conquest of Peru

and Bolivia by Chili. It is now a matter of Spanish literature that the behavior of Chili to Peru was Hunnish. They attempted to reduce that country, which was an associate republic, to the condition of an American Poland. They stole the private statuary at elections and objects of beauty from Lima. They were showing Europe how much worse republican society can be than monarchy. Several English books have been published on this subject, all taking the side which Blaine took. The Peruvians were filled with gratitude to the United States. They thought that with our friendship the remnant of their liberty was certainly secure. But the whisper was started among the conspirators of the senatorial persuasion that perhaps the country would be taken by Chilian iron clads, and that this man Blaine was working us into a dreadful condition. The weak-hearted and weak-minded merchants listened like the homœopathic doctor on the ship to the tale that we might be getting into the trough. The brother of our minister in Peru began to lampoon Mr. Blaine because the government had not sustained his ministerial brother. Blaine was simply deserted by the administration, which refused to back him up.

The additional point they made against Blaine which did not at all affect the public, was that he must have been the mysterious man who persuaded Garfield to put Judge Robertson in the New York Custom House. Now Garfield made this appointment of his own motion and he considered it to be a particular piece of smartness. He knew how Depew, Robertson and what were called the half breeds in New York politics, otherwise the more civilized portion in savage politics, had been habitually kept down by the Conkling influence. On this subject Chauncey Depew spoke to me just before the summer convention in Chicago, saying:

"I suppose you know what a domination we have lived under in this State, refused all participation since 1869 in the favors of the government? Such a system of oppression as we suffered and

#### Still Remained Republicans

under has probably never been known in this land."

Garfield had proposed to Conkling to make Judge Robertson district attorney for eastern New York. Conkling replied in a sneering way that Robertson was not lawyer enough for that position—a double falsehood and insult, because Robertson was a most acceptable judge and understood the science of the law better than Conkling. Garfield therefore thought that to give Robertson the merely mercantile place of collector of the port, with its superior salary, would appease both factions. Without consultation with anybody he sent in the name and then laid it upon Blaine. The same was done concerning the appointment of Thomas L. James to be postmaster of New York. Whitelaw Reid told me that he sent a despatch to Garfield demanding the appointment of James as an act of justice to the most numerous element of the Republican party. All the same it was laid to Blaine.

This Senate at Washington has a parcel of old standees in it who constitute a sort of social club and initiate the newer senators into their prejudices. When Blaine came to the Senate with his far superior popularity to their own it was resolved in the inner circle—the Council of Ten inside of the Venetian Council of Thirty—to ignore Blaine altogether. That was thought to be the refinement of fellowship and jesuitry. The very thing they were trying to put upon Blaine of insincerity they started in combination against him. Instead of giving him a fair chance in the debates, they agreed when he made a speech or a point to make no reply whatever and to act simply as if nobody had spoken. Mr. Edmunds was the ringleader in this. When Blaine would say something which appeared to require an answer or an explanation, everybody would keep still. Such contemptibility in what might be called the House of Peers of this land, was worthy of the baronial ages. The popularity of Blaine amongst the multidude was to be used for his destruction. So he remained in the Senate always

#### Heard by the Crowd

with interest, and whenever it was known that he was going to make a speech the galleries would immediately fill up. The senators controlled by this cabal would carefully ignore him; looking at the place where he stood, if they looked at all, as if there was nothing but empty space to be seen there. Finally when he got the nomination for president, in spite of them, Mr. Edmunds refused to mention his name on the stump.

And yet I heard Hannibal Hamlin say when Harrison was inaugurated that Mr. Blaine's morals were not to be assailed by anybody. He said that Blaine had been known in Maine nearly from his boyhood up, and that as concerned his habits and his moral construction he was a blameless person. He thought that Blaine did not always keep his political promises, but how can a man keep his promises when he is backcapped with the very administration which put him in office? Here is General Harrison, if what I have related be true, not consulting his secretary of state. He has given this man his most important office and then has left him without his confidence. Of course there are numbers of persons who expect Mr. Blaine will be influential in this administration. The next thing, perhaps, they will accuse him of having abandoned them, whereas it is Blaine who is abandoned, and not for reasons that will stand the test of neighborly fellowship.

Blaine differs in temperament from nearly all the old senators. He has not altered in temperament since he was a boy. I inquired into his style in the county of his birth and found that when he was a collegian he had the same dash in debate and manner of giving himself away under the influence of the moment which have recommended him to the great body of the people who like a leader with high temperament, or what is called magnetism. This same qualification answered excellently in the House of Representatives, of which he easily became speaker. There he beat Mr. Dawes who, nevertheless, got a lodgement in the Senate and has been sitting there in the quietest manner for two or three terms. As I looked down upon the inauguration

#### Proceedings from the Gallery

on March 4, I thought to myself: After all, is it not a mistake in a public man to give his whole nature to his avocation? There is Dawes, unmolested, if unmentioned. He was Blaine's competitor for speaker of Congress, and was very soon aware that he was a beaten man. Yet in the Senate, where he cuts no great figure, he suits the senatorial temperament. He lets Edmunds and others have their way. Blaine was too meddlesome for that, and they ignored him because they could not match him. In short, one seems to succeed in politics by not being a leader at all, but by being a follower. Blaine's promises, no doubt, come from an earnest heart. But to fulfil these promises requires an accordance of other powers than himself. Men still look upon him as if he were the leader of the party, and think that he can

#### Get the Leading Positions

for them under the other ministers who may be in the cabinet with him. Consequently his appointment by General Harrison may very probably result in more defections from his cause.

I thought that Blaine upon the floor of the Senate looked very much like Lord Palmerston or Lord Derby, or some of those old English statesmen who do not reach their prime until they are in the failing age. Then you notice that their complexions have to be calked up in order that they shall make an appearance in the House of Commons. They have a preternatural whiteness and look to be 80 or 90 years of age, except for the operations of their hairdresser and barber and florist. Under such governments, Blaine would at the present time be just entering upon his harvest of honors.

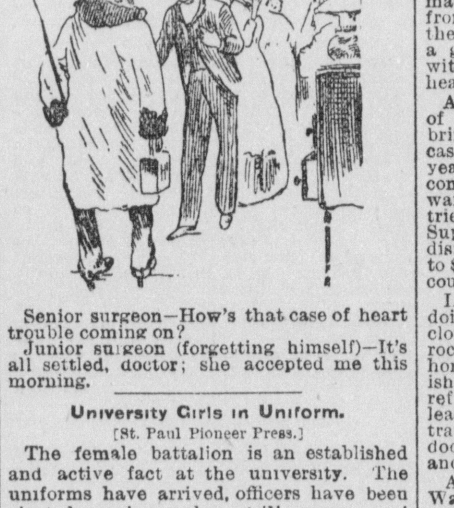
Yet we see in England Gladstone, the most popular man in the kingdom, also left out, because he veers too much toward modern times and new ideas. As long as he was a Tory, representing the University of Oxford and writing books about the established church as the only church in the world, he was considered a very promising man. But when he proposed to extend to Ireland, a semi-alien kingdom, the British conditions of justice, the cry went around that he was the most dangerous man in the islands; that he meditated making those Celts the balance of power in England. They finally resorted to forgery to break him down, and now, that these forgeries have been exposed, they will probably let up on Parnell, but not forgive Gladstone.

I think it was Governor Alger who said to me that Blaine was the American Gladstone. It is surely a strange condition of affairs when Wanamaker passes to the head of the Post Office Department, and can put a postmaster in every village of the United States without question, and Blaine as secretary of state is not consulted about the cabinet formation.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

## A BELLEVUE MYSTERY.

[From Judge.]




Senior surgeon—How's that case of heart trouble coming on?

Junior surgeon (forgetting himself)—It's all settled, doctor; she accepted me this morning.

## University Girls in Uniform.

[St. Paul Pioneer Press.]

The female battalion is an established and active fact at the university. The uniforms have arrived, officers have been elected, and regular drill commenced with an ardor that bodes no good to the male battalion when they meet their belligerent amazon compeers on the bloodless field of the proposed sham battle. The uniform is not particularly handsome, though the fair wearers of it praise it for its ease and comfort. It consists of a short, full skirt, kilt in front, blouse waist, with full sleeves and a rolling collar. Over the blouse is worn a black zouave jacket with high collar. It is said that the warlike propensities of the ladies were fully evidenced during the six weeks it took them to decide upon it, and that the propensities did not die out was proved by the election. Miss Ada Smith, '89, was elected generalissimo of the female forces.

## All Irish in the Bank.

[Chicago Mail.]

I frequently have business in the First National Bank and the impression has grown on me that all the employes are Irish. Today I asked Mr. Sites, one of the good-natured receiving tellers, if such was not the case. He said:

"No. Why do you ask?"

"I told him that whenever I came into the bank I invariably heard one clerk calling another, and it was always "O'Veasey," "O'Sites," "O'Loucks," "O'Wendell," etc., etc. Mr. Sites explained that it was merely a rule of the institution to prefix the word "ou" before calling a man's name in a more than ordinary loud tone of voice.

## Power of the Press.

[Orlando, Fla., Record.]

We happened to mention to a couple of gentlemen, in a sort of mysterious manner, that we knew a couple of young men who were carrying things with a high hand, and imagined no one knew of their doings, and if they did not go slow we would call attention to it in such a way as to call a halt. This was only a joke on our part, but within half an hour four different young men came to us and begged that we would desist.

# ODD ITEMS.

The richest man in Berlin has an income of $1,190,000.

The crown of Charles II., made in 1660, is the oldest existing in England.

The sale is reported of a piece of property in Chicago at the rate of $1.30 a square inch.

A medical certificate for a Buffalo quack tells of a man being cured of rheumatism of 91 years' standing.

Henry Gilbert of Westville, L. I., is the possessor of a pet hen which has been setting for the past three weeks on three kittens.

Adelborontiphoscophorniostikos is the classical name of a locomotive owned by the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company at Scranton.

One of the qualifications for membership in the Topers' Club of Tokio, Japan, is the ability to consume seven bottles of sakke at a sitting.

More college students come from Connecticut in proportion to the population than from any other State. She sends one to every 549 persons.

A bill has been introduced in the Kansas Legislature appropriating money for drilling four deep holes in the ground "to see what can be found."

An old hand press that is stored away in the cellar of an Athens (Ga.) newspaper office is said to have been used at one time by Benjamin Franklin.

In New York city, according to a prominent merchant of that place, 7000 bookkeepers are looking for work, which they would gladly do for $10 a week.

A young dandy recently appeared in Piccadilly, London, in a costume of lavender trousers, patent leather shoes and a short jacket of sealskin. The effect was striking.

An empty freight car, which was carried off in the Mississippi cyclone of three years ago, has just been found in a swamp ten miles from the spot where it was picked up.

On Tuesday last a whiskey bottle in the breast pocket of a man at Spinville, Ala., stopped a bullet directed at his heart. The bottle was broken and the man escaped being shot.

There is only one prisoner in the jail of Hughe county, Dak., and he would be promptly released if it was not necessary to keep the insurance good by having somebody in the jail.

Two of the most successful college presidents in Kentucky are women—Miss Lottie A. Campbell, president of Caldwell College, Danville, and Miss A. M. Hicks, president of Clinton College.

A line of cable cars passing through La Salle street tunnel, in Chicago, is lighted by incandescent lamps as the cars enter the tunnel, the current being thrown out as daylight is again reached.

Among the famous cases of existence without food and drink is that of a fast of 66 days just completed by a sheep on a farm near Tuscola, Ill. The poor animal was imprisoned all that time beneath a strawstack.

Mrs. Margaret Dick of Vincennes, Ind., has four chairs that once graced the parlor of William Henry Harrison. They are of wood, with plain straight backs, and show not the slightest trace of carving or other decoration.

A California paper remarks that it's likely, if Santa Cruz gets a new jail, "the present practice of the prisoners climbing out and going down town to find the sheriff when they want him will probably be discontinued."

While a man at Carlisle, Penn., was running a planer his coat tail got tangled and was fortunately torn off. A bit of wood in his pocket blocked a cog wheel and saved his life. The wood was a piece of John Brown's scaffold.

A great flume has been completed at San Diego, Cal. It extends 50 miles from the western slope of Cuyamaca mountain, where there is a reservoir containing a four years' supply of water at an elevation of 4500 feet. The cost was $900,000.

There is a negro living in Americus, Ga., who has nine children, four girls and five boys, eight of whom have directly over the forehead a patch of white hair about three inches wide. The remainder of their hair is the same as that of any other negro.

A Genoa (Nev.) blacksmith proposes the following scheme for securing water for irrigation: "Lay a pipe over the mountains to Lake Tahoe, roof the lake with an air-tight covering and then pump air until the pressure is great enough to force the water through the pipe."

A pair of garter clasps are now in progress of mounting in Detroit that are intended for a fortunate young lady whose birthday comes on the 17th of March. A shamrock in green enamel with diamond dew on the leaves is the design, with the wearer's monogram on the under side.

The great vault of the treasury is full of silver dollars, making $86,000,000 now stored in it. It was expected that the vault would hold 100,000,000 silver dollars, but, owing to the size of the boxes in which the dollars are deposited, it was found that the vault fell short of its supposed capacity by $14,000,000.

La Nature, in a description of the great plate rolling machine at the St. Jacques works, refers to a pyrometric telescope. This remarkable instrument, which is the invention of two engineers at these works, permits of accurately determining the temperature of a mass of heated metal or of a furnace heated red hot.

The Westinghouse Electric Company has nearly ready for the market an electric cigar lighter. When the current is turned on a bunch of bare wire loops at the end of a handle, which are contained in incombustible material, are heated to a red heat, and the cigar is lighted just as it would be lighed from a red-hot coal.

Two fishermen at Pushaw lake baited a line with a shiner, and put it through the ice. Noticing a great commotion, they took it from the water, when it was found that a white perch, weighing about half a pound, had first swallowed the bait, and then an enormous pickerel had swallowed both the perch and its prize.

Quoddy Head, Me., is the easternmost point of the United States, Alton islands the westernmost, Point Barrows the northernmost and Key West the most southern. Taking these points as the basis for work, it is found that the geographical centre of the United States is about 270 miles west of San Francisco, in the Pacific ocean.

A New Jersey bird dog went into a room where a parrot was at liberty, when he stopped and pointed. The bird approached, looked the dog square in the eye, and said, "You're a rascal!" The dog was so surprised at hearing a bird speak that he dropped his tail, wheeled, and ran away, and from that day to this he has never been known to point a bird.

The chair in which President Cleveland has sat for four years is one that he had made to order and paid for himself. It is made of light oak to match the desk made from the timber of the Resolute and sent to the White House by Queen Victoria. It is a great wide spreading revolving chair, with a seat and back of split cane, and a heavy frame tastefully carved.

A suit is now pending in the Justice Court of Carnesville, Ga., for 25 cents. This brings to mind the celebrated conch shell case that was tried in Pennsylvania several years ago. A conch shell was the bone of contention, valued at 50 cents. A possessory warrant was brought for it. It was twice tried in the Justice Court, and came to the Superior Court by certiorari, when it was dismissed. The cost amounted to from $20 to $30, and the shell remained where the court found it.

Last spring a lady living on Mount Bowdoin found 17 four-leaved and one six-leaved clover, all on one plant. It was growing on rocky soil, and she pulled it up, took it home and set it out in her garden. It flourished but did not increase in size, the roots refusing to spread. All summer it bore four-leaved clover, and in the autumn it was transplated in a small box and taken indoors. Since that time it has borne 37 four and a dozen five-leaved clovers.

A curious novelty will be introduced in Washington during the inauguration to help a man find his cab in the wilderness of the vehicles. A stereopticon screen will be erected on one of the corners of the building, and when a gentleman desires his carriage he will give his number to the operator, who will flash it out where all the hackmen can see it. If the line is too long and complicated, messenger boys will be stationed at intervals to repeat the announcement.

A short time ago H. Herman of New York city sent to Scottsburg, Ind., to purchase a large white oak tree, which measured 27 feet in circumference. He paid $75 for it, and at once set to work to get out as large a board as possible. The tree was ripped up by means of a cross-cut saw and Friday a board 10 inches thick, 5 feet 2½ inches wide at butt, 5 feet wide at top and 32 feet long was hauled to the depot and loaded on a flat car. It required two yoke of oxen and eight horses a whole day to move it one and one-half miles on a broad-tread wagon. The board will be shipped to New York.

The Carthusian monks have refused $16,000,000 for the secret of their liqueur. This secret no one has been able to reach, although time and money have been wasted in the effort. Experiments without number have been made, but they were as futile as the search to discover the mysteries of the polar regions. There are, it is said, about 50 different plants in the preparation of the liqueur. Each monk has his own grounds to cultivate, his own workshop to himself, and in them he pursues his daily manual occupation without conversation with any one, and alone to his self-communings.

Checking babies at balls is the latest wrinkle, says the Buffalo (N. Y.) Commercial. At a ball given in that city recently a woman became tired of carrying her little one about in her arms. She took the child to the hatroom and put it in a box. The little sleeper was then duly checked, the mother paying 10 cents for the privilege. "I'll keep this baby here till it wakes up, but you must come and get it when it begins to cry," said the man in charge of the hatroom. "All right," replied the mother, and away she went to the ballroom, where she enjoyed two hours' recreation. At the end of that time the mother was called out of a set to take care of the baby.

The crown of Charles II., made in 1660, is the oldest existing in England.

A Georgia man has a hen which lays double eggs, each one having an egg within an egg, as it were.

Some Japanese chestnut trees at Santa Rosa, Cal., yield enormous fruit. One dozen nuts weigh a pound.

A Kentucky woman laments the loss of a purse, which she laid away 40 years ago to insure her a decent burial.

Tuscumbia, Ala., was excited the other day over a negro who could drink whole pailfuls of cold water and eat glass with an evident relish.

Lewis Minthort of Shawano, Wis., is the father of 12 children. He has the distinction of being the father of a family composed entirely of triplets.

King Otho of Bavaria has been attacked by a curious malady his hair having turned white in a single night, while all his physical power has entirely left him.

An eight-year-old lad, Richard Freeman of St. Louis, while trying to see how long he could hold his breath, burst a blood vessel and a few moments later died.

An offer of $500 was recently made for a madstone owned in Charlotte, N. C. The stone has a record of having cured more than 100 cases of mad dog and snake bites.

One of the watch-dogs at the railroad station in Portsmouth, Va., was killed by being run over. His mate went to the place where he was buried, dug him up, laid a piece of meat by his side, and then went away.

The Empress dowager of China, who still remains Empress regent, has ruled China for 25 years. She is now over 50. She is a skilful archer, she boxes, and in other ways exhibits her independence of character.

A Baltimore barber makes the assertion that a man's beard grows faster in bright weather than in cloudy. He thinks that the sunlight has the same effect on the hair of a man's head and face as it has on plants.

An easy way to split a sheet of paper is to soak it thoroughly and spread it out on a pane of glass. With careful handling the upper half can then be peeled off. The lower will stick to the glass until it becomes dry.

Countess Martinez sells stamps at the post office window in Philadelphia. She was a Baltimore girl, and her husband is a real German count, at present in reduced circumstances and in a Philadelphia hospital.

Justin Jones, the story writer, who died recently, was accustomed at times to step to his case and set a story in type without having first written it out, composing the entire narrative to the click of the types as they rattled into his stick.

At the top of the inside board of an old ledger belonging to a merchant of the sixteenth century, which has been brought to light in Edinburgh, were found these words, inscribed by the bookkeeper: "God bliss this buik, and keip me and it honest."

The young Emperor of China rises at 2 o'clock every morning, taking a light breakfast half an hour later. At 3 o'clock he begins the work of the day. He has his second breakfast at 11 and dines later in the day, retiring to bed early in the evening.

Since the Queen left Osborne, her majesty's horses and carriages have been removed to Windsor. There are 57 horses and 28 carriages and vans. Four steamers were required to convey them from East Cowes to Southampton. From that point they were taken to Windsor by two special trains.

The late Horatio G. Onderdonk's will provides that if any of his heirs marries before the age of 25 without the consent of his parents, or habitually uses tobacco, or omits rising by 9 o'clock in the morning, the one so offending is to be debarred from receiving any of the money. The estate is valued at $4,000,000.

Among the birthday presents received by Edison, the inventor, was a cake from his servants. It was about two feet in diameter and 12 inches high. It bore the inscription, "Thomas A. Edison, 1889," in frost-work, and around its edges were 42 tiny incandescent electric lights supplied from a battery placed in a cavity in the centre of the cake.

Mrs. C. A. Byrd of Brooks county, Georgia, owns the skillet her great-grandmother used. It is as good as new, notwithstanding it is something over 150 years old. Mrs. Byrd also has a small lightwood knot her grandfather wore around his neck for palpitation of the heart. It is worn perfectly smooth, and is said to greatly benefit the ailment mentioned.

Japan apparently leads the world in the number of houses destroyed by fire. Quite frequently 25 or 30 buildings go up in smoke, while several times within the past year the number has been 30 times that amount. Late in January flames swept over 14 streets in Ichibancho, and 1000 houses, including schools and temples, were reduced to ashes. A few days later 500 buildings were damaged at Yokosuka.

Mrs. Storey, widow of Wilbur F. Storey, of the Chicago Times, is said to have a large cedar chest filled with lace handkerchiefs, all made by French manufacturers at the special order of her husband, who disliked to have her use any other kind. Another of his whims was that she should have a quart of unset precious stones, and he bought and bought until a jewel casket, made to hold just a quart, was filled.

A deerskin mantle which belonged to King Powhatan is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, mantles of furs and feather-work brought with it from Virginia by the first colonists having been destroyed. The mantle is formed of two skins, has no hair, and is decorated by an upright human figure, divided by the seam, a pair of animal figures and 32 spiral rounds of shell-work. The embroidery is of beads and shells.

An Ohio poultry raiser has made a curious discovery. He says that if you go out to feed a flock of chickens and will cause them to wait, they will invariably, as they crowd about you, begin a circuit around you from right to left in front, and continue this revolution as long as you stand there. No amount of interruption or manœuvring can confuse them or compel them to take the contrary direction at any time.

In Brazil there is a tribe called Cafusos, which has sprung into existence by marriage between the long, stiff-haired natives and the imported negro slaves. As might be expected from the admixture of these extremes, these people possess hair of a very extraordinary kind. It rises perpendicularly from the head in thick curly masses, and forms a wig of such enormous dimensions that the possessors must stoop low when entering their huts.

It is the pet ambition of the Princess Maria Theresa of Bavaria to own more dogs and know more people than any other member of the royal families of Europe. She is unmarried and travels with a maid of honor and a chamberlain, to whose tender mercies are confided the 14 animals that compose her travelling menagerie. When in Madrid she carried a tame rat in her arms when she walked abroad, and was followed by her chamberlain, who was chained to a small cinnamon bear.

A novel application of paper pulp has recently been discovered, and consists in the production of organ pipes from that material. The origin of the industry is somewhat curious. Crespi Rigtuzzo, the curate of a little Italian village, was desirous of supplying his chapel with an organ, but as the commune was too poor to find the necessary fund, he and an engineer of the name of Colombon hit upon the idea of making the pipes of paper pulp, which gave such satisfactory results that the patent has been sold in Germany for £2500.

The manufacture of what are termed veneered diamonds is a notable industry in Paris. The body of the gem is of quartz or crystal. After being cut into a proper shape it is put into a galvanic battery, which coats it with a liquid, the latter being made of diamonds which are too small to be cut, and of the clippings taken from diamonds during the process of shaping them. In this way all the small particles of diamonds that heretofore have been regarded as comparatively worthless can, by means of this ingenious process, be made of service to the jeweller.

At a recent dance in Chicago two young men led a german and then engineered a fox hunt. A small boy was dressed to represent the fox, the hounds in full cry being represented by 20 young ladies, who chased the fox madly, following him twice around the room. Then all the men, mounted on hobby horses, came dashing in "at the death," after clearing gates, hurdles and other obstacles encountered in their mad career. The first man in got the "brush," a fox's tail, which he bestowed upon the young lady with whom he wished to dance.

S. B. Barlow of McKenzie, Ind., is the owner of a Catholic prayer book published in 1720, 169 years ago, and 12 years before George Washington was born. He got possession of it during the Mexican war, finding it under the floor of the hall of the Montezumas in the City of Mexico. The book was printed in very old style type, was quite legible, a little soiled with Mexican mud and browned by age. He is also the possessor of an old certificate of oath of allegiance bearing date of Sept. 17, 1777, and given to an old ancestor of his, David Barlow.

Queen Victoria has a great fondness for china, and buys a new selection every year. Some of these are purchased for presentation, but the majority goes to her majesty's table. She is said to show excellent taste, and generally buys broad cups in ivory and gold or ivory and blue. So keen is the desire in London nowadays, however, to have something different from other people that customers are not influenced in the least by the information that the Queen has bought such and such a pattern. Indeed, it acts as a deterrent against their buying the same thing.

All kinds of locomotion have been tried in London, but in the course of the next six weeks a new and novel method of travelling will be introduced to the public. A person living in South London will be able to take a ticket near the Monument for his home in Kennington or Stockwell. He will be lowered down to a subterranean station and be taken in a tramcar under the Thames to his destination. The tram line will be worked by electricity, and the time occupied in conveying him to Kennington Oval—a distance of over two miles—will be 10 minutes.

# CHINA'S CRŒSUS.

## How an Almond-Eyed Jay Gould Looks.

### Mr. How Qua and His Acres of Houses.

### He Proudly Points to His Mother's "Golden Lily Feet."

### Carpenter Visits a Rat and Cat Restaurant.

### Sharks' Fins and Bird-Nest Soup the Chinese Delicacies.

[Copyrighted, 1888, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

CANTON, China, Jan., 1889.—I visited this afternoon the Vanderbilt of China. He is a relative of the Chinese minister at Washington, and his grandfather died less than a generation ago leaving an estate worth 50,000,000 hard gold dollars. His name is How Qua, and he has acres of houses in the busiest part of Canton, his own residence occupies the site of a good-sized farm, and he has diamonds and pearls by the cupful. One of his diamonds, a ring which cost $60,000, was sent to England to be sold not long ago, and it is probably now in the jewel casket of one of the monarchs of Europe. He has plantations of rice fields, and many acres of the choicest tea gardens. His money is well invested, and he would approach the wealth of Jay Gould, were it not that the officials every now and then come down upon him for a gift from $10,000 to $100,000, and he dare not refuse. This rich man is now 49 years old, though he does not look over 35. He is a typical Chinaman of the literary class, has a broad, high forehead, thin, yellow cheeks and eyes that shine as brightly as his choicest diamonds. His hair is like jet, and his cue reaches to his ankles. He was dressed in silks and furs when he received me, and he had a tight round, black, silk skull cap on the top of his head. He shook his own hands before his breast in Chinese salutation when our American consul, Mr. Seymour, introduced me to him, and then he reached out his long-nailed fingers and grasped my hand a la Americaine.

It was in his grand residence on the banks of the Pearl river, in the heart of Canton. We walked through a wilderness of buildings devoted to the servants and relatives of the family before we came to the reception room. How Qua supports about 400 of his poor relatives, and when a man makes a fortune in China his whole clan settles down upon him. In the various courts all kinds of work seems to be going on. Here servants were cleaning the fish for the family. There rice was being ground into flour and dried in great baskets, and just next the reception room we heard the buzzing of babel. It was How Qua's children being taught by their tutor, and like all Chinese children, they studied out loud, singing their lessons out at the tops of their voices. Now and then the sharp clapper of the ruler could be heard when one of the boys made a mistake, and the father told me he intended to have his boys educated at the Hong Kong foreign college, and to finish them off in America and England. He talked English himself, and he is among the progressive of the Chinese. As we sat and chatted

**The Choicest of Formosa Tea**

was brought in the leaves of which were, I judge, worth about $20 a pound, and we seated ourselves in black ebony chairs, which in couples were ranged on the sides of small tables, and sipped the tea from covered china cups without saucers. There are no easy chairs in the Chinese gentleman's house, and this palace in China had uncarpeted floors of stone, and its walls between the rooms were of colored glass framed in ebony. Some of the curious shaped panels had pictures painted on them by Chinese artists, and the effect of the whole was the finish of a fancy storeroom yet unoccupied, rather than that of a comfortable home.

In no country in the world have mothers more power than in China, and in no place is filial affection more shown. How Qua, though 49 years old, obeys his mother as well as when he was 10, and he would not think of going out at night without asking her permission. Not long ago he was invited to our consulate for dinner. He replied: "I would like to come, but I cannot tell till I ask my mamma." Still, How Qua is nearly 50, and his mother 69. The Chinese mother selects the bride for her son, and How Qua during this visit seemed much prouder of his mother than his wife. He introduced us to the old lady, who was sitting in a chair wrapped up in furs and powdered and painted. Her seat looked out upon her flower garden, and she had two maids beside her. Upon her cloth cap was a great button of diamonds as large as the biggest full-blown rose, and of about the same shape. It was made of numerous stones, and the central one was as large as the egg of a robin. Pearls hung in her ears, and

**What Interested Us Most Were the "Golden Lilies,"**

which shone out beneath her embroidered petticoat. "Golden lilies" is the Chinese expression for the smallest of ladies' feet, and Madam How Qua had shoes not more than two inches in diameter. Their soles were round, rather than oblong, and their tops were embroidered in silver and silk. They were so small that she could not walk alone, and this old lady, who has for years controlled a fortune greater than that possessed by Miss Mary Garrett or Mrs Mark Hopkins, cannot move from one room to another without the assistance of her maids.

The small feet of the Chinese women is one of the first sights in China that sickens the foreigner. In Tientsin and north China all of the Chinese women compress their feet, and they hobble about the streets with canes, resting their heavy forms on the stump of the natural foot. There is a woman here in Canton whose foot is so small that the part which goes into the shoe is not bigger round than a trade dollar, and the compressed foot is a horrible deformity. I had one photographed, and the sight fills me with disgust. The leg from the knee to the foot is like a pipestem. The beauty of the ballet girl's calf is missing, and the skin seems to be wrapped around the shin. It is crackled and rough, and the foot itself seems to be broken in two in the middle. The instep was doubled over upon the heel, and the four small toes were wrapped around under the sole of the foot. The big toe and a part of these four were all that went into the shoe, and the Chinese ladies, in reality, walk on their



CHINA'S JAY GOULD.

toes. They have the heel set about in the middle of the shoe, like the French heel, and we got French heels and rouge from China. The compression of the feet is said to date back to an empress who had a club foot, and who made the other ladies of the court bind up their feet until it became the fashionable thing. Another explanation is that it was adopted to keep Chinese women from gadding, and if so, it succeeds. All Chinese women, except the Manchus or Tartars, now bind their feet, and it is a very low peasant who has feet of the natural shape. The pressing is with bandages which are put on the foot when the child is five years old. They are wrapped so tightly that the toes are forced into the flesh, that the instep is forced up so that the heel and the big toe forms a perfect bow, and so that the flesh often breaks at the instep, and the



A CHINESE BELLE.

bones sometimes protrude. This binding is kept up through life, and swelling takes place whenever the bandages are removed. The women must be in continual pain, and in the winter these compressed feet are liable to freeze. Dr. Mary Niles of the hospital here, told me yesterday of the case of a woman in the country near Canton. Her feet became frozen and sloughed off. She came into Canton on the stumps

**With Her Feet in Her Hand,**

brought them to the hospital and asked the doctors to sew them on again. A cast of one of these feet is now shown at this hospital, which is larger than any in America, and which, since its foundation a half century ago, has treated a million of patients.

Canton is of about the size of Paris or New York and it is one of the best of places to study Chinese gastronomy. The restaurants here have bird's-nest soup at $5 a plate, and I bought a rat which was salted, pressed and dried yesterday for five cents. I doubt not the price was five times too high, for the rat was the smallest on the string which hung in the butcher shop. It lies before me as I write. It measures a foot from nose to tail, and it looks a little bit like a piece of dried pork. It has been skinned, even to the tail. Its legs are cut off and the liver and heart are pressed inside of it. It smells like salt meat and it looks as though it would make the centre of a good sandwich. I propose to send it to the Gridiron or Clover club as a sample of Chinese gastronomy. In this same shop I saw cooked cats, and I visited yesterday a cat and dog meat restaurant. Carcasses of small dogs which looked not unlike clean sucking pigs, hung from hooks about a low dark room and these, in most instances, had a tuft of hair left on the tip of the tail. This hair was black, for black dog's meat is worth more than that of the yellow dog, and black cat's flesh costs here 10 cents a plate. Just below these dogs, and next to the street, were two clay bowls filled with burning charcoal, and upon these was stewing the flesh of dogs and cats. In little cages on the floor were a number of live cats ready to be killed and cooked to order, and I saw this afternoon a pedler showing a cat to a woman in one of the narrow streets of Canton. The woman was examining the cat's teeth in order to know its age, and she felt of its body as though it were a rabbit. There were about a dozen Chinamen dining in this dog and cat restaurant, and a good dinner costs on an average 15 cents.

The Chinese, however, have as good markets as you will find anywhere in the world. I have never seen a greater variety of fruits and vegetables anywhere than in Peking, Shanghai and Canton. The mutton of the north is finer than that of England, and the game is of the choicest. Fish are always sold alive, and you see tubs of living fish at every Cantonese market stand. The market man takes the squirming fish from the water and cleans it while it gasps. He holds its wiggling tail and cuts slices of quivering flesh from its sides to sell, and he is cruel here as everywhere. All kinds of dried fish are sold, and among the common articles of food are dried ducks pressed and salted. These hang up everywhere, and

**I See Smoked Sheep's Heads,**

dried oysters strung on strings, and dried clams. The Chinese fruits are especially fine, and they have oranges, bananas, plums, pears and persimmons, which would make your mouth water. Canton sends thousands of dollars' worth of sweetmeats to America yearly, and their preserved ginger is sought for by the gastronomes of the world. The Chinese themselves are great eaters. Cook shops for the rich and poor are found everywhere, and a big Chinese dinner sometimes has 100 courses. Mr. Denby, the American minister at Peking, when received by the viceroy at Canton, was given a dinner of 65 courses, and he smacks his lips when he discourses upon the delicacy of shark's fins and bird's-nest soup.

I took a ride on the river this afternoon. Canton has about 300,000 people who live on the water, and there is no busier city in the world than this city of boats. Crafts of all kinds, from the small steamer, the great Chinese junk and the river cargo boats to the sampans and little tubs rowed by spoon-like paddles move here and there or dart in and out through forests of masts. Whole families live on boats about 20 feet long and no wider than the average city vestibule. Here children are born, grow up and die. Marriages take place, and the whole business and actions of life go on. Little children swarm over them, and tots, 2 years old, with cues hanging down their backs, play about upon their decks. The boys have little round barrels or drums about a foot long and six inches in diameter tied by strings to their backs, and many girls of the same size have nothing. If the girl falls overboard it would be good fortune to the poor family to be rid of the expense of raising her, but the boy must have his life preserver. Poor girls are of no account in China, and infanticide is still common. You can buy a girl baby for from one cent up to a dollar, and at the Jesuit Children's Asylum near Shanghai one of the sisters told me that they bought hundreds of girls every year for less than a dollar apiece. At Foo Chow, Mr. Wingate, our consul, told me of a poor woman who strangled her own baby girl in order that she might adopt the baby of a neighbor to raise as a wife for her little son, and a missionary there told me of a man who went around peddling children. There is a foundling asylum here, which, upon the payment of 20 cents by the mother, will take a girl baby to raise, but these girls are sold as soon as they grow much past the weaning age, and they are bought in large numbers by brothel-keepers. The selling of girls for wives and concubines is common, and full-grown maidens bring from $25 upwards. I spent a day sitting beside the Chinese judge in the mixed court in Shanghai, and among the cases tried was that of an old woman who wanted to prosecute a mandarin for breaking his contract in the buying of her daughter.



BLIND BEGGARS OF CANTON.

**The Girl Was Sold for $30,**

and the mandarin took her with him to Formosa, but did not pay the mother. Babies are often bought here, their eyes are put out and they are raised as blind beggars.

There are thousands of blind beggars here in Canton, and in going through the city today I saw at last 300 of all ages and sexes. They went in groups of six and eight in single file, and the leader could see just enough to get along. The others held on to one another's clothes, and all, from decrepit old women to little blind boys, held out little flat round baskets, and turning up their sightless eyes, asked for alms in piteous tones. These blind beggars come from the blind asylum of Canton. They go out daily to beg through the city, and they stand in front of the shop until its owner pays them to go away. They barely get more than the tenth of a cent from a single man, and inasmuch as the asylum furnishes them but little food, they are pale, thin and pitifully ragged. The sackcloth in which the beggar of China is usually clad is of the coarsest coffee sacking. He is dirty and loathsome to an extreme, and I would as soon think of touching a smallpox patient or a leper as one of these beggars. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

# HORACE NELSON.

## Chat With Maine's Famous Horseman.

### He Has Owned, Bred and Driven

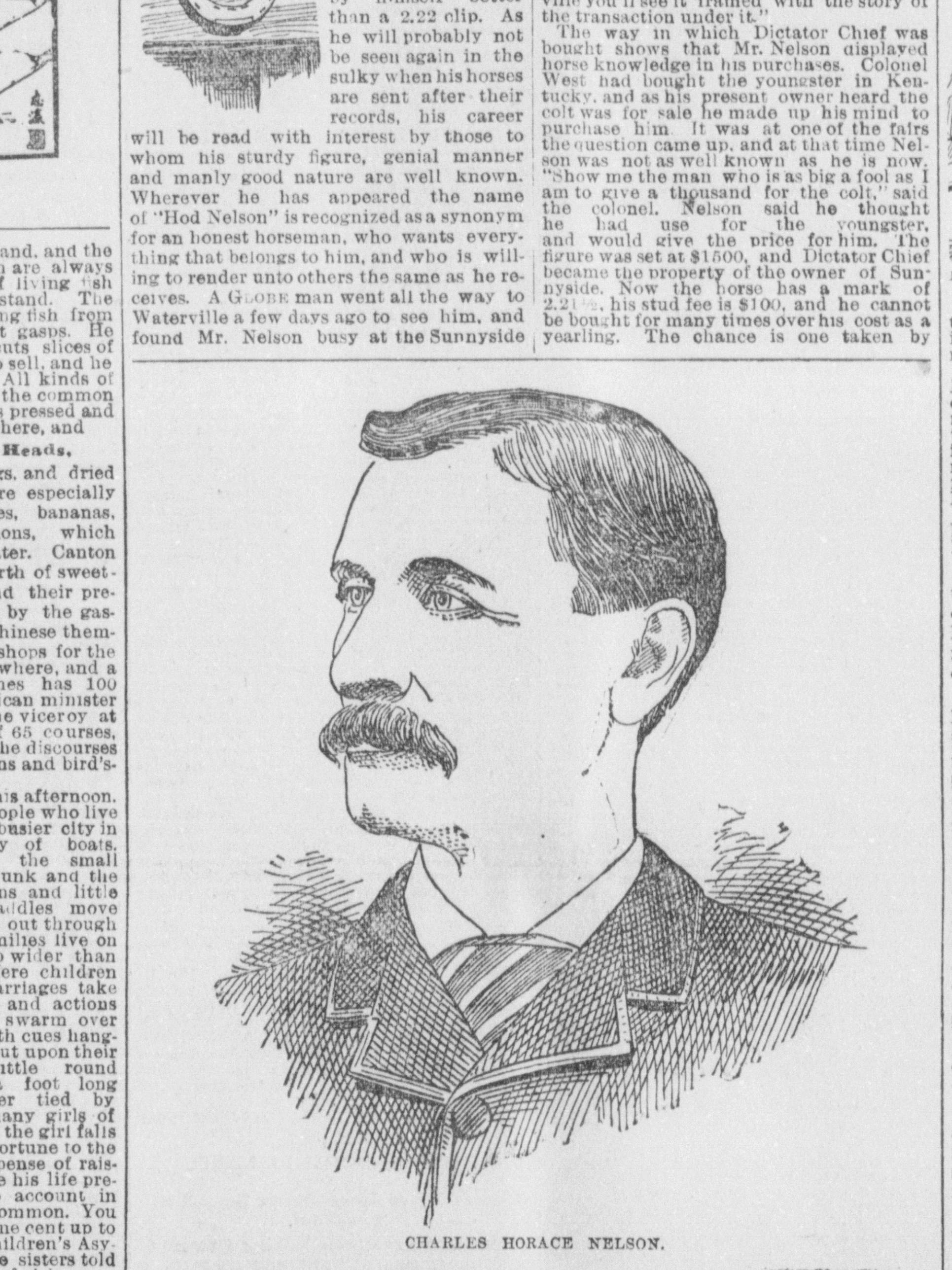
### Three Horses That Have Trotted Better Than 2.30.

### Now He Hopes to Put Three in the 20 Circle.

### How the Owner of Sunnyside Secured Dictator Chief.



HERE are few men who have attained such prominence in the horse business as Charles Horace Nelson of Waterville, Me., the owner of the Sunnyside stock farm and who has driven stock bred and raised by himself better than a 2.22 clip. As he will probably not be seen again in the sulky when his horses are sent after their records, his career will be read with interest by those to whom his sturdy figure, genial manner and manly good nature are well known. Wherever he has appeared the name of "Hod Nelson" is recognized as a synonym for an honest horseman, who wants everything that belongs to him, and who is willing to render unto others the same as he receives. A GLOBE man went all the way to Waterville a few days ago to see him, and found Mr. Nelson busy at the Sunnyside farm, where 88 head of horsekind amply demonstrate the result of 20 years of patient and energetic labor.



CHARLES HORACE NELSON.

"I was forced into the horse business," said he; "not that I had any particular love for it at the start, though I always was fond of the trotter. Twenty-one years ago I had less than $1000 in the world, and with that I plunged into the business, and have now quite a big stable and some pretty fast ones at that. When I first said I would beat 2.30 with a Maine-bred horse I was laughed at, called visionary and other names not quite so euphonious and infinitely less complimentary. I only mention this to show that I did not start under the most favorable auspices.

"I never drove a horse in a race other than my own, and have been a driver since 1881. Since then I have handled quite a few, and have so far proven the injustice of the critics I have already spoken of by having bred, owned, handled and driven three better than 2.30. The first of these was Susie Owen, 2.26; the second my seven-year-old stallion, 2.21¼, and the third Aubine, 2.27¼, the brown mare that will beat 2.20 this year. Now, every one of the three could have beaten 2.21. Besides these I bought Dictator Chief as a yearling, and have handled him since then. He has a mark of 2.21½, and though I am keeping him in the stud for a limited season, I may turn him out to

**Try and Beat 2.20.**

It is a wish that I have to see Nelson, Aubine and Dictator Chief all get inside the 20 circle, and I think I can do it. I am confident that Nelson can go very fast, and to that end I am having him worked for speed this year; am giving him a rest from stud service, and the only thing I regret is that my increasing weight will very likely prevent my being up behind him this season."

"What weight am I? Well, I come pretty near being 200 pounds this minute, and when I gave Nelson his mark I was 189 pounds, and only three pounds less when I drove Dictator Chief last fall. I recognize the fact that nearly 40 pounds oveweight means a good deal at the rate of speed the horses go, and I am confident that had a first-class 150 pound man been driving who knew the horses as well as I did, both of them could easily have had marks of 2.20 or better. I had the worst accident of my life happen the day before I drove Dictator Chief for his record. You remember Heirolight's runaway? and, by-the-way, THE GLOBE had an illustration of that very event at the time. I had promised to send Dictator Chief for a mark, and though my legs and arms were bruised, my back hurt and I felt more like keeping my bed than driving at such a clip I was determined to send him along. The track was hard and Viking would not be let go against time, the conditions were so unfavorable, so that it looked bad for me. I stayed with Jewel to the half pole and then told him to keep up, run or trot, and came home in 2.21½. I suffered a good deal and bear the marks of the Herolight mishap yet."

"What was the hardest race of my experience? Well, speaking of Herolight brings me right to that point. He was the hero of the occasion. It was in Lewiston last fall. There were eight horses in the race, and it took seven of the hardest fought heats you ever saw to win. I have since sold Herolight to Mr. Morgan of New York as a road horse, and I may say I never handled a gamer or better one in my life. The only race I ever drove when I did not try to win was with Aubine, and she was then not feeling as well as she might, or I should have gone after the big end of the purse as I have always tried to do. Other horses that I have driven have shown speed. Young Rolf, sire of Nelson, trotted over a sand track in 2.25¾ and went the last half in 1.11. I think the fastest I have for the amount of handling received is Brilliant. She has shown me fast work and will be a good one.

"My best known, I think, is old Gretchen, now 22 years of age. She has done good service and has been profitable.

**She Has Produced Many Good Ones,**

and besides has given me many a good whirl along the road. I have ridden many miles behind the daughter of Gideon, though she has not had a harness on her back 10 times in as many years. She was a wonder for long distances, and I can see where the gameness of her colts comes in."

The fastest clip I ever drove was a quarter clip in 32 seconds, a 2.08 gait. This was at Beacon the year I was speeding Nelson. A party of horsemen were looking him over and asked me how fast he could go, and I said he could show a quarter in 32½ seconds. One, a prominent driver, said: "Don't talk like a lunatic." I offered to bet him any part of $500 on it, but as he did not seem inclined to put the money up on the chance I offered to show them the truth of the statement next morning. Bright and early they were on hand, and I sent Nelson to the quarter pole in 33 seconds, drove a slow half mile to the three-quarters and came home the last quarter in 32 seconds. I offered to bet $500 to $1000 I could show a quarter half a second better, but could not get a taker."

Mr. Nelson has not enjoyed good health, and, in fact, left the army over 20 years ago as a hopeless consumptive. He has had frequent attacks, and has been very near death at times, but his courage and will power have enabled him to battle against it, and today he looks rugged and healthy. He spends most of his winters in Florida, and had business not been so pressing this winter he had determined to visit California and look over the stock farms in that region. There are many good stories told about him illustrating his determination and pluck, but none better than one which recently came under the notice of the writer. A prominent business man, who takes interest in horse matters, was a member of an associatien which offered a purse with a special clause that if a certain time was beaten there would be extra money. Mr. Nelson has a habit of

**Clocking Every Mile**

he drives and knows exactly what he is doing all the time. The time hung up was half a second slow, and the difference meant the loss of the special purse. It came to the Waterville man's ears that one of the association had tampered with the judges, and Nelson strode up to the official in question and said, "I thought I was to get fair play here, but I see you are suppressing time."

"You dare not bet $50 on it," was the answer.

"Yes, I will," rejoined the Maine man as he pulled out his wallet. "Further," said he "I'll lose the bet if I cannot prove it." He immediately went to the other judges, explained the case and called on them to tell the truth. They said Nelson had won and he turned to his defeated opponent and said "I'd rather have this $50 than another man's $500 and if ever you come to Waterville you'll see it framed with the story of the transaction under it."

The way in which Dictator Chief was bought shows that Mr. Nelson displayed horse knowledge in his purchases. Colonel West had bought the youngster in Kentucky, and as his present owner heard the colt was for sale he made up his mind to purchase him. It was at one of the fairs the question came up, and at that time Nelson was not as well known as he is now. "Show me the man who is as big a fool as I am to give a thousand for the colt," said the colonel. Nelson said he thought he had use for the youngster, and would give the price for him. The figure was set at $1500, and Dictator Chief became the property of the owner of Sunnyside. Now the horse has a mark of 2.21½, his stud fee is $100, and he cannot be bought for many times over his cost as a yearling. The chance is one taken by every owner of stock, and Mr. Nelson has pulled many prizes in the lottery.

**He Owns 11 Stallions**

of promise, and has lately added a farm at Fairfield to his possessions. He lives at the Elmwood, in Waterville, and enjoys the confidence and respect of all who know him. He has pronounced ideas on horses and training, and his success would imply that he has got hold of the correct ones. Touching on the question of the trotting instinct, Mr. Nelson said that he belived the day would never come when running would be completely obliterated in the trotter. There were many, he said, which had had the trotter so deeply imbued in them that they but rarely ran. Trotting is an acquired gait, and under some circumstances the instinct of the animal is to run to escape danger. He considers that New England will never be able to compete with Kentucky and California in the matter of young trotters, for the reason that they get less chances to develop them and the season is shorter.

The photograph of Mr. Nelson, from which the engraving which accompanies this article was taken, is the first sat for in 20 years. He is a man who is known more by his deeds than by efforts at advertising.

### Mr. Jinks' Close Call.

[Philadelphia Record.]

Mr. Jinks (who came home after a hard day's work, carried three trunks down stairs, bumped his head against the door, and hurried five squares to the depot to see some relatives off)—"I feel tired tonight.

Mrs. Jinks (anxiously)—"Tired? Have you a tired feeling?"

"Yes."

"Mercy! Does your back ache?"

"Yes."

"And head ache?"

"Some."

"And fleeting pains around your body?"

"Well, now I think of it, I do have them occasionally."

"Oh, my husband, you've got the very symptoms described in Dr. Quack's medical almanac, and you are on the verge of Bright's disease liver complaint, consumption, insanity and death! Run right down to the drug store and buy a dozen bottles!"

### A Grain Bin Problem Settled.

[St. Paul Pioneer-Press.]

St. Paul grain men have been vexing their souls over a problem touching a grain bin and contents, the solution of which has dawned upon not a few of them. It is this: Given a bin; dump into it, separately, five distinct qualities of wheat, for instance; open the spout at the bottom and the query is: "Which layer of wheat comes first?" The uninitiated say at once, with a few exceptions: "The first layer at the bottom, of course!" W. A. Van Slyke was determined to get at the facts, and watched the bin with his eagle eye very closely the other day, after having caused a layer of barley to be placed on top of several layers of different kinds of wheat. The spout was opened and the barley came rushing out first.

### The Origin of "My Uncle."

[Notes and Queries.]

The term uncle's, as applied to pawnbroker's shop, is said to be a pun on the Latin word uncus, a hook. Pawnbrokers employed a hook to lift articles pawned before spouts were adopted. "Gone to the uncus," therefore, is exactly tantamount to the more modern phrase, "up the spout." In French the concierge of a prison is called uncle because the prisoners are "kept there in pawn" by the government. In the seventeenth century a usurer was called "my uncle" in the Walloon provinces because of his near connection with spendthrifts, called in Latin nepotes, nephews.

# BILL NYE AT PORKOPOLIS.

## Sweet William Weeps for the Fated Hog.

### He Would Rather Evolve Jokes for Glory Than Stick Pigs for Cash.

### Mighty Western Millionnaires Play Whist with the Sad-Eyed Humorist.

[Copyright, 1889, by Edgar W. Nye.]

DATED AT CHICAGO, Ill., March 7, 1889.

Coming here as I did, from New York, I was agreeably surprised to note the cultivation and refinement one sees here at the most unexpected moments. I came to Chicago (from the East), fearing that I would be shocked and pained almost constantly by the rudeness and ignorance of the masses. And I hate to be shocked. I have been reared so carefully that a few shocks would be fatal to me. Our people were extremely refined and high strung. Several of my ancestors drove their own teams and hauled freight from the depot. We are a haughty race, and when irritated would fight for our honor or anything else that presented itself.

The Nyes extend back into the past for hundreds of years. They have occupied every position of trust all over the pages of the grocery history of their country. We will not brook an affront, and the man who looks askance at us, may be found on the following day carefully looking over his vitals, removing sand from them, and trying to replace them in their former position on the programme.

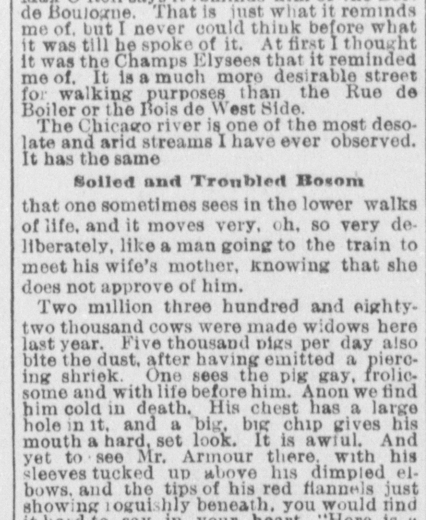
And so I was as pleased as a child when I entered this rough Western town, so far removed from the great thought emporiums and brain works of the

**Thinkful and Tidy East,**

and found so much real merit, so much that we are fond of in the East, yet hardly expect to find so far West, where everything is, oh! so crude, and oh! so coarse.

Among other things I brought my pajamas with me, and a finger bowl. I did not think I would find any finger bowls out here, and I must have my finger bowl or I sicken and fade away.

There are some real good stores here, and Eastern people who may be hesitating about coming here because there is no good place to trade, need not hesitate any longer.




NYE'S PLEASURE AT SEEING A FINGER BOWL.

Society here, too, is good. It is so good that, so far, I have not been pressed to enter it much, and so I can see that it is not so mixed as I have been told it was at home.

Michigan avenue is a beautiful street. Max O'Rell says it reminds him of the Bois de Boulogne. That is just what it reminds me of, but I never could think before what it was till he spoke of it. At first I thought it was the Champs Elysees that it reminded me of. It is a much more desirable street for walking purposes than the Rue de Boiler or the Bois de West Side.

The Chicago river is one of the most desolate and arid streams I have ever observed. It has the same

**Soiled and Troubled Bosom**

that one sometimes sees in the lower walks of life, and it moves very, oh, so very deliberately, like a man going to the train to meet his wife's mother, knowing that she does not approve of him.

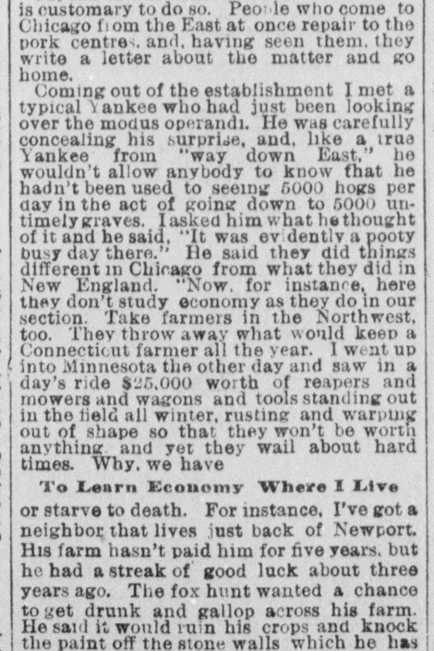
Two million three hundred and eighty-two thousand cows were made widows here last year. Five thousand pigs per day also bite the dust, after having emitted a piercing shriek. One sees the pig gay, frolicsome and with life before him. Anon we find him cold in death. His chest has a large hole in it, and a big, big chip gives his mouth a hard, set look. It is awful. And yet to see Mr. Armour there, with his sleeves tucked up above his dimpled elbows, and the tips of his red flannels just showing roguishly beneath, you would find it hard to say in your heart, "Here is a cold, cruel man." He flits here and there among the workmen, looking now at the breastbone of a Quincy shote to see if we will have an open winter, and then going on to where he is trying to keep up a cob fire under a hogshead in which he is smoking some of his justly celebrated hams. "And are you fond of your work, Mr. Armour?" I asked, as he began to pull out

**The Chin Whiskers of an Adult Hog.**

"Indeed, I am," he replied. "It seems almost like play to me now. At first it made me very tired, and I yearned for something more remunerative, but it pays real well now. And though I feel very weary at night as I get home and put on my other clothes, I am sustained and soothed by the blessed assurance that at the end of the year I find that I have made three millions of dollars, and that is worth making a sacrifice for. Of course it is pleasanter to write thoughts for the paper and wear your good clothes every day and call yourself literary, than it is to assassinate hogs all day and go home smelling like a lard rendering recital, but literature is not so remunerative. I am therefore content. My lot may not be so fragrant as yours, but it is not after all an undesirable one." He then buried his gleaming blade in the watch pocket of a large ecru hog, and as he began to unravel the digestive economy of the poor brute, I turned aside and hid my face on the shoulder of a young lady that stood near by. I am a brave man in a great emergency, but when my honor is not at stake,

**My Heart is Just as Tender**

as it can be.



HOW A SHOTE GETS HIS WHISKERS SINGED.

I speak of Mr. Armour's works because it is customary to do so. People who come to Chicago from the East at once repair to the pork centres, and, having seen them, they write a letter about the matter and go home.

Coming out of the establishment I met a typical Yankee who had just been looking over the modus operandi. He was carefully concealing his surprise, and, like a true Yankee from "way down East," he wouldn't allow anybody to know that he hadn't been used to seeing 5000 hogs per day in the act of going down to 5000 untimely graves. I asked him what he thought of it and he said, "It was evidently a pooty busy day there." He said they did things different in Chicago from what they did in New England. "Now, for instance, here they don't study economy as they do in our section. Take farmers in the Northwest, too. They throw away what would keep a Connecticut farmer all the year. I went up into Minnesota the other day and saw in a day's ride $25,000 worth of reapers and mowers and wagons and tools standing out in the field all winter, rusting and warping out of shape so that they won't be worth anything and yet they wail about hard times. Why, we have

**To Learn Economy Where I Live**

or starve to death. For instance, I've got a neighbor that lives just back of Newport. His farm hasn't paid him for five years, but he had a streak of good luck about three years ago. The fox hunt wanted a chance to get drunk and gallop across his farm. He said it would ruin his crops and knock the paint off the stone walls which he has erected to keep his boys on the farm.

"Well," says the fox tamers and anise seed bag assassins, "what will it damage you? How much will you charge to let us chase the pack in full cry across your grounds?" He allowed that $75 would be fair enough for the privileges of the season, and so they said that would be satisfactory. With this sum he lived comfortably that year and the next he raised them $10. He also charged them with an old and arid cow whom they scared into a drunkard's grave by means of their wild hoarse cries and general English funny business costumes. Last year he made the damage to the crops $95, though he hasn't raised that much from the farm in gross for six years. He also managed to sell the fox hunters a balky horse, which had his neck broken indirectly by the hark, the meet, the whoop and

**The Squawk of the Imitation Englishmen**

who chased the fleeting form of an old coon-skin overcoat, with anise seed in the pockets, across his estates.

Added to these amounts he received $7.50 for allowing an artist to paint the remark "Slinks Handrake Pills" all over the house and barn. With this he has gone to Europe, and is now visiting the continent. People who have seen him



A MONEY-MAKING FARMER.

over there say he is having a great deal better time than Europe is.

"He is what we call in our country a thrifty man, yet withal a joyous and happy-hearted man. He has a laugh like a bird.

**Like the Jackass Bird**

of Australia, I mean. He experimented for two years on the matter of greasing boots as a means of promoting economy. For two years he greased one boot every morning and heated it into the leather, but did not grease the other one at all."

"Well, how did it come out?" I asked grammatically; "which lasted the longer of the two?"

"Well, the one that was greased outlasted the other one about 15 minutes, I believe. He said he doubted whether it paid him for the trouble or not."

An old Chicago business man who has $1,253,850.20 more than I have as I write these lines, said to me, "You see, with about a million people here, you must remember that the larger number are by birth Eastern, so we claim, Mr. Nye, to know as much as the Eastern people and what we have learned since we came West, beside."

"That may be true," I said in a tone of gentle cast irony, "but when you come West you lose that cool, cultivated look of refined vacuity which we of the East constantly dote on. We do not like that in you. It is real coarse. You say 'Hullo!' and treat strangers politely without knowing who they are. That is where you fool yourselves in the West. We Eastern people resent your easy way of getting acquainted with people on trains and in public places and treating them hospitably. You shouldn't do that. You

**Ought to be More Coy**

until people identify themselves. Don't you know that a man with the slightest tinge of intellect can get along first rate socially if he will preserve an air of hauteur and reserve instead of your off-hand bonhommy, as we say in dear old France?"

It is easy for the observer to readily trace the evolution of culture without going out of the cars. Leaving San Francisco you are on good terms with everybody, from the engineer to the rear brakeman, within 24 hours. The California senator divides his lunch and cigars with the homeward bound Bostonian, and the San Francisco millionnaire plays whist with the sad-eyed humorist. Crossing the Missouri river the air of curiosity manifests itself, followed east of Chicago by a falling off in the rapport and persiflage business, until between New York and Boston the stranger feels the same air of cordiality that Mr. Enoch Arden did when he got home, late at night, looked in the window and went away. BILL NYE.

### SAMUEL JOHNSON ON A LARK.

**A Philosopher Who Rolled Down Hill with Children.**

[Macmillan's Magazine.]

After ceremoniously relieving his pockets of keys, knife, pencil and purse, Samuel Johnson deliberately rolled down a hill and landed betumbled out of all recognition at the bottom. Langton had laughingly tried to dissuade him, for the incline was very steep and the candidate scarce of the requisite suppleness. "O, but I haven't had a roll for such a long time!" pleaded his unanswerable big guest. Best of all do we know the chronicle of that immortal night when Beauclerk and Langton supped together at a London tavern, and at 3 of the morning roused Johnson at his Temple chambers, and brought him to the door, fearful but aggressive, in his shirt and little dark wig, armed with a poker. "What! is it you? Faith, I'll have a frisk with you, ye young dogs!" We remember the inn in Covent Garden, the great brimming bowl, with Lord Lansdowne's drinking song for grace; the hucksters and fruiterers standing staring at the strange figure; the merry boat going its way by oar to Billingsgate, its mad crew bantering the watermen on the river; and two of the roisterers, one as wild as the other, despite a little disparity of 30 years or so, scolding the other for hastening off on an appointment toward afternoon "to dine with wretched unidea'd girls!" What genial vagabondism! "I heard of your frolic the other night. You'll be in the Chronicle! . . . I shall have my old friend to bail out of the roundhouse!" said Garrick. "As for Garrick, sirs!" tittered the pious Johnson to his accomplices, "he dare not do such a thing. His wife would not let him!"

### The Small Boy Was Avenged.

[Troy Telegram.]

A boy of 10 was recently flogged by his father for a fault. He determined to wreak vengeance. He has a little brother 14 months old, whose natural propensity to sleep at night is assisted by a nursing bottle filled with milk. The boy is commonly sent down stairs about 8 o'clock to get it from the servant. Burning with his stripes on this occasion, he surreptitiously half-filled the bottle with cold coffee, and then added milk until the bottle was full. The babe, therefore, was the more wakeful the more it drank, and the unhappy father walked the floor with it all night, drowsily humming "Old Hundred," with a wild infantile accompaniment.

### Will Photograph a Burglar.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Application for a patent for an electric light method of instant photography has been made by two gentlemen of Dubuque. The application is designed especially for the detection of burglars. The apparatus can be so arranged that a burglar in entering a bank, office or dwelling will, in his operations touch something which will cause a flash and the result will be his photograph left indelibly on the plate. A number of cameras may be placed in the room and a variety of views taken simultaneously. The tell-tale wire can be fastened to the knob of the safe or door, so that he cannot avoid touching it, thus disclosing his identity.

### A Future Probability.

[Chicago Herald.]

"Pa, why do they celebrate George Washington's birthday?"

"Because he was a great and good man and never told a lie."

"Never told a lie! Will they ever celebrate Blaine's birthday, pa?"

### Willing to See His Mother-in-Law.

[New York Sun.]

Friend (to sick man)—Don't you find the long days lonesome, John, confined as you are to your bed and easy chair?

Sick man—Lonesome, friend. That doesn't express it. Why, the gas collector called this afternoon with a six months' gas bill, and I paid the bill and put my arms around his neck and called him brother.

### Froze Poor Doggie's Tail.

[Fairfield Journal.]

C. B. Wellington's large dog went on the pond at Albion while the boys were skating, the other day, but did not go home with them, and was found Sunday with his tail frozen into the ice. There was a large hole where his body lay, and one paw had nearly melted through the ice.

### Veritable Cruelty to Animals.

[Stoughton Sentinel.]

Oliver Sweatt says he is going to enter suit against the electric light company for damages. His hens are being kept awake every night until 12 o'clock by the bright light, and they are all worn out for want of sleep.

### Away Out in Shantyville.

[Burlington Free Press.]

Bill Bloodgo—I understand that Hickory Tom is dead?

Hank Choker—Yes—poor fellow!

Bill Bloodgo—Of whom did he die?

# ONCE WORE HOMESPUN,

## Now Clad in Robes of Regal Purple.

### How the President of the French Republic Lives on $20,000 a Month.

### What People Eat and Drink at Balls at Hotel de Ville.

For a consideration of 100,000 francs per month, with house rent free, and numerous perquisites, Mons. Carnot consented to assume the responsibilities of chief of the French republic. Before fortune, more fickle in France than elsewhere, smiled upon him, his sole inheritence was a good historic name—for his father had rendered the state true and laudable service—and his sole encumbrance a wife and small income. Now, a grateful people allow him nearly $20,000 per month for his individual expenses, and a free list, sufficient to cover all outlays for balls, state dinners and receptions. It presupposes unusual tact and strength of character to be launched suddenly from homespun to royal purple, without displaying the marks of birthright. No one in Europe receives more graciously than the President. There is a distinguishing personality about him, whether clad in the regalia of the Legion of Honor, standing in the midst of the distinguished men of France, or walking about the grounds of the exposition, conversing with the workmen. There is nothing striking in the face, it is the general bearing of the man that impresses one. He seems to the manor born. Even though the Elysee, erected by Molet in 1718, has counted among its residents the Comte d'Evroux, the Pompadour, the Duchess of Bourbon, Murat, Napoleon I., Louis Bonaparte, Emperor Alexander I. of Russia, the Duke de Berry and Napoleon III., it may be reserved for Carnot to carve out a career of usefulness more enduring than any of these.

The palace is separated from the Champs Elysees by a large, well cared for garden, and but for the memories clustering around it has nothing especial to commend it to the tourist. Two sentinels from the Garde Republicain stand at the main gateway, and but for this the English embassy, a little farther down, might very well be taken for the Palais d'Elysee. The internal arrangements were much improved under Napoleon III., but even yet the home of the president is an exceedingly modest affair. There are scores of private hotels in the immediate vicinity far handsomer in every way. The large drawing-room is not as imposing as the one in the White House, and the general reception rooms are not as cheerful and bright as are those of the presidential mansion in Washington. Still, with an excellent service, a fine larder, with the best of wine cellars and a good stable, M. Carnot ekes out a comfortable existence.

**The Large Balls at the Hotel de Ville,**

three of which are given during the winter, are paid for by the city of Paris. To each all from 4000 to 6000 invitations are sent out. Motley is the only wear. Bacchus and Psyche the Penates that grace the big open fireplaces of this magnificent building. Bacchus at the last ball dispensed 90,000 glasses of beer, 1200 quarts champagne, 1300 quarts bordeaux, 4000 sandwiches, besides equally large quantities of turkey, lobster salad, pate de foie gras, etc., etc. Psyche kept the young people actively employed until 6 in the morning, and the chief of police, who snoozed comfortably in his office, was not called upon to preserve the peace. Floquet, the Blaine of France, the premier and chief of the cabinet, receives a salary of 100,000 francs per year. In addition to this he has a large secret fund at his disposal, upon which he can draw whenever he likes. His drafts upon it are large and frequent.

The president of the Senate has only a small salary, but in lieu thereof the government gives him the Palace of the Luxembourg to live in. Up to June, 1791, when the Count of Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., left it, this had always been a royal residence, having been built for Marie de Medicis. Passing through various stages of State prison in which were confined Beauharnais, Josephine, Desmoulins, Danton and Robespierre—of the Palais du Directorie, Palais du Consulat, Palais du Senat-Conservateur, and Palais du Senat the Petit-Luxembourg has become the home of the president of the Senate until Boulanger, with his war cry of revision, dissolution and constitution, shall create a new order of things.

**Expenses Under the Republic.**

Relatively, the expenses have decreased very considerably under the republic. The civil list alone has been cut down 20,000,000 francs. Individual extravagance was much more exaggerated under the empire. There was a centralization of wealth as well as of power. Now both wealth and power are more evenly distributed. The general expenses of the country are, of course, larger, because the general necessities are much more urgent. But the general expenses under the republic, in view of the general necessities of a large standing army, an expensive navy, are much less than were the general expenses under the empire, when such necessities were less widespread. The absolute governmental expenses have been cut down over one-quarter, for the budget is not handicapped with a long list of poverty-stricken and dissipated aristocracy drawing enormous pensions. We have just gotten over the excitement of a political campaign. The entire expense was covered by private subscriptions, not a penny being taken from the public purse. The Republicans in behalf of their candidate, Jacques, expended 1,000,000 francs, while the Boulanger clique paid out somewhat over twice that amount.

Thus nearly $800,000 was put in general circulation in Paris, all of which came from the pockets of Republicans, Royalists and Imperialists. The empire encouraged lavish display among its representatives; the republic enjoins modesty and economy. The expenses of running the foreign office have been diminished one-half. The general expenses of the War Department are large, because a standing army of the size that today obtains in France necessitates the expenditure of large amounts. The individual expenses of the general staff and line offices are very much less than under the empire. Relatively speaking, the budget is less than under the empire, and I am not at all sure that it is not actually less, if we add to the necessary outlay the individual expenses of the emperor's favorites, which were paid for out of the war budget.

**The Statue to Rosseau.**

The author of "Nouvelle Heloise" and of the "Contrat Social," whom Professor Ball, the celebrated alienist here, in a recent lecture, characterized as a monomaniac, has had a statue erected to his memory in front of the Pantheon. No truer index of the motives that sway the Parisian populace could possibly be found than that they should seek to perpetuate the memory of a man who lacked all the essential elements of greatness, either in letters or in morals, simply because he was an agitator—a man who seeked to overthrow the existing order of things, and who could offer nothing better in lieu thereof.

**Le Brav General.**

An American gentleman called lately upon Boulanger, with whom he has been for some time in friendly communion. The general said that he had been studying American institutions with great care, and he was anxious to model the French Constitution after our own. But nobody seems to know exactly what the general's Shibboleth means, and least of all Boulanger himself. Still the meaninglessness of it, its mysticism and its promise of a change appeals to the restless spirit of the Parisian. Everybody knows that the expatriated royalists, the imperialists, the clericals, and at least one American have furnished him with money most lavishly, not because any of them recognized any hero elements in the man, but only because, having selfish ends to gratify, they hoped to attain them by trampling over the dead body of the republic. The gentleman who wished to buy the Arc de Triomphe to adorn his garden party, and who owns the largest private hotel in Paris, who is already in possession of a purchased decoration from one European potentate, it is said, now hopes to receive some interest for his financial outlay should Boulanger come to the front.

Laguerre has a singularly weak, negative face, and before his election to the Chamber was only a second-rate country lawyer. His speeches are incoherent and unformed. The general is a great favorite among women, despite the equivocal nature of his divorce. He has a jovial, good-natured face, entirely lacking in any strong points whatever. Anybody's and everybody's policy or doxy is his policy or doxy, and so he attracts the crowd.

Count Dillon has the merit of being rich. Boulanger draws the brains for his endeavor from the royalists and clericals, just as he draws most of the money for his elaborate establishment from the same source. H. R. B.

# THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

A rich vein of silver has been discovered at Maroon, Col.

About 6000 people called on President Harrison Wednesday.

The reported rupture in the Irish National League in America is contradicted.

The Illinois Senate has passed a bill to regulate telephone charges in the State.

An Ottawa (Ont.) despatch says that there will be no change in the Dominion tariff.

A Montreal grain dealer named Tough has left the city to the regret of many creditors.

A heavy southeasterly gale prevailed on the Nova Scotia coast Tuesday night and Wednesday.

Congressman Richard W. Townshend of Illinois died at the Riggs House in Washington on Friday last.

It is reported that much of the choicest land in Oklahoma has been taken up and is now held by squatters.

The bill to submit the fifth (prohibitory) amendment passed the Rhode Island House of Representatives 41 to 2[illegible].

The postal treaty arranged between Great Britain and Mexico has been officially published in the latter country.

The Farmers' Market building of Philadelphia was destroyed by fire on the 5th inst. The total loss is $175,000.

The Northwestern Street Railway Gas Motor Company of Chicago has been incorporated; capital stock $5,000,000.

During the last Congress nearly $10,000,000 was appropriated for the construction and improvement of public buildings.

The medical bill to bar out all but the so-called regular profession from practice in the State of Rhode Island was killed in the House.

The excitement in Lower California over the recent discovery of gold is increasing and hundreds of men are leaving for the mines.

Many of the bureau chiefs in the departments at Washington have tendered their resignations to the new heads of the departments.

The national colored men's convention, which was called to meet in Washington, will not meet until April 30, and then in New York.

James Nolan, who was convicted in New York lately of murder in the first degree, has been sentenced to be hanged on April 2[illegible] next.

On Tuesday, by actual count, 56,567 persons visited the National Museum in Washington, and 25,940 visited the Smithsonian Institution.

Some 30 Mott street, New York, Chinamen have contributed altogether $1270 for the aid of the starving thousands in northern China.

George W. Morlock of Woonsocket, while fishing recently, caught a large muskrat, which bit at a shiner and became fastened to the fishhook.

Gunther Wechrung of New York, who was struck in the head with an axe by a thief Thursday morning, died in the evening at Bellevue Hospital.

The Young Men's Christian Association building on Market street, Paterson, N. J., was burned on Thursday morning. The loss is about $25,000.

Arguments in the West Virginia gubernatorial cases were begun Friday before the State Supreme Court. A decision is expected early next week.

It is said that Edison's incandescent patent taken out in Canada has been declared null and void, on the ground of failure to comply with patent regulations.

James Maddrah of Winsted, Conn., while hunting March 4, was attacked by an immense wildcat, which he finally shot, after a hard struggle. It weighed 32 pounds.

The tomb of Henry Ward Beecher in Greenwood Cemetery was strewn with flowers Thursday by a number of visitors. It was the second anniversary of his death.

The train due at Coshocton, O., at 9 o'clock Thursday night, jumped the track three miles north of Coshocton, and went into a ditch. Eight persons were severely injured.

The Mountain City Theatre, owned by Louis Plack, of Altoona, Penn., was totally destroyed by fire March 5. The cost of the building was $90,000; insurance $21,000.

By a vote of 59 to 39, the Minnesota House of Representatives on Thursday refused to submit to the people an amendment in favor of prohibition of the liquor traffic.

Bill Williams, H. Heywood and H. Bolton (colored) have been sentenced to be hanged April 5 for lynching Mause Waldroup, a white man, in Pickens, S. C., in December, 1887.

The rendering and glue factory belonging to the Minnesota Transfer Packing Company at Minneapolis was burned March 5, entailing a loss of $55,000; insurance $40,000.

The Republican and Democratic Senate caucus committees to arrange the membership of the committees for the Fifty-first Congress were in session at the Capitol Friday.

The Washington (D. C.) establishments, during the past few days, have handled 10,000 cots, 10,000 pillows, 5000 mattresses, 7000 pillow cases, 5000 sheets and 8000 blankets.

Five thousand people shook hands with President Harrison March 5, and thousands more were reviewed by the President as they marched in front of the White House entrance.

Miss Mary L. Booth, editor of Harper's Bazar, died on Thursday last. The funeral services were held Friday morning at her late residence on East Fifty-ninth street, New York.

John J. Kessler, a German saloon keeper at 97 East Houston street, New York, was pushed down stairs by his wife Thursday night, and his skull was fractured. His wife was arrested.

At the corner of Seventh and Elm streets, Cincinnati, Friday, a roof fell, burying several workmen in the ruins. P. St. Peter, Adam McCarthy and Sol Cohen were probably fatally injured.

The third and last day's session of the conference of State railroad commissioners with the interstate commerce commission was held in the office of the commission, at Washington, Thursday.

The New Hampshire State board of fire underwriters have reduced the rate on farm buildings from 1¼ to 1 per cent. for three years on account of the low rate of losses on this class of property.

Robert Sigel of New York, who is charged with pension forgeries, has waived further examination, and has been held for trial, in default of $15,000 bail.

The Maine House has passed, 115 to 15, the resolve appropriating $1000 annually for 10 years to the Ricker Classical Institute in Houlton, provided that a normal department be established within one year.

General Goff, who upon the face of the returns was elected governor of West Virginia, has begun legal proceedings to enforce his claim to the office, which Governor Wilson continues to hold on to.

William Grime, a miner, while working at the mouth of an open mine at Lion mountain, in northern New York, slipped on the ice and fell to the bottom of the shaft, 300 feet. He was killed instantly.

The British bark Port Gordon, loaded with a general cargo, from Liverpool for Puget Sound ports, was totally wrecked last Wednesday, and four seamen were lost, 10 miles south of Cape Flattery, on the Pacific coast.

Calais, Me., will immediately erect a public library building at a cost of $10,000, as given by the wills of Hon. F. A. Pike and F. H. Todd, on the Pike homestead, and will have the income of a fund of $20,000 to support it.

Reports from the Oklahoma border are that the boomers are determined to advance at once, as 6,000,000 acres are opened to settlement. They are very restless, and are only waiting for some one to lead the invasion.

Newton Watt, the life convict in prison at Joliet, Ill., for complicity in the Rock Island train robbery and murder of Express Messenger Kellogg Nichols, died March 5, of consumption. His last words were, "I am innocent."

At Trinity Church, Buffalo, on Ash Wednesday, Bishop Coxe formally pronounced the deposition from the ministry of Rev. S. Wilbur. Wilbur had been found guilty of immorality and violation of the canon law.

Charles Weil was instantly killed and George Schook was dangerously wounded, March 4, at Golconda, near Cairo, Ill., while firing a cannon in honor of President Harrison's inauguration. The cannon was discharged prematurely.

At Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, Friday, William Benson, charged with an attempt to poison his father and stepmother with paris green, was adjudged guilty by Justice McIlrane and remanded to jail. Benson's parents both testified against him.

The results of the late concerts in Portland, Me., will pay off the debt on the Longfellow statue, after the previous subscriptions are all paid in. The receipts from the sale of tickets was $482.40, the concert expenses were $69.60 and the net proceeds $423.80.

Colonel John M. Wilson of the engineer corps has been placed in charge of the work on the Washington aqueduct extension, relieving Major G. J. Lydecker, who will be tried by court marshal on the 25th inst. for neglect of duty in connection with this improvement.

The Maine House of Representatives passed on Thursday the apothecaries' bill, amended so that apothecaries in all towns and cities in the State may sell liquor for medicinal purposes on a physician's prescription, and if the apothecary is a physician he can sell on his own prescription.

A wreck occurred on the Louisville & Nashville railroad near Covington, Ky., Thursday night. The car next to the caboose on a local freight broke an axle, throwing the car and caboose from the track, wrecking both. Three men were buried in the debris. One was Conductor Rogers, another Brakeman Bell and another brakeman, whose name is unknown. All were seriously injured.

The three leading breweries of Rochester, N. Y., have been purchased by the English syndicate at the following prices: Bartholomay's, $5,000,000; Genesee, $500,000; Rochester, $500,000.

Dominion Minister of Finance Foster estimates the revenues and expenditures of Canada for the next fiscal year at $38,500,000 and $36,600,000 respectively, leaving a surplus of $1,900,000.

Ex-Alderman Fullgraff was called as the first witness in the Kerr trial in New York Wednesday. He appeared to have suffered a serious loss of memory, the result, he said, of sickness.

A telegram has been received at the Navy Department in Washington announcing the arrival of the United States steamship Galena at Cape Haytian, and saying that there is no blockade at that port.

John Allison, an insane man, attempted to explode a magazine at Treadwell, Alaska, containing 80 tons of giant powder. The attempt was frustrated in time to prevent the entire annihilation of Juneau City.

Birmingham, Conn., sportsmen have raised a sum of money for buying game in the South to be released in their neighborhood. This method of restocking the forests is becoming more general about the State.

The British schooner Gleaner, Henderson master, from St. John for New York, was seized at Boothbay, Me., Friday, by customs officers, for non entry, and is now in charge of revenue cutter Woodbury. The fine is $1500.

The inaugural committee at Washington anticipate having a surplus of $20,000 after returning all of the $50,000 guarantee fund to the subscribers. The total receipts are expected to foot up about $70,000, exclusive of the guarantee fund.

A St. Louis despatch says that the millers of the winter wheat belt, who have been in session there for several days, have formed a strong combine for the control of the flour and wheat market in the West. This means that the price of flour will remain high.

N. A. Wilson, secretary of the Cleveland (O.) Stove Company, shot himself dead with a revolver while sitting at his desk in the company's office Wednesday morning. The act is believed to have resulted from mental depression, caused by too close attention to business.

At a late hour, on the night of March 4, fire broke out in the Columbia Market House in Philadelphia. The flames communicated to Bush's livery stable, adjoining the market, in which a number of valuable horses were kept. The loss is estimated at $100 000.

At a caucus of Democratic members of the United States Senate Thursday, Messrs. Gorman, Cockrell, Voorhees, Harris, Ransom, Walthall and Blackburn were appointed a committee to confer with the Republican caucus committee on arrangement of committees.

A party of 28 "instrumentalists" from the Salvation Army in England have begun a tour of the State of Maine to revive interest in the army. Each man is a capable player on a brass band instrument. The "instrumentalists" will pass through Massachusetts soon.

The Metropolitan street car stables on Third street, Kansas City, Mo., was burned on Wednesday night. Six men were supposed to have perished in the flames, as that many employes had retired, but all got out safely. Loss $50,000. Seventy-five mules were burned.

El Tiempo, a Conservative journal of the City of Mexico, says it sees in President Harrison's inaugural address a menace to the peace of the Spanish American republics, especially Mexico. It expresses a fear as to the policy which Secretary of State Blaine may adopt.

The New York Herald prints the following result of a hasty canvass of representative New Yorkers to ascertain the drift of feeling as to who is the leader of the Democratic party: In doubt as to choice, 52; for Hill, 72; for Cleveland, 34; for Randall, 16; for Whitney, 12; total, 186.

Yielding to the inevitable, President Harrison has at last given formal notice that hereafter he will set apart three hours daily for the reception of callers. From 10 to 12 senators, representatives and other privileged persons will be admitted, while from 12 to 1 the general public will be seen.

Duke McLachlan, aged 22, shot and killed his young bride, Cora Carnachan, aged 1[illegible], and then shot himself through the head, at the farmhouse of Elmer Davis, near Earlville, Ill., on the 5th inst. The couple eloped from Paw Paw Sunday evening. The only cause known for the tragedy was fear of arrest.

Early Friday morning burglars entered the savings bank at Deep River, Conn. They made a hole through the brick work of the vault, but did not penetrate the steel lining. This is the third time this bank has been burglarized, the notorious "Jimmy Hope" having been concerned in one attempt.

Fifteen young men of Arthur, Ill., were seriously poisoned on Wednesday by drinking cider from a barrel that a groceryman allowed to remain in his back yard over night, and which some wretch had drugged with croton oil. All were made very ill, but it is not believed any of the cases will prove fatal.

Fire broke out Wednesday morning in the planing shed of the deaf and dumb institution, at Mile End, Montreal, destroying it with three other sheds containing manufactured work and a factory 75 feet long and three stories high, which was used for the education of mutes in different trades. Loss, $20,000.

Olive E. Freund, Mrs. Emily Howard, William E. Howard, Gus Halstead and George Halstead, all interested parties in the great electric sugar refining frauds, have arrived at New York from Detroit. The party was under the escort of four detective sergeants, and were locked up in police headquarters.

Mrs. Allen Drake, 43 years old, of Riverton, Conn., drank a teacupful instead of a teaspoonful of medicine, as directed by her physician, Wednesday evening, and shortly afterwards became unconscious. Two physicians were immediately called and they worked all night, but failed to revive her. She died Thursday morning.

About 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon the Cincinnati express train on the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago road was fired upon by an unknown man, near Rose Lawn, Ind., who took deliberate aim at the rear coach and sent two loads of duck-shot crashing through the windows. A few passengers were slightly cut with broken glass.

Trouble is anticipated in the Jefferson canon, between the Northern Pacific workmen and those of the Union Pacific road. Tuesday night, March 5, a fight occurred, in which the Northern Pacific men captured the camp and tents of the Union Pacific men. Reinforcements, reported to be armed, are on their way to the place.

The Manhattan Elevated Railway Company of New York has made complaint to the district attorney that certain lawyers had been drumming up cases for damages against the Manhattan company, contrary to law. Colonel Fellows has presented the names of some 20 or 30 lawyers to the grand jury, accusing them of champerty.

A meeting was held at Hartford, Conn., Thursday night, to plead for a library fund. Gifts of $275,000 are in hand, on condition that $400,000 be raised, and it was voted to raise the $125,000 as soon as possible. Judge Shipman presided, and among the speakers were Charles Dudley Warner, H. C. Robinson, Rev. Dr. Parker and Rev. Dr. Twitchell.

In Trinity Episcopal Church, Columbia, S. C., Wednesday, an event occurred which has probably never before been seen in the South. At the funeral of Rev. Thomas B. Clarkson, an Episcopal minister of high standing, his pallbearers were all colored men. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Ellison Capers, who was a general in the Confederate Army.

James A. Moore, the Indianapolis insurance agent who embezzled $500,000 and fled to Canada, is reported to have spent a day recently in Chicago. An old acquaintance claims to have recognized him at the Grand Trunk depot. The friend says Moore denied his identity when reaching Chicago, but admitted it as he was leaving. Moore is represented as apparently not standing much in fear of arrest.

The caucus of Republican members of the United States Senate on Wednesday appointed a committee, consisting of Senators Platt, Allison, Plumb, Dolph, Manderson, Evarts and Quay, to arrange the majority membership of the committees and confer with the committee appointed by the Democratic caucus (Harris, Cockrell and Kenna) as to the minority representation.

The Orange Grand Lodge of Eastern Ontario Wednesday passed a resolution condemning the action of the Quebec and Dominion governments in the Jesuit estates matters, indorsing Colonel O'Brien's intention of asking the Dominion Parliament to disallow the bill, and resolving that they request the 400 lodges in their jurisdiction to petition the governor general to disallow the bill.

While sitting at his fireside with his wife, Thursday night, A. W. Busby, a prominent citizen of Gate City, Ala., was shot dead by some one at his window. The bullet entered his temple, killing him instantly. While in Birmingham he had a dispute with one Grant, and it is said Grant made threats. The sheriff and posse have gone after Grant.

The committee on literary exercises of the centennial of Washington's inauguration at New York have made arrangements to have the chair that was used at the first inauguration in 1789 for President Harrison's use on April 30. Arrangements have also been made for the use of the Bible from which Chancellor Livingston delivered the oath to George Washington.

The remarkable story of Bert Chapman, aged 13, of Naugatuck, Conn., which was extensively published Monday, has been proven false by the confession of the boy himself. The story in effect was that tramps tied him by the neck to a tree, where he remained all last Friday night. He now says that he had to work too hard for Chapman, by whom he was adopted, and ran away and slept with a companion that night. He regretted his action, and returned home, telling this story to cover his escapade.

During the past year the fishing vessels of the State of Maine aggregated 16,301 tons, a considerable decrease from 1887. The greater part of the vessels hail from Portland.

Albert Barney of New Preston, Conn., was assaulted and severely beaten by two men who styled themselves "White Caps" on the night of March 3. One of the assailants was captured and has confessed.

The ship St. Nicholas, from Liverpool, arrived at New York Friday with the crew of the Norwegian bark Marryatt, bound from Bahia for New York with a cargo of sugar, which foundered off Hatteras on Feb. 25.

The Mardi Gras festival at New Orleans was celebrated March 5 under most favorable auspices, the day being bright and balmy. The display made was one of the most brilliant pageants ever witnessed in the city.

The boiler in Warner's sawmill, Wayne, Mich., exploded Friday, instantly killing Martin Westfall and slightly injuring John Schneider and Lance Westfall. The mill was wrecked.

T. P. Alexander of Charleston, S. C., has been convicted of the murder of his wife, and is to be hanged April 19. The judge made some touching remarks about the prisoner. They had been boys together at school and lifelong friends.

Diphtheria of a violent and malignant type is prevailing at St. Petersburg, Franklin county, Penn., to such an extent that the Town Council has issued an ordinance closing all churches, schools, and forbidding the holding of any public meetings.

Warwick C. White and H. C. Starkey, both popular and well-known young men of Lexington, Va., fought a duel with pistols in a secluded place in the suburbs Thursday afternoon. After firing 42 shots without result the principals shook hands and made friends.

Forty-five members of the Dakota Legislature telegraphed Monday, March 4, to President Harrison, asking him to remove Governor Church at once, and to appoint Frederick McCormack acting governor, the object being to shut off more vetoes on the part of Church.

The wholesale tobacco works of N. W. Hull & Co., at Corey, Penn., were burned Friday. A stock of $10,000 worth of tobacco, together with upward of 300,000 cigars, were destroyed. The firm's loss was $25,000; insurance, $6500. The insurance covers the loss on the building.

The members of the executive committee of the Republican National League have decided to maintain the present headquarters of the organization in New York, and to continue the work of the league more vigorously than ever. Special attention will be given to the Southern States.

Hobart Mullaney, cashier and bookkeeper for the lithographing firm of Julius Bien & Co., No. 139 Duane street, New York, committed suicide March 5 in the office of the firm. A deputy sheriff had just placed him under arrest for embezzlement. His accounts are said to show a shortage of $7000.

The most disastrous fire, in loss of property, that has occurred at Louisville, Ky., in years broke out Friday in the basement of Kleinhans & Simonson's clothing house, 426 to 434 West Market street. One fireman was painfully and another slightly hurt. The aggregate loss, including smaller sufferers, is $455,400.

During the second session of the Fiftieth Congress President Cleveland sent to the Senate nearly 450 nominations, about one half of which were confirmed. The only prominent political nomination that was confirmed was that of W. L. Bragg of Alabama to succeed himself as interstate commerce commissioner.

Moses L. Meyers, a clerk in the registry department of the New York post office, has been arrested by a private detective for opening registered letters and taking therefrom the money enclosed. He made a full confession, and said he began stealing about three months ago, and had abstracted in all $150. Meyers was held in $2500 for examination.

At an early hour March 6 escaping gas in the kitchen at 2809 Pennsylvania avenue, Pittsburg, Penn., became ignited, setting fire to the building. Three men, C. Kruger, Charles Kilenberg and George Kitzell, in a room on the second floor, were surrounded by the flames and terribly burned. They were rescued by the firemen. Kruger will probably die.

The New York artist who recently advertised $6000 reward for the recovery of $28,000 worth of diamonds alleged to have been stolen from his studio but which had existed only "in his mind," has got more notoriety than he bargained for, as his first wife, whom he had abandoned, has put in an appearance with a warrant charging him with bigamy.

A small party of Pennsylvania troops became disorderly on E street, Washington, Tuesday, March 5, and at one time it looked as if there might be serious trouble. Colonel Crawford of the Tenth Pennsylvania detailed a company to charge up and down the street with fixed bayonets, and in this way the mob was broken up. Most of the rioters were intoxicated.

Malvin Hunt robbed the house of Mrs. Wade near Rochester, N. Y., six years ago. Though he wore a mask Mrs. Wade recognized him and gave his description to the officers. He eluded capture from that time until Feb. 14, when he was arrested at a town in Livingston county after six years' chase. Friday he was taken to Auburn prison to serve out a sentence of 20 years.

There is much bitterness felt by the negroes in North Carolina over the passage of a bill in the Legislature providing for an election law, which provides that all boxes shall be labelled and that voters shall approach the poll one at a time and place their several ballots in the proper boxes. The bill will seriously affect the illiterate negro element in the State.

Nathan Goff, Republican, and President R. H. Farr of the State Senate, Union Labor, took the oath of office of governor of West Virginia at noon Monday, and each made a formal demand upon Governor Wilson to vacate, but that gentleman refused, and referred the two aspirants to the courts to decide who shall hold office pending the contest between Goff and Fleming. Everything passed off peacefully and no trouble is anticipated.

The Indiana Tariff Reform League has organized upon the following basis: Unnessary and unequal taxation is unjust taxation; the Constitution warrants no tax but a revenue tax, which ought to be levied with a view of exempting from taxation all necessaries of life; the policy of taxing imports, not for revenue but for the purpose of obstructing trade, is unsound and should be abandoned. Stanley P. Porter of Indianapolis was chosen president.

The Denver express, Thursday, from Topeka, Kan., had on board the Mormon Elder Fry of Salt Lake City and 175 converts to the faith from the South. Fry has been a missionary to the South for three years. His converts were from the backwoods of Tennessee, northern Georgia and Alabama, and were for the most part ignorant people. The elder is apparently well educated and says he will give his people new homes in the West.

On Wednesday night 300 men left Butte, Mon., for the Jefferson canon armed with Winchester rifles. They were employes of the Union Pacific road, and were under the captaincy of a man named Kenna, an employe of the road. They had tents and all camp equipments, and their instructions were to hold the canon at all hazards. A large number of Northern Pacific men have started from Helena for the same place, and it is certain that there will be trouble over the possession of the canon.

Ex-Alderman and "Boodler" Thomas Sheils has presented two exquisitely carved statues to St. Teresa's Roman Catholic Church, New York. One represents St. Gabriel with hand outstretched, announcing to the Blessed Virgin the tidings of the redemption. The other represents St. Michael with shield and sword preparing to slaughter the dragon. The statues were carved in Italy and cost $750. They were put in place on Friday and were formally accepted and blessed Sunday night with appropriate ceremonies.

An awful tragedy was enacted on the streets of Temple, Ark., March 5. Alfred and Herbert Rother engaged in a gun fight with Tom and Hugh Mattock. The latter was killed outright, and Tom is dying. Alfred Rother was shot in the arm. The trouble grew out of the sale of a railroad ticket by Tom Mattock to Alfred Rother. The latter sued the railroad company, and Mattock's testimony angered him so that he demanded an apology. Mattock refused, and was assaulted by Rother. The brothers then opened fire with the above result.

Information from Ensenada, Mexico, confirm all the previous reports as to the extraordinary richness of the gold fields. About 1000 people are camped at Tia Juana, waiting for customs clearances. Pasadena, Riverside, Tucson, San Francisco and other points have the fever badly, and a large influx is expected. The population of the camp is now put at 3000, with 2000 en route. The Arizona miners are going in by way of Yuma. The Mexican government is forwarding more troops for the peninsula.

Dr. George F. Root, the venerable author of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," "The Battle Cry of Freedom" and other songs that stirred the patriotic heart a quarter of a century ago, has been made the recipient of all the honors his friends in Chicago could bestow. At a meeting on Friday congratulatory letters were read from James Russell Lowell, Governor Fifer, Colonel Fred Grant, General Sherman, Governor Alger and Rev. S. F. Smith, author of "America," and others, and school children sang Dr. Root's songs.

William Gessler, a glassworker of Fostoria, O., shot and killed his wife March 5, and then shot and killed himself. Mrs. Gessler was visiting at her parents' house, where her husband, accompanied by Mrs. Gessler's brother, called. After the exchange of a few words between husband and wife, Gessler drew a revolver and shot his wife, the ball entering the hip. She turned and staggered into the house, when he shot her in the neck and she fell to the floor, dead. Gessler then shot himself through the neck and fell dead. It was all done so quickly that nobody could interfere. The cause of the deed is as yet unknown, though it is supposed to be jealousy.

Martin Thorp and William Garner, leaders of the most extensive gang of counterfeiters in the Southwest, have been captured in Conway county, Ark. An immense sum of bogus money, comprising $5, $10 and $20 imitation gold pieces, was captured.

Captain Samuel Staplins of Stonington, Conn., found a pearl in a round clam, for which he has received an offer from Tiffany & Co. of New York of $25. All bivalves now taken in that neighborhood have to pass a close scrutiny for precious gems.

On March 4, at Grayville, Ind., a man named Grubb, sentenced for murder, who had escaped from jail the preceding evening, was recaptured. A tramp who had been in jail with him penetrated Grubb's disguise and informed the authorities. He is under sentence to hang April 19.

The inaugural fireworks display at Washington, postponed for two nights, came off Wednesday night, on the monument grounds, and were witnessed by about 25,000 people. The aerial as well as the set figure pyrotechnical display was the finest ever presented there on inaugural occasions.

It is reported that a company of English capitalists has been formed to continue the construction of the tunnel under the North river from Jersey City to New York city. Work was stopped in the summer of 1887, for lack of funds. The cost of completing the tunnel is estimated at about $2,100,000.

Senator Greer, inspector of the Pennsylvania Soldiers' Orphans schools, has completed his report regarding the crazy boys at the McAllisterville school. He says the boys were shamming. They have all confessed, much to the confusion of wise and snowy-haired doctors, who diagnosed the cases.

Faranta's Theatre, New Orleans, was burned Thursday, and a number of adjacent buildings, including the Convent of the Holy Family, were badly damaged. Total loss, $35,000. The "Muldoon Picnic" company lost its entire wardrobe, and the Forepaugh band lost all its uniforms and instruments.

Donald Frazer, a watchmaker, 40 years of age, residing at Bryn Mawr, Penn., fired two shots at his wife Thursday and then killed himself. Mrs. Frazer's life was saved by the bullets striking the steel ribs in her corset and glancing off. Frazer had been confined in an insane asylum, but had been released, presumably cured.

The officeseekers in Washington are keeping the senators and members of Congress from their States busy, and some of them scarcely get time to eat their meals in quiet. Representative Wade of Missouri and several others have found it necessary to change their places of residence and keep their new abodes secret.

James Sutton, aged 20, and Miss Annie Egan, a school teacher of Uniontown, Penn., aged 27, had been lovers for some time. Lately Miss Egan seems to have discouraged Sutton's attentions, and March 5, after mailing her a letter, he shot himself through the head, along the path where Miss Egan travels to her boarding-house.

An old saw and planing mill in Montreal, which had long been in a shaky condition, collapsed Monday. The workmen, of whom there were about 25, managed to escape with the exception of two. They were pinned down by timbers from the roof, but were taken out without much difficulty. One sustained severe scalp wounds and the other had a leg broken.

In the New York Chamber of Commerce, Wednesday, ex-President Grover Cleveland was nominated for honorary member of the Chamber. Alexander E. Orr made the speech of nomination, and highly eulogized the nominee. A rising vote was taken, 20 voting in favor and 13 against, and a few did not vote at all. Mr. Cleveland was thereupon elected an honorary member.

Harvey Van Wagoner, who, running for collector, was the only successful candidate on the Democratic local ticket at Lowville, Lewis county, N. Y., in the recent election, became insane, and Friday morning went to a brook and drowned himself in four feet of water. The suicide was 68 years old. He leaves a widow and a son and daughter.

Some time ago the library at Franklin, Mass., was presented with 14 copies of "Robert Elsmere" by some unknown persons. The library is managed by a private association, although used as a public library, and is supported by appropriations by the town. Rev. William Thayer one of the directors of the association, objects to allowing the books to be put in circulation, claiming that it is an attack on Christianity.

Samuel J. Roberts, editor of the Kentucky Leader, Lexington, Ky., was assaulted on the street Friday by Charles Scott, manager of the Opera House who approached from behind and struck a half-dozen quick blows before Roberts recovered from the first. Mr. Roberts has an ugly gash on the back of his head, which physicians say was made with some blunt instrument. Scott was arrested. The assault grew out of criticisms of the Opera House management in the Leader.

The treasurers of the eight counties of Connecticut received Friday drafts for $1000 each from the administrator of the late Aaron White of Thompson, Conn., who died in 1886 and bequeathed to each county treasurer $1000 as a trust fund, the interest or principal to be used as the members of the bar may direct to buy books of history and moral and political philosophy for the law library of each county for the use of the judges, the legal fraternity and law students.

There is a heavy exodus of people to Dakota, caused by the possible opening of 10,000,000 acres of Sioux land. Every west-bound train over the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul road carries from five to a dozen emigrant cars. Most of the emigrants are Germans. Advices from Chamberlain and other points along the line in Dakota state that the towns are full of strangers, and more are coming from every direction.

The trial of John Rosenkranz of Danbury, Conn., charged with killing Simon Dillon during a drunken quarrel, was concluded Thursday. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty of manslaughter. Friday, Judge Torrence sentenced him to two years in State prison and imposed a fine of $1. In the case of Frederick Seltman of Westport, who pleaded guilty of manslaughter, Judge Torrence fined him $1 and sentenced him to the common jail for a period of three months.

A very peculiar accident happened at the works of the Richardson Manufacturing Company in Worcester, Mass., Wednesday afternoon, when a section of the floor of its largest storehouse collapsed and fell into the cellar, carrying with it between 300 and 400 Buckeye mowing machines, weighing 110 tons. Over 2000 machines are stored on the first floor, and the immense weight of 1,100,000 pounds was too much for two of the brick piers, which were crushed, allowing that section of the floor over them to drop with a tremendous crash.

In consequence of an order issued by the officers of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company notifying all steamboat employes of the company of a reduction of 10 per cent. in their pay, the captains, engineers and crews of all the company's boats stopped work. The tie-up is complete, and the men seem firm in their determination not to accept the reduction. The Engineers' and Pilots' Association, of which nearly every captain and engineer on the Columbia and Willamette river is a member, have pledged themselves to fight the company's proposition.

Sidney Bartlett, LL. D., the oldest member and acknowledged leader of the Suffolk bar, died in Boston, Wednesday night. Mr. Bartlett was born in Plymouth, Mass., Feb. 13, 1799, and was therefore a little over 90 years of age at the time of his death. He retained his faculties almost to the end, and within two months had argued a case before the Supreme Court with his usual lucidity and power. He had been in his usual health until the first of this week, when he contracted the severe cold which resulted in his death. His ninetieth birthday anniversary was appropriately noted.

Mr. Randall presented to the national House a statement of the total amount carried by the regular annual appropriation bills passed at the second session of the Fiftieth Congress, as follows: Agricultural, $1,669,770; army, $24,300,115; diplomatic and consular, $1,980,025; District of Columbia, $5,687,406; fortification, $1,205,594; Indian $8,025,724; legislative $20,840,535; Military Academy, $902,766; navy, $21,692,510; pension, $81,758,200; post office, $66,605,344; sundry civil, $25,277,341; miscellaneous acts (estimated), $5,500,000; deficiency, $16,423,360; total for second session, $281,878,695; total first session, $306,985,544; total for Fiftieth Congress, $588,864,239.

Speaking of the cabinet, the San Francisco Chronicle (Rep.) says, "Three most important divisions, the South, the extreme West and the Pacific coast, have no representative, and no voice in the cabinet, although every consideration would seem to be in favor of their being so represented. The South, with many and difficult problems which await solution there, should have a voice in the cabinet. The great and growing West, where the spirit of American progress is awake and stirring, should be heard at cabinet meetings. The Pacific coast will feel hurt and injured at being ignored, and justly so. In declining to do us an act of simple justice President Harrison has committed a serious error and one which must militate against the success of his administration."

Professor Weldon of Ottawa makes the following explanation for his purpose of introducing the extradition bill in Parliament: "I, as well as any respectable man in the Dominion, am suffering from the facility with which a thief, or blackmailer, or briber, or embezzler, can find a refuge here. I go to a hotel, and the chances are that my name on the register is preceded by that of some well-known American boodler or defaulter. In the dining room the chances are that I am put at the same table with this thief. I ride beside him on railroad cars; he sits in the galleries of this house and mixes with my family and friends; he lobbies in the halls of legislation; he is omnipresent, leers into your face and obtrudes his unsavory personality and worse character at every turn you make; he occupies a box at the theatre, while you sit in the stalls; he obtains control of important manufacturing interests and becomes a director in corporations chartered by the Dominion or provinces; he is a social pariah, a national disgrace, a menace to our institutions and a temptation to our clerks, our business men, cashiers, bank officials and our children to do wrong and live in luxury, on the other side of the line, safe from pursuit and punishment."

A dastardly outrage was perpetrated on Father Martell, pastor of the West Dubuque Catholic Church, Dubuque, Ia., on the night of March 3. A couple of men called at his house and informed him that one of his parishioners was dying, and requested he should administer the last sacrament. He dressed and came down stairs, and on opening the door was beaten into insensibility and robbed of all he had on his person.

The gold discoveries in lower California have created intense excitement in every town in the southern part of the State. The Santa Clara district, where the crowds are rushing, is about 150 miles south of San Diego and 40 miles east of Ensenada. All along the line, thousands are en route to the scene of the excitement. At San Diego the streets are filled with strangers outfitting for the mines, and with wagons and pack mules loaded with miners' outfits.

The Allan Steamship Company has made proposals to the Canadian government for providing a rapid service of steamers on the Atlantic to run in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway and the proposed fast line of steamers on the Pacific, it being part of the arrangements made with the imperial government when they agreed to subsidize the Pacific line that a swift Atlantic line should also be provided. It is stated that the question involves an expenditure of $5,000,000.

A mutual assessment life insurance concern in Columbus O., known as the Mahoning National Life Association, has suspended. During the past year an unexpected and phenomenally heavy death rate has made it necessary to increase the number of assessments, the result of which has been that more than half of the entire members have refused to contribute their assessments, and have thus forfeited their membership, so far impairing the paying powers that new members cannot be procured to fill the places of those lapsed.

Schooner William H. Toye of Gloucester, Mass., owned by Sylvanus Smith & Co., and engaged in the frozen herring trade, was seized on Friday at Beaver Harbor, N. B., for alleged violation of the customs laws. A fine of $400 was imposed before the vessel would be released. The owners were notified, and Captain Rowe was instructed to bond the vessel, but this the government officials there refused to allow, and the money had to be sent in order to release the vessel. Captain Rowe denies the charge of smuggling or in any way violating the law.

What is believed to be a plot to destroy government property at Halifax has been discovered there. Wednesday night a guard at the powder magazine discovered a man coming through a hole in the fence. He challenged the intruder, who replied with a revolver shot, the guard being wounded in the right hand. The man fired a second shot, knocking off the sentry's cap, and then made his escape in the darkness, although the soldier fired three shots after him. It was found necessary to amputate a finger of the sentry's hand.

President Harrison astonished a senator who called upon him Thursday in the interest of an applicant for a territorial office, by informing him that he proposed filling all such places with residents of the territory and that he would not consider applications from any other source. The president is quoted as having said to Senator Platt, who is a supporter of the home rule doctrine, "It is my purpose to stand squarely upon the plank in our national platform regarding territorial home rule. I do not consider it a mere empty phrase, but a solemn pledge which I am bound to respect, and I shall do it."

The city election at Waterloo, Ia., on March 4 was a great surprise. E. T. Cowin, an attorney, was nomination for mayor by a nonpartisan convention. He was not satisfactory to some of the citizens, and S. J. Hoot was brought out as a candidate. Hoot is a janitor of the First National Bank and also a cobbler. His candidacy was looked upon as a joke until the Knights of Labor and the railroad men began voting for him. When the votes were counted he was found to have over 100 majority. The business men are almost beside themselves with chagrin, while the supporters of Hoot are parading the streets with banners and bands.

What looks like the beginning of an extensive exodus of colored people was noted at Raleigh, N. C., March 5. Addresses by two colored preachers and a lawyer were made, in which the negroes were urged to go to Kansas and Arkansas, but not to go to Louisiana and Mississippi. This advice was listened to attentively by about 2000 persons, all colored, and it made a great impression, particularly upon the women. It was stated by the speakers that meetings like this would be held all over the State, and that announcements had been made from the pulpits of many churches and would be made from all. It was further stated that 40,000 negroes were wanted in Kansas and that negroes would also be given work and made welcome in Maine, Vermont and Massachusetts.

At a meeting of the Master Mariners' Association of Gloucester, Mass., held Wednesday afternoon, the following committee was chosen to hold an interview with the agents of the Allan Steamship Company in regard to an international law affecting steamers crossing the fishing banks: Captains George A. Johnson, Thomas Hodgdon and Isaac Gayton. The following committee was chosen to appear before the House and Senate fisheries committee in relation to weir and trap fishing in Buzzard's bay: Captains Joseph Smith, Joseph L. Swim and James L. Anderson. Those interested in the fishing industry are making strenuous efforts to have the ocean steamers take a course south of parallel 42° lat., so that they may not cross the fishing ground on the Grand Banks, where so many of the Gloucester fishing fleet resort the year round.

## HOW MASCOT IS BRED.

### Biggest Price Ever Given for a Two-Year-Old.

Horsemen have been looking forward to the Kellog sale of California stock for a long time; and the interest has been sustained, for a more successful one has never been held, and fully stamps the East as the best market for good stock. The attendance outnumbered anything in the history of trotting, and the horsemen were not there out of idle curiosity, for the bidding was sharp and big prices were realized. The chief interest of the sale lay in the disposal of Mascot and his full brother by Stamboul out of Minnehaha, who is by Stevens' Bald Chief, and is the dam of the greatest brood mare of the present time, Beautiful Bells, by The Moor. That the old mare is a producer of speed cannot be doubted, for she is the dam of Sweetheart, who as a three-year-old trotted in 2.22½; Alcazar, three-year-old record 2.23; Eva, 2.23½. The fact that she produced Beautiful Bells shows her power to produce speed producers, and with the great Stamboul as a sire, it was no wonder that Scott Quinten paid $26,000 for the choice of the colts. Stamboul has a record of 2.14¾ and is by Sultan, 2.24. His dam is Fleetwing, who only dropped three foals, the stallion and two mares. Of these Ruby is a five-year-old, trotted in 2.19¾, and the other has two in the 2.30 list. The only difference in the breeding of Minnehaha and her daughter, Beautiful Bells, was the two extra English Mambrino strains which the latter receives by her sire, The Moor. Now the two colts get these strains in the sire, and in Fleetwing the old blood runs not the less purely. Sultan is by The Moor from Sultana. The Moor is by Clay Pilot from Belle of Wabash, and Clay Pilot is by Cassius M. Clay, Jr. On the dam side it can be seen that Fleetwing is by Hambletonian 10 by Abdallah, he by Mambrino, while her dam was Patchen Maid, dam of Nettie Torey and John W. She was by George M. Patchen out of a daughter of Abdallah. George M. Patchen is by Cassius M. Clay from a daughter of Head 'Em. There never yet was a horse which authorities agreed upon as being individually so great as Stamboul, and the work he has shown has been fully up to the merits of his breeding. As a two-year-old he went in 2.37, and every year he has trained and reduced his record, till last year, as a six-year-old, he beat 2.15. If, as Mr. Rose has said, the son should be greater than the father, then Mascot at two years old for $26,000 is dirt cheap. There was a considerable drop in the price for his younger brother, but $8500 is a good figure.

One incident about Nehushta, sold to Mr. Shultz, is perhaps not generally known. Stamboul was only bred to one mare in 1884, and that was Neluska, dam of the filly above named. When I say that was the only mare he was bred to I mean it was the only one he got in foal, and the fact that Visolia, another inbred colt, has got a mark inside of 2.30 is proof of the worth of a stallion not yet seven years old.

Looking over the list of the purchases of yesterday, I notice that Jock Bowen bought a Stamboul yearling for $1100. Jock is representing C. F. Clark of Boston, owner of Young Roland and other good ones. George Hicks of Beacon has secured three, and James Golden, acting for other parties, has also got a Stamboul. This brings some of the Stamboul representatives to Boston and their appearance will be eagerly looked for. The sale continues today, and I expect that several purchases will be made by New Englanders before its close.

ALLEN LOWE.

## Street Cars for the Dead.

[Philadelphia Times.]

The Brill car works have just finished three street cars designed to transport the dead in Buenos Ayres. The cars are unique in construction and are the first of the kind made in this country. They are first, second and third class, the first being designed to carry the body of a wealthy individual, the last the corpse of a pauper.

The first class car is very handsome. The body is a rich black toned with purple, with passion flowers painted on the sides. The windows are of French plate glass. The seats, folding up against the sides, are upholstered in black plush, and the window curtains are black cloth trimmed with gold bullion.

In the forward end of the car is an altar, with silver cross and candelabra, while on either side the altar are cathedral purple-stained glass windows. The interior of the car is finished in white and gold. The metal work is nickel-plated and handsome in design. On the top nine large sable plumes are placed.

The other cars are much simpler and plainer in design, and the third class car has merely a row of shelves for the coffins. These cars are intended to run on the street car tracks in Buenos Ayres, and will be switched off on a side track nearest the house of the dead person. The body is carried on a bier to the car, placed inside, the mourners seat themselves around, horses are attached, and the car proceeds on its way to the cemetery.

This custom is adopted in the City of Mexico and in some cities of Central America. The only parallel among northern nations is the dead train which leaves the Gard du Nord in Paris at 5 o'clock every morning, carrying the bodies of paupers and unrecognized persons of the morgue.

## SUCH A FOOL!

[Cornhill Magazine.]

He was always a fool—Tom Lake—and we always were telling him so.
But where was the harm in that? It was just as well he should know.
And he didn't mind it a bit—not he—or but once in a way.
Vex him? I think that he liked it! What else would one think here today?

We'd a holiday given last week, and we walked—d'ye see it, the mill
A-twirl like a fly on a pin? But that morning its sails stood still.
Well, just below it the lane and the railroad meet. Some deserve
To be hung for that level crossing, not twenty yards from the curve.

And there, as we came to the place where we saw the smooth metals a-shine,
The mill folks' bit of a child, that's blind, had strayed down on to the line,
And had lost itself and got frightened—it couldn't have told you why;
It owns little enough to lose, since it's lost both the earth and sky.

But to see it crying there, in the dark, with its curls in the sun,
Made you feel like a sort of fool—only *feel*, for you'll hear *I* was none.
It's hardly three year old, and it's blind; anyway, no better it knew
Than to stand right between the rails, with the Western Mail just due.

Due? No, but thundering round with a whirl and a clank and a screech
Down on her—down on them both—for Tom somehow had rushed within reach.
And had tossed the child safe on the bank, and got knocked down dead for his pains.
Killed on the spot, with a fractured skull. Well, well, if he'd had more brains,

He'd maybe have stopped to consider—*we* did, as you'll please remark—
Before he dashed out of the light, to leave the child here in the dark.
Yet we didn't call him a fool when we picked him up. There's no need
To be telling a lad the truth, when he hasn't the sense to heed.

And I don't think Fool's the word we'll get carved on yon slab of a stone,
Though he *was* such a fool—oh aye, *such* a fool as I've seldom known.

## A Keen Sense of Humor.

[Philadelphia Record.]

Winks—Has your wife a cheerful disposition?

Minks—Oh, yes; very cheerful. Last night when I was dancing around the room on one foot, after having stepped on a tack, she laughed till her sides ached.


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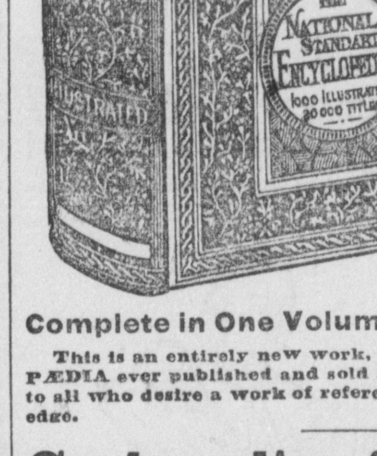
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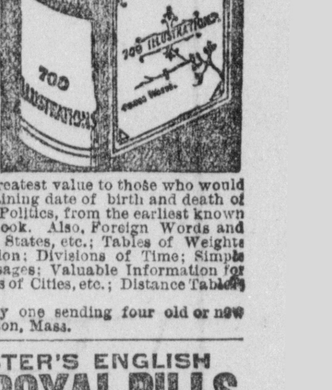
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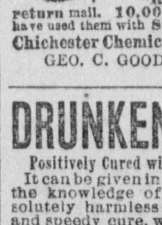
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